

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXII. — NOVEMBER, 1888. — No. CCCLXXIII.

PASSE ROSE.

VIII.

EXCEPT the shepherds, who passed the summer nights abroad with the flocks, Friedgis, of all the abbey inmates, possessed most time to brood over his condition. The laborers returned from the fields to finish their evening tasks and seek their guerdon of sleep; the monks, whose minutely regulated day left small loop-hole for indolence, lay down without divesting themselves of hose or tunic; but Friedgis, when night came, was neither overcome with labor nor concerned with spiritual tasks. Indeed, the prior, in assigning him to the care of the hospitaler, had greatly endangered the latter's soul. For, having now a slave to assist him, this functionary committed to Friedgis all the menial share of his duties, and passed the time thus ransomed in his little garden, which he dearly loved, or in pretended offices for the guests. It is probable that the abbot, had he not fallen sick, would have perceived the temptations which thus assailed the almoner, — who, for that matter, was free of guile, liking only to sit on a bench in the sun twirling his thumbs, or to watch the savory growing in the plot without the vestibule. As for the prior, he was remarkable for seeing everything and observing nothing, a trait which endeared him to many.

Waiting the visit of Passe Rose with a sombre impatience, long before complines Friedgis had brought the materials for the morning baking of sacra-

mental bread to the small room adjoining the sacristy, and, having prepared the oil for lighting the church, when the service was over and the priests had put off their vestments, closed the sacristy and retired to his own chamber. Barring the door behind him, and hiding the lamp in the embrasure, he withdrew carefully the stone from the wall, and, lying down on the floor, listened for the cuckoo's call.

It were a curious, were it not an invariable fact, that of all the representations within the reach of memory those which afflict us are ever uppermost. The heart treasures its losses, and remembers best what it regrets. His eyes wide open, Friedgis stared into the darkness, for the light was so feeble that the walls of his room were barely visible. Without the aperture could be heard the plaintive sound of the wind; within, the flicker of the flame set gigantic shadows in motion; and imagination, roused by a subtle contagion, responded to these sense impressions, making the wind voices and moving shadows the creatures of its own invention. The walls of his narrow chamber receded altogether from the dreamer's sight. He was no longer lying on the stone floor, but under the swaying branches of lofty trees, through which the stars shone, — as when, a summer ago, defiling through the great Hercynian forest, the army of Karle, with its captives, had halted for the night at the springs of the Lippe. Northward, the slopes of the Teutoburger Wald,

whence Hermann had burst upon the legions of Varus, were studded with camp-fires; from the heights southward they flared on the distant towers of Paderborn, whither the king had gone to celebrate the feast of the Nativity of the Virgin; and in the valley between, where the bulk of the army lay encamped, thickly clustered along the river they formed a confused glare, which traversed the plain of sombre forest like the Milky Way above, ablaze with light and fringed with solitary stars.

The road, which, ascending the valley of the Alme, debouched on the plains of Sindfeld, had been thronged for days with fugitives. From the tower windows of Ehresberg, where, a score or more years before, the king had pillaged the heathen temple of Irminsul and overthrown its idol, the young Queen Liutgarde could see the bands of foot-sore exiles which, under Frankish escort, were being dispersed through Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundy, — remnants of a people whose spirit fourteen ruthless campaigns had not broken. Despairing of destroying this nationality with fire and the sword, the king wished now to dissolve it by scattering its fragments throughout the Empire. The great roads leading to the Rhine were encumbered with soldiery returning to their homes, and colonists who passed on their way those whom they dispossessed. Paderborn was given over to rejoicing. Anthems of thanksgiving succeeded the solemn masses of the spring, when the favor of Heaven had been implored upon the expedition. Those whom the clergy had then forbidden to indulge in meat or wine now feasted without restraint, and instead of paying their deniers into the treasury of the Church divided the spoils abandoned them from the share of their chiefs. The arrival of couriers from Pannonia, announcing the successful opening of the war against the Avars, contributed to the general joy; and the beloved daughters of the king, then in

the splendor of their beauty, had hastened from Mainz to welcome their victorious father.

As the night waned the noises of the camp had gradually ceased. The horseman had tethered his steed; the foot-soldier had taken off his leathern corselet and hemlet of bronze; and the captive, lying down with the oxen released from the yoke, among his own flocks, dreamed of the pastures of Bardengaw he should see no more. Having wasted the land of the Saxons from Frisia to the Elbe, this vast army, encumbered with hostages and booty, like some wild animal gorged with blood and heavy with drowsiness, had stretched itself upon the ground to sleep.

Through the midst of this slumbering host moved a monk, clad in the black robe of the Benedictines. The flickering fires, leaping momentarily into life, scarce lighted his face, thin with fasting and worn by the fatigues of the march, but the flame of a tireless zeal burned in his eyes. Passing like a shadow between the tents of the guards, among the sleeping forms of the Franks, alone, he still pursued his mission of warning and comfort among those whom the king had torn from their native land to transplant to Frankish soil. For him there was no truce of peace, no night of rest. In the midst of these blood-stained warriors overcome with toils, he was the incarnation of that sleepless spirit of holy love, so strangely blended with the fury of a war which had laid a province in ashes in the name of the all-blessed Christ; and in the stillness of the night, when the clang of armor was hushed and the sword was in its sheath, it seemed as if this divine spirit walked abroad in his person on its errand of ministering grace.

In an open space, made in the thick wood by the spreading branches of an oak, a girl lay asleep. The smouldering fire, stirred at times by the wind into flame, threw its red light upon her face;

then, subsiding with the breeze, left it to the darkness. Daughter of an Angrian chief slain on the banks of the Weser, her dress, though soiled by the dust of the march, betokened her rank. A fringe of gold bordered the tunic, whose girdle was embroidered with silk and pearls. A gold collar engraved with Eastern characters, loot from the Huns of the Danube, encircled her neck, and an agraffe of enameled bronze fastened the cloak over her breast. Her yellow hair, whose braids had become loosened, fell unconfined over her shoulders, and a child lay asleep on her knees. Homeless and alone like herself, lost in the confusion of the camp, it had crept to her side at nightfall, and, touched with pity, she had wrapped it in the fold of her cloak. At a little distance, stretched at full length in the shadow, Friedgis watched the sleeper, lifting his head at every sound. So vivid now was his memory of the scene that, lying on his chamber floor, he drew his garment closer, as if the night air still chilled the wound which, then unhealed, burned under the tunic of otter-skin torn open on his breast. A soldier, stupid with wine, stumbled to the river to quench his thirst, and returned to his couch of leaves. The child opened its eyes; then, reassured by the girl's presence, fell asleep again.

Suddenly from out the shadows along the river-bank a tall form emerged into the firelight. The long hair escaping from the gorget indicated one of noble blood, and the helmet bore the crest of the king's guard. Followed by two men-at-arms, the Frank advanced into the open space, when he stopped, casting a quick look about him; then, motioning his companions to remain within call, approached softly over the turf of moss and stooped above the prostrate form of the sleeper, as if to assure himself that it was she whom he sought. The collar of gold shone as the flame leaped, but it was not its glitter which tempted the

eye of the Frank. Friedgis, unobserved, raised himself upon his hands. His arms trembled; his lips were parted; his eye, seeking eagerly some weapon, glistened. The chain which had supported his shield hung broken about his neck; all else had been lost in the fight. As the Frank, signing to his followers to approach, laid his hand upon the woman's shoulder, the monk, coming out of the gloom of the wood, confronted him. Surprised, the warrior retreated a step then, drawing himself up haughtily, waited till the monk should pass.

"Robert, Count of Tours," said the latter, "what errand of the king doest thou here?"

There was a cold irony in the monk's voice which brought the blood of shame and ill-suppressed anger to the soldier's face.

"And thou, shaven head, whose cursed race the king has banished from the camp, have a care for thy hood!" and, loosing his sword from its belt, he laid his hand on the hilt.

Undismayed, the monk stood between the captive and her assailant. Friedgis, crouching on his elbows in the shadow, watched and listened.

"Stand aside, dog of a priest! The maid is mine."

"She is God's," replied the monk calmly.

"I will send him thee in her stead," answered the count with an oath, drawing the blade from his cloak. But something of authority in the voice and mien of his opponent restrained his arm. "Who stands between me and mine?" he asked hoarsely before he struck.

"I!" said the monk, stepping forward into the light and throwing back his hood.

It was Rainal, friend and counselor of Karle.

Here in the night of the forest the two great powers of the age stood face to face. Force, insatiate and brutal, wandering over the Empire like a Fury

with the torch of destruction, — driving the laborer from his field, the patrician from his villa, the king from his throne, and pursuing its victims to the foot of the altar, — and that perilous power of the priest, whose only authority was a moral one, received from an invisible Prince, whose riches excited envy, whose censure awoke wrath, and who, alone, defenseless, on the steps of the altar wet with the blood of the feeble, represented the principles of charity and justice amid the ruins of society.

Roused by the voices from dreams of the Weser, where her kindred had fallen and her Saxon home still smoked, the girl raised her head. Her assailant, trembling with a passion foiled, but fearful of the power he had evoked, quailed before the calm gaze of the priest. The naked sword in his grasp quivered like the hound in leash, but the strength of the hand on the haft was gone, and with a look of hate promising revenge the Frankish noble slunk away.

"Daughter, thy name?" asked the priest gently in her own tongue.

"Rothilde," she replied in a dull voice, lifting her eyes to his face.

"Rothilde," he repeated, drawing from his robe a silver flask enriched with gems, and laying his hand on her shining hair, "I baptize thee in the name of the one God, invisible, glorious, and eternal, and of his ever-blessed Son, and of the Holy Ghost, three in one Godhead of all power and perfection, reigning the same forever."

Immovable, her head thrown back, her eyes remained fixed upon the priest with the impassive look of the barbarian, indifferent to her captor and her fate. An expression of profound discouragement passed over Rainal's face. How often had these words of blessed benediction fallen fruitless from his lips, lost in the night of the heathen mind as the sparks which rose from the fire in short spiral flights were lost in the darkness overhead!

"The kings of Babylon carried their captives of old to a land of false gods, but ye are the captives of the true God. Through humiliation he opens the way of repentance, and in sorrow discovers the gates of life." Saying which, sighing, he made the sign of the cross above her head, and disappeared.

The sound of his footfall had not ceased when Friedgis, rising softly to his feet, stole to the girl's side. The latter turned her head at his approach, and smiled. Night after night during the long march she had closed her eyes in the consciousness of protection, and his presence now seemed to excite in her no surprise. Neither understood the conversation they had heard, nor knew the speakers. Neither needed to. The language and the forms of passion and charity are known of all.

"Some water," she whispered as he bent over her.

He went to the bank, gathered the cool water in the hollow of his hands, and offered it to her with a look of mingled solicitude and love. She drank eagerly, touching her lips to his hands. Taking the child from her lap, and laying it in a grassy hollow between the roots of the tree, he made a pillow of her cloak; and, as if soothed by his presence, unable to contend with fatigue, she laid her head upon it without a word, and closed her eyes. The smile still lingered on her face; it was a beautiful one, although the mouth was too round and small, the nose too pointed, the features too irregular; nevertheless it possessed that which charms the eye because it first gains the heart. Something of timidity, of sweetness, something of the irresponsibility and childishness with which certain natures defy time and invoke forbearance, was to be seen in her limpid but shrinking blue eye, in her fugitive smile, even in her attitudes and gestures. For a long time Friedgis sat looking into this face. The fire had gone out. The breeze had wan-

dered away. The only sounds were the slumbrous flow of the river and the low breathing of the sleeper. More softly even than he came he returned at length to his place in the shadow. He also was overcome with weariness and the heavy summer night. For days he had walked beside her cart, shielding her from insult and sharing with her his food; for many a night he had watched while she slept. . . .

Suddenly there was the blast of a horn mingled with the neighing of steeds and the cries of hoarse voices. He woke with a start. The east was flushed with red, and the morning light filled the wood. The child was crying at the foot of the tree, but the girl was gone.

With the same quick cry which had burst from his lips on the banks of the Lippe, Friedgis started from his dream. There were neither horses, nor men, nor morning sun. He stood trembling in his narrow room. The lamp burned feebly in the embrasure, and the sound of the horn was the song of the cuckoo without the abbey wall.

IX.

For a moment Friedgis stood still, listening.

"He does not hear," thought *Passe Rose*, impatient, without, and again the cuckoo's late summer cry sounded plaintively, close under the wall.

Extinguishing the taper and drawing the bolt noiselessly, Friedgis crossed the inner court by the great gate through which *Gui* had entered, to the small door in the north wall. Pausing again to listen, but hearing no sound, he opened it cautiously the width of his body. The night was dark, and he could see nothing.

"Is it thou?" whispered *Passe Rose*.

"Enter," said Friedgis, drawing back.

"Nay; come thou out," replied *Passe Rose* decisively.

Friedgis stepped over the stone sill, closing the gate softly behind him. Not yet accustomed to the darkness, he stood peering about him.

"Here — where are thine eyes? Hush!" said *Passe Rose*, as a twig snapped under his foot. "Thou wilt have all the dogs in the yard a-baying. Follow me."

The dim outlines of her form moved before him down the path leading to the fish-ponds, where was a wooden bench at the edge of the water.

"They say fishes have no ears," she whispered, pulling him by the skirt to the seat beside her. "How fares the abbot? Hath the demon returned to vex him?" Unable to discern her face, Friedgis heard her laughing. "In my country," pursued she, "the little children have a pastime called 'the devil and the saints.' At a signal, one, being the devil, issues from a bush and seeks to catch the others, who run from tree to tree. These trees are the holy altars. There being more who play than there are trees, some soul is always lost. When the chase is hot and the devil runs well, it is very amusing. I have a mind to play this game yonder," nodding in the direction of the abbey. "What thinkest thou, — would they run or no, if I looked in at the dormitory door? If thou couldst but have seen the monk who set out for *Immaburg* this morning! He had a rare chance. The selfsame devil appeared to him by the roadside. By good luck I was there at the very instant." And *Passe Rose* was seized with uncontrollable laughter.

"One would say she is crazy," thought Friedgis. "Dost thou wander over the country both by day and by night?" he asked mockingly.

"By *St. Martin*!" rejoined *Passe Rose* angrily, "what is that to thee? Came I here for my pleasure? I had best minded mine own business, and left thine to thee." She rose quickly, as if going away, but Friedgis, remaining

silent, heard her soon returning. "Are there sorceresses among thy people, father bear?" she asked, sitting down again beside him. "It is strange," she pursued, as if soliloquizing, — "certainly it is strange. Thou canst not see me who am under thy nose, yet this woman, albeit blind, perceives at a distance of twenty thousand paces." A star, appearing between the clouds, glistened in the pond. Passe Rose went to the water's edge and leaned over the low bank. "How deep it looks!" she said; "nevertheless the bottom is but the length of my arm." And as the clouds broke away Friedgis saw her, in the starlight, probing the water with a branch of willow. Indicating the depth by her finger, she held up the branch that he might see. "There are many things that cannot be explained," she said, shaking her head.

"Look," she whispered, after a silence, throwing back her cloak from her throat, "the collar is gone. Canst thou see? I once knew a Greek who worked in gold. He pretended to have made earrings for the Empress Irene, so delicately designed" — and Passe Rose half closed her eyes in a manner peculiar to her — "that one could not see the hook because of doves with spread wings. In truth he worked well, though he was a boaster. His hands were like mine, and his hair was perfumed. He asserted that his nation once governed the world," she said, with a scornful laugh. "What was I saying? — ah, yes. There are many things which cannot be explained." She moved the stick to and fro, watching the ripple rock the stars.

Approaching her suddenly with an abrupt exclamation of impatience, Friedgis tore the branch from her hand and threw it into the water. "What hast thou to tell me?" he said threateningly.

"They that wear soft clothing dwell in kings' houses," said Passe Rose.

"In truth she is mad," thought he, looking down into her eyes.

"In kings' houses," repeated Passe Rose significantly.

"Or foolish," he said to himself, turning away.

"Sit thee down here, by me. No? Well, then, have thine own way. In a strange land one mistrusts every one. That is not just. We are like other people, — the same as thine, — some are good, some are bad." Then, seeing he was indeed going, she called aloud to him. "Thou dost not trust me; but if I told thee the maid was found" — she let fall the words slowly one by one — "at Aix — in the king's household — Ah!" she cried, as he turned, his eyes glistening, "at last!"

"At Aix?" echoed Friedgis doubtfully.

"Near by," said Passe Rose, indicating the direction with her head, "near by. But in the king's household — ah, in the king's household, near is far, like the star in the pond. I see very well thou dost not believe me," she continued, observing his face; "nevertheless it is true. The gospels said in the king's household."

"The gospels?" he said after her, advancing a step.

"Ay, the gospels; knowest thou not what are the gospels?" said Passe Rose disdainfully leaning over the water and recapturing the branch. "The gospels lie on the holy altars. There are the psalms, which are quite another thing; also the gospels, — they are altogether different. It is not easy to explain. But have no fear, I speak truly; a clerk in the church of St. Sebastian read me the words plainly, — in kings' houses. Wait, we shall see." Observing, however, that these words made little impression upon him, she dropped another spark upon his duller sense. "Certainly it is strange. Thy collar follows thee from Ehresberg to the shrine of St. Servais, and thou wilt not seek its owner though I tell thee she is under thy hand at Aix. It is wonderful that

after being lost at Ehresberg, where the spoil was divided, — scattered like beads spilled upon the ground, — thy collar should be found in a great wood like that of Hesbaye. That truly is hard to understand,” and Passe Rose nodded her head slowly. “Aix is so near.”

While the girl was speaking Friedgis had sat down on the bench. “Why not tell me all thou knowest?” he said, searching her face wistfully.

“Dear Saxon,” laughed Passe Rose, leaping to her feet and seating herself beside him, “thou hast such thirst thou wouldst empty the cup at a draught. Have patience. Do the cruets in thy country empty themselves at one turning? Wait, I will tell thee all, — for that am I come. And if I tell thee, it is because I trust thee indeed. I have a friend among the stars,” she continued in a confiding tone. “Didst thou see the youth who came to inquire after the abbot’s health? It is he who lost the collar in the wood, and it is he who will seek the maid among the queen’s household. For me he will catch the wind in a net. He hath thy collar now, and will wear it in the eyes of all. Will not the maid recognize her own? Tell me, is she fair, — fairer than I?”

‘Oh, as candles to a star,
Others to my lady are!’”

she sang, lifting her eyes and clasping her hands mockingly, after the manner of lovers. An angry frown appeared on his face, and in a twinkling her manner changed. “Tell me first truly all thou knowest, and I swear to thee that of all the maids in France I will put my finger on the one thou seekest. What happened at Ehresberg? Who took her from thee?” The confidence of the girl’s manner possessed an irresistible fascination, and Friedgis began to relate what had taken place on the banks of the Lippe. So graphic were his narrative and gestures that Passe Rose, watching every word as it fell from his lips, seemed to see the actors in their places

reenacting their parts before her eyes; and when the Frank, about to lay his hand on the sleeping girl, was disturbed by the monk, “Seigneur,” she cried, divining what was to follow, “it was the abbot.”

“The abbot!” exclaimed Friedgis, with a gesture towards the monastery.

“Ay, he was with the king in Saxony. Sawest thou his face?”

Friedgis shook his head. “Not well; his back was turned.”

“Hast thou not seen him since his return?” she asked eagerly.

“Nay, as thou knowest, he came but lately. Thou rememberest the day. I was yonder in the tower ringing the bells, and saw the slaves going out to greet him, bearing boughs and chanting, and the young girls strewing flowers. He was already ill, and hath not appeared since. Believest thou the monk of the wood was he?”

Passe Rose nodded. “And the other — the soldier?”

“Him I saw well. Moreover, the monk named him. Knowest thou one among the king’s leaders called Robert of Tours?”

Passe Rose drew herself up quickly, as if not believing her ears.

“Robert of Tours?” she repeated mechanically, her eyes dilating.

“So he named him.”

Clasping her hands behind her head, Passe Rose had the manner of one going over the list of her acquaintances, as if knowing every lord of the kingdom as well as she knew her ten fingers. But her heart was beating fast. “Robert of Tours,” talking to herself, as it were; and then, quickly, “Well, afterwards?”

“When they were gone,” continued Friedgis, “I fell asleep. My wound bled. For days I had not closed an eye — it may be that I swooned. In the morning she was gone,” and he described his fruitless search in the confusion of the camp.

The organization of the army had

been dissolved in a night. The German auxiliaries had been dismissed; the king's vassals, having feasted together in Paderborn till break of day, released from service, were gathering their followers in troops, and each, with his share of booty and convoy of captives, sought his own domain. The air was filled with sounds of lowing cattle, of axles creaking under their loads; the blast of horns and hoarser shouts of command echoed through the wood, above whose tree-tops columns of dust marked the windings of the road. Friedgis told how, frenzied with excitement and apprehension, he ran from place to place, questioning those who understood him not, jeered at for a madman, cursed for refusal to obey; till at last, faint from his bleeding wound and incapable of further resistance, he was tripped by an archer, and bound, trembling as a child, to the cross-bar of a baggage wagon, amid the laughter of the soldiery. "If thou sayest truly that she is found — though it were in the king's own chamber" — A spasm of grief and anger contracted his muscles, and he walked slowly into the shadow, beyond the girl's searching gaze.

Passe Rose had been more occupied with her own thoughts than with the Saxon's tale, but hearing his retreating footsteps, and believing that he was indeed going, an exclamation of impatience escaped her, and, leaping to her feet, she ran after him. "Whither now?" she said, standing in his path. "To Aix? Truly — I believe . . . Aix, Aix" — she cried, unable to find words with which to measure his folly. "As well seek the star in the pond!" She took him by the arm and led him back to the seat. For some minutes they sat beside each other in silence. A fragmentary sentence escaped now and then the girl's lips, as if she were endeavoring to reason with her companion while her own thought was elsewhere. "Plunge thine arm in to the shoulder

— that were a child's folly! Patience." Her eyes, fixed on the star shining in the pond, shone also. "Have patience," she repeated abstractedly; and again, persuasively, "Have patience." Some deeper emotion drove her hurrying thought before it; her eyes dilated, as if fascinated by expanding horizons. With a rapid gesture she passed her hand over her forehead, brushing back her hair. "I know what thou thinkest. When I came for the collar, thou saidst, A girl who has lost her jewel, a fool seeking stars in the pond! Look at me, — I have wasted twenty summers. The Queen Hildegard was alive then, — twenty summers lost! Hast thou seen the late seed shoot up in the harvest moon? All the summer it sleeps, and now it stirs and pushes, opening its eye in a single summer night, to see its fellows grown and the season gone. Twenty seasons the blood stirred in my veins, and I knew it not. I slept like the seed, in the moss underfoot. Suddenly I opened my eyes: it was in the wood of Hesbaye. When I told thee I found the collar there, I lied; *he* gave it me. Till then I slept, ate, slept; played, like a child, with the stars in the pond. But now!" She stood up, and stretched out her hands passionately to the sky with a short, exulting laugh. "Being awake, do they think me content to comb wool and make jelly of quince, — life being short and twenty seasons gone? By the saints! I would like to know one thing: how happens it that one star shines in the sky, and its fellow in the pond? We will see, — we will see."

"A king's captain, — that is not much," said Friedgis derisively.

She answered him with a quick glance of contempt, and turned away her head, with a scornful movement of her shoulders. Then sitting down beside him and looking up into his face, "Knowest thou not, dear porter, that were he the abbot's swineherd" — She paused.

"Said I not there were some things hard to understand? So thou seekest thy maid Rothilde. Is it her jewels that thou covetest? Nay, nay, nay" — Her voice died away and her eyes filled with dreams. "Let him pass over this body with the wheels of his car — if he will — if he will" —

"What is that to me?" said Friedgis, observing her attentively.

"What is that to thee?" she repeated, breaking away from her thought with an effort. "Seigneur! it signifies that I wish thee well. When the heart is full, then it has the most room. Reason now a little. The king's captain — Peste! the name escapes me," she cried, beating her head with her hand: "it hath so long a Latin sound; yet I know it well. Surely thou knowest."

Friedgis shook his head.

"He does not know," thought Passe Rose. "Never mind," she said aloud. "He will come again shortly, and hath promised to bring me word. Wait, and at the first chance observe the abbot. He is sure now to recover his health. I have the devil which tormented him safe in hand. Hark!" she whispered, grasping his arm.

The sound of footsteps was heard on the path near the gate. Friedgis pulled the girl into the shadow, where, shielded from view, they saw the prior emerge upon the walk bordering the pond.

"Would I were a devil indeed," muttered Passe Rose under her breath. "I would plague his soul willingly."

With a gesture of silence, Friedgis covered her mouth with his palm.

The prior stood for a moment looking at the stars reflected in the basin; then walked slowly along the bank, like one who thinks himself alone.

"Quick! get thee gone," whispered Passe Rose. "He saw nothing. Farewell, but speak not to the abbot till I see thee again." And pushing Friedgis by the shoulder, without waiting his reply, she turned in the direction the

prior had taken. He had stopped at the outlet of the pond, where a thin sheet of water flowed over a culvert of stone. His hood was thrown back, and his pale face shone in the starlight against the black background of verdure. "Here is one not easily frightened by such demons as I," thought Passe Rose.

As she stole cautiously by, the cry of the cuckoo sounded down the road. "By St. Martin! the wood is full of birds," she said to herself, sinking down behind a bush. "Never heard I a cuckoo with so clear a song in the month of winds." Crouching behind the leaves, she distinguished footsteps on the road, and presently low voices in earnest conversation. She endeavored to part the screen of branches, but every motion resulted in such rustling that she was forced to sit still, through fear of betraying her presence. By dint of straining her ears she made out two voices besides the prior's; and hearing at intervals a metallic clank, "One is armed," she said. For a full hour, cramped in posture and wet with dew, Passe Rose fretted and chafed at being able neither to hear a word nor see a face. At last the voices ceased, steps were heard retreating down the road; then the gate was fastened, and everything was still.

"May the saints keep my bones from the ague," she muttered, stretching her stiffened limbs and issuing from her hiding-place. The thought of her prolonged absence caused her to hasten, but as she gained the road a small parchment scroll caught her eye. She picked it up quickly, and while hurrying down the hill, her ear alert for those who preceded her, opened the roll sufficiently to perceive that its inner surface was covered with writing.

"Perhaps these are the new characters of which the clerk in the church of St. Sebastian spoke," she said, thrusting the parchment in her bosom with the dagger and the key.

While she lay concealed, the moon had risen, — not yet so high, however, but that its beams, grazing the hill's crest, threw long shadows down the descending slope, on which the girl glided till she reached the level below. Here the plain was flooded with light, and as she hesitated on the edge of the forest the flutter of a wood-dove above her head caused her to start. "There is no woman in Maestricht, having this place to cross at night," she said to herself, setting boldly forth, "who would not thank the saints for so comforting a moon." Her eyes were abroad to scan the smallest moving thing, but nothing was astir, and her thoughts were quickly occupied by the events of the day. "So, Robert of Tours, armed, and with two followers at thy back, thy sword becomes limp as a hempen strand at the sight of the abbot's face! Had I been in the maid's stead — a monk's eye is no better than a maid's" — and hers glittered sharper than her dagger's point. Then came Gui of Tours, leading the horse on which she rode in the wood of Hesbaye, or riding at the head of the troop across the market-place, or following close behind her, through the alders beside the foaming brook, driving away all power to deal with the plans half formed in her busy brain. For, intrigued as she was by the visitors whom the prior received at midnight, and whose parchment burned in her bosom; perplexed, too, at the thought of the demon, whose evil practices were, perhaps, already recited to the king; and alarmed, above all, at what might follow upon her lover's search for the Saxon maiden, — with all these thoughts her will was as limp to cope as the Frank's sword. In truth she was eager only to gain her quiet room, to give herself over to the dreams which border sleep, content to put over for the morrow all devices and plans; for all day long she had sipped a cup which never before had touched her lips, and never had Gui of Tours

himself, after the banquet, more need of sleep to steady the pulse and clear the brain than she.

As she turned the corner into the street without the garden wall, a glimmer of light from her own window shone full in her face. Feeble though it was because of the moon, and blurred by the pane of horn, nevertheless there it twinkled, beyond dispute, like a wicked, winking eye, and *Passe Rose* stopped short, one hand on her beating heart, the other clasping the key. An overmastering presentiment, beyond the warrant of reason, seized her like a hand that clutches the throat and cannot be loosed. The quick defense of innocence falsely accused, the hot explanation of malign appearances, questions which tore her heart and looks which struck at pride, a sickening apprehension and rallying rush of bravery, were all pressed into the second she paused dismayed at the sight of the glimmering lamp in her chamber turret; and innocent as she declared herself to be, the key in her fingers, stolen from its peg on the kitchen wall, was heavier on her conscience than in her hand. Being free of all guile, certainly it were hard to enter the key warily in the grating lock, like a thief or a culprit that may not look up for shame. But this she had no need to do, for the gate was ajar, and within stood the boy rubbing the wonder out of his eyes, and the two maids (who loved her not overmuch), with looks fitter than words to rouse wrath, and under the kitchen eaves Jeanne herself, stupefied with the dread of harm rather than the thought of evil.

Passe Rose had certainly thrown her arms about Jeanne's neck and told her the whole story, even to the fay's girdle, but for the scorn on the maids' faces, which hardened her temper, and turned her bearing from gentleness to boldness and defiance. Perhaps Jeanne guessed as much, for with a gesture she bade them and the boy retire. But before a

word could be spoken Werdric came down the chamber stair, with the lamp in his hand.

For a moment the three stood silent in the full light of the moon.

It were strange indeed, were it not so common, that in one breathless second feeling can gather such headway that neither love nor reason can stay its course, though we know its end is folly, and desire nothing less than to follow its lead. The barriers which oppose its vent do but concentrate its power, and so it was that the very pleading of Jeanne's face and the challenge of innocence in *Passe Rose's* eye gathered Werdric's anger into one terrible word.

"Strumpet!" he said, not believing his own ears.

A quick cry escaped Jeanne's heart, but *Passe Rose* only shivered, — so the bare flesh recoils under the first lash of the scourge. The blood ebbed from her cheeks, but the fire leaped to her eyes, and she made a step toward Werdric that seemed to dare him to strike again.

"Strumpet!" he repeated, goaded now by madness and the defiance of her eye.

The word came like a blow full in the face, but the girl neither spoke nor stirred. She stood for a moment like one dazed; then hung the key mechanically on its peg, and went slowly up the stair.

Jeanne sprang to follow her, but Werdric, sullen and ashamed, closed the door. "Shame!" cried Jeanne, all a-tremble, and clutching his arm. Then, all strength deserting her, she sank at his feet, tears of old age running free as a child's. "Who'd a thought it," she moaned between her sobs, rocking to and fro, — "the gift of God — who'd a thought it — from thee."

The moon traveled slowly across the turret window-pane, and its light began to blend with the coming dawn, and still *Passe Rose* sat on the bed's edge. Gone were the dream spirits that hide

under maidens' pillows; a cruel word was written across the floor on the spot where her eyes were fixed, and every pulse of the blood hurled it afresh in her aching ears. Now indeed might the garden sparrows have flown fearlessly to her shoulders, so like she seemed to the statue in the church porch, whose dull eyes stare always at the same place, and whose raiment of stone never yields to the breeze.

At last she rose, and in an absent way, as it were, unwound the veil from her head and shoulders, and unfastened her dress, broided by Jeanne's own fingers, — the dress whose close-fitting sleeves leaving bare the lower arm, and girdle clasping her waist, was her especial delight and pride. She gave no heed to its broided hem, nor to the clasp Werdric himself had wrought for her, and going to her chest lifted its heavy lid. There at the bottom lay the robe in which Werdric had found her in the wood. The edge was frayed and the color faded, and but one lacing-cord remained in the sleeves. As she lifted it from the chest, the silver sous clicked together in the purse which fell from its folds. She put on the dress, ill-fitting now as it was; then, stooping, loosed her sandals, for shoes she had none when she came. Having closed the lid, she opened the purse, and took therefrom one copper piece, the amount she had with her when she fled from the merchants at St. Denis's fair, and thrust it, with the dagger about which was rolled the prior's parchment, into her bodice. All this she did quickly, without deliberation; yet will not even the young shoot let go the soil without a wrench, and so *Passe Rose*, before she turned to go, struggled with tears, and kissed the golden sun blazoned on her pillow, hiding there her head. The purse was still in her hand when she rose, and an image of Mary the Blessed Mother looked down upon her as she lifted her head. A spasm of anger and

pride drove the tears from her eyes, and she hurled the purse at the image in sudden scorn, as the words of the Saxon came to mind: "Of what avail the gods, since they do not hear! Henceforth they are nothing to me," and went down the kitchen stair.

It was unlucky for all that Jeanne, after sobbing the whole night through, had fallen asleep in the gray of morning, and that Werdric only was astir; for had Jeanne been there the girl had never crossed the garden unhindered. In vain had Werdric sought to justify the heat of his temper; but his pride was stubborn, and the greater one's own the less one allows for that of another. He had risen from bed to escape the presence of Jeanne, and was placing the fagots upon the hearth when *Passe Rose* came down the stair. He saw the dress she wore, and knew its import well, but the words of command he summoned failed him when he saw her face, for the spirit of the girl lorded his. She passed where he stood, paying him no more heed than the bundle of fagots in his hand, and his eyes followed her bare feet down the path and through the arch, gazing with a stupid stare at the place where she disappeared.

It was then that Jeanne, whose sleep was light, came from her room; and, although forbidden by Werdric to hold any converse with the girl, unable longer to restrain her desire, stole timidly up *Passe Rose's* stair. Before she had gained the chamber above, Werdric sprang to the gate. His heart was full of remorse, and he could not bide the issue of Jeanne's quest to that empty room. The street was vacant and still. He ran to the market-place. No one was yet abroad, save the rickety crone in the porch of the church of St. Sebastian, wondering to see a man at that hour running hither and thither, tearing his hair.

The wood of Hesbaye was still dark when *Passe Rose* left the high-road to

follow the wood-cutters' path into its friendly screen. The little birds, shaking the night dew from their feathers in the branches above, called to her as she passed, turning their heads sideways, but she paid them no heed. A hare loped down the path, paused a bow-shot beyond her, then, dropping its ears, plunged through the briers. Still *Passe Rose* went on, with only one thought in her mind: never again to pass Werdric's door, nor hear the sound of his voice. The path narrowed like a meadow rill, till, lost in the thicket, all ways seemed alike.

The day passed, the night came; still she went on. The night! Do you know what night is in the wood? Without, among the cabins on the plain, it approaches slowly, with manifold signs. The sun's edge becomes visible through the haze, touches the pine-tops on the horizon, blazes awhile between their branches, then disappears, as a beacon fire expires on the mountain. But it is not yet night. Saffron streamers shoot to the zenith; a cloud lies athwart them, like a lance dipped in blood; above, the wool-white clouds begin to glow; higher still a fleecy film of vapor throbs with rose. These are its heralds. In a moment they will float black as funeral garments upon the opal sky. And yet it is not night. A single star opens its eye; as at a signal, one by one, hundred by hundred, thousand by thousand, the hosts of heaven come forth. Now the lights twinkling in the cabins are extinguished, the tired lie down to sleep, and it is night. But in the forest there is no sun, no sky, no star. The light flees from its depths without warning, and swiftly, noiselessly, like the leap of the leopard, night is there. It enwraps the tall trees as the dead are enwrapped in their grave-clothes. High up only, the topmost leaves are free to flutter a little, so thick is the darkness. And oh, the sounds below! more ominous than the plain's silence — that stealthy

footfall in the dry moss, that snapping twig, that rustle of leaves where no wind is. Here one is observed, yet sees nothing. Nay, look! two shining lights where no light is, — for the glow-worm is afar in the ploughed field, the fire-fly is abroad among the wheat-heads. These are the wood-stars that shine in the thicket, whether of timid doe or panther ready to spring, God knows! but the heart bounds, and the ear strains to catch the breath of the nostrils. Fly — but how, in this jungle? A night-bird fans the face with his wing. Oh for the clue that he follows! Hark! far off, hurling the living apart, a dead tree crashes, pauses, and falls in thunder. Wrap thy garment about thee, Passe Rose; draw it tightly over thy

head and shut out this night; for to wait and watch and listen are beyond the endurance of reason. Hark again! is it the wind? — for within one cannot tell what is taking place without. It comes from afar, like a murmur of meadow waters; then nearer, a roar as of surf on the shore. The rain overhead! but below, for a long time all is still, as in the sea depths, till at last the bending branches drip, and every terrifying sound is drowned in a low, monotonous patter. Now dream, Passe Rose, if thou canst, while the wakeful ear is lulled to slumber. Surely this is the rain on the roof of thatch; thou art safe within the mud walls of the cabin; the night thrush sings in the bush, and the blessed stars look down upon thee.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

A NOVEMBER CHRONICLE.

I LOOKED forward to November with peculiar interest, as it was many years since I had passed this month in the country, and now that it is over I am moved to publish its praises: partly, as I hope, out of feelings of gratitude, and partly because it is an agreeable kind of originality to commend what everybody else has been in the habit of decrying.

In the first place, then, it was a month of pleasant weather; something too much of wind and dust (the dust for only the first ten days) being almost the only drawback. To me, with my prepossessions, it was little short of marvelous how many of the thirty days were nearly, or quite, cloudless. The only snow fell on the 11th. I saw a few flakes in the afternoon, just enough to record, and there must have been another slight flurry after dark, as the grass showed white in favorable spots early the next morning. Making allowance for the shortness of the days, I

doubt whether there has been a month during the past year in which a man could comfortably spend more of his time in out-of-door exercise.

The trees were mostly bare before the end of October, but the apple and cherry trees still kept their branches green (they are foreigners, and perhaps have been used to a longer season), and the younger growth of gray birches lighted up the woodlands with pale yellow. Of course the oak-leaves were still hanging, also; and for that matter they are hanging yet, and will be for months to come, let the north wind blow as it will. I wonder whether their winter rustling sounds as cold in other ears as in mine. My own feeling is most likely the result of boyish associations. How often I waded painfully through the forest paths, my feet and hands half frozen, while these ghosts of summer shivered sympathetically on every side as they saw me pass! I wonder, too,

what can be the explanation of this unnatural oak-tree habit. The leaves are dead; why should they not obey the general law, — “ashes to ashes, dust to dust”? Is our summer too short to ripen them, and so to perfect the articulation? Whatever its cause, their singular behavior does much to beautify the landscape; particularly in such a district as mine, where the rocky hills are, so many of them, covered with young oak forests, which, especially for the first half of November, before the foliage is altogether faded, are dressed in subdued shades of maroon, beautiful at all hours, but touched into positive glory by the level rays of the afternoon sun.

I began on the very first day of the month to make a list of the plants found in bloom, and happening, a week afterward, to be in the company of two experienced botanical collectors, I asked them how many species I was likely to find. One said thirty. The other, after a little hesitation, replied, “I don’t know, but I should n’t think you could find a dozen.” Well, it is true that November is not distinctively a floral month in Massachusetts, but before November, 1887, was over I had catalogued seventy-three species, though for six of these, to be sure, I have to thank one of the collectors just now mentioned. Indeed, I found thirty-nine sorts on my first afternoon ramble; and even as late as the 27th and 28th I counted twelve. All in all, there is little doubt that at least a hundred kinds of plants were in bloom about me during the month.

Having called my record a chronicle, I should be guilty of an almost wanton disregard of scriptural models if I did not fill it up largely with names, and accordingly I do not hesitate to subjoin a full list of these my November flowers; omitting Latin titles, — somewhat unwillingly, I confess, — except where the vernacular is wanting altogether, or else is more than commonly ambiguous: creep-

ing buttercup, tall buttercup, field larkspur, celandine, pale corydalis, hedge mustard, shepherd’s purse, wild peppergrass, sea-rocket, wild radish, common blue violet, bird-foot violet, pansy, Deptford pink, common chickweed, larger mouse-ear chickweed, sand spurrey, knawel, common mallow, herb-robert, storksbill, red clover, alsyke, white clover, white sweet clover, black medick, white avens, common cinque-foil, silvery cinque-foil, witch-hazel, common evening-primrose, smaller evening-primrose, carrot, blue-stemmed golden-rod, white golden-rod (or silvery-rod), seaside golden-rod, *Solidago juncea*, *Solidago rugosa*, dusty golden-rod, early golden-rod, corymbed aster, wavy-leaved aster, heart-leaved aster, many-flowered aster, *Aster vimineus*, *Aster diffusus*, New York aster, *Aster puniceus*, narrow-leaved aster, fleabane, horse-weed, everlasting, cudweed, coneflower, mayweed, yarrow, tansy, groundsel, burdock, Canada thistle, fall dandelion, common dandelion, sow thistle, Indian tobacco, bell-flower (*Campanula rapunculoides*), fringed gentian, wild toad-flax, butter and eggs, self-heal, motherwort, jointweed, doorweed, and ladies’ tresses (*Spiranthes cernua*).

Here, then, we have seventy-three species, all but one of which (*Spiranthes cernua*) are of the class of exogens. Twenty-two orders are represented, the great autumnal family of the *Compositæ* naturally taking the lead, with thirty species (sixteen of them asters and golden-rods), while the mustard, pink, and pulse families come next, with five species each. The large and hardy heath family is wanting altogether. Out of the whole number about forty-three are indigenous. Witch-hazel is the only shrub, and, as might have been expected, there is no climbing plant.

In setting down such a list one feels it a pity that so few of the golden-rods and asters have any specific designation in English. Under this feeling, I have

presumed myself to name two of the golden-rods, *Solidago Canadensis* and *Solidago nemoralis*. With us, at all events, the former is the first of its genus to blossom, and may appropriately enough wear the title of early golden-rod, while the latter must have been noticed by everybody for its peculiar grayish, "dusty-miller" foliage. It has, moreover, an exceptional right to a vernacular name, being both one of the commonest and one of the showiest of our roadside weeds. Till something better is proposed, therefore, let us call it the dusty golden-rod.

It must in fairness be acknowledged that I did not stand upon the quality of my specimens. Many of them were nothing but accidental and not very reputable-looking laggards; but in November, especially if one is making a list, a blossom is a blossom. The greater part of the asters and golden-rods, I think, were plants that had been broken down by one means or another, and now, at this late day, had put forth a few stunted sprays. The narrow-leaved aster (*Aster linariifolius*) was represented by only two heads, but these sufficed to bring the mouth-filling name into my catalogue. Of the two species of native violets, I saw but a single blossom each. The pansy (common enough in gardens, and blooming well into December) was, of course, found by the roadside, and the larkspur likewise, but I made nothing of any but wild plants.

At this time of the year one must not expect to pick flowers anywhere and everywhere, and a majority of all my seventy-three species (perhaps as many as two thirds) were found only in one or more of three particular places. The first of these was along a newly laid-out road through a tract of woodland; the second was a sheltered wayside nook between high banks; and the third was at the seashore. At this last place, on the 8th of the month, I came unexpectedly upon a field fairly yellow with fall

dandelions and silvery cinque-foils, and affording also my only specimens of burdock, Canada thistle, cone-flower, and the smaller evening-primrose; in addition to which were the many-flowered aster, yarrow, red clover, and sow thistle. In truth, the grassy hillside was quite like a garden, although there was no apparent reason why it should be so favored. The larger evening-primrose, of which I saw two stalks, one of them bearing six or eight blossoms, was growing among the rocks just below the edge of the cliff, in company with abundance of sow thistle, all perfectly fresh; while along the gravelly edge of the bank, just above them, was the groundsel (*Senecio vulgaris*), looking as bright and thrifty as if it had been the first of August instead of near the middle of November.

Perhaps my most surprising bit of good luck was the finding of the Deptford pink. Of this, for some inscrutable reason, one plant still kept green and showed several rosy blossoms, while all its fellows, far and near, were long since bleached and dead. Fortune has her favorites, even among pinks. The frail-looking corydalis (we have few plants that appear less able to bear exposure) was in excellent condition up to the very end of the month, though the one patch which I then explored was destitute of flowers. These were as pretty as could be — prettier even than in May, I thought — on the 16th, and no doubt might have been found on the 30th, with careful search. The little geranium known as herb-robert is a neighbor of the corydalis, and, like it, bears the cold remarkably well. Its reddening, finely cut leaves were fresh and flourishing, but though I often looked for its flowers, I found only one during the entire month. The storksbill, its less known cousin, does not grow within my limits, but came to me from Essex County, through the kindness of a friend, being one of the six species

contributed by her, as I have before mentioned.

The hardness of some of these late bloomers is surprising. It is now the 2d of December, and yesterday the temperature fell about thirty degrees below the freezing-point, yet I notice shepherd's-purse, peppergrass, chickweed, and knawel still bearing fresh-looking flowers. Nor are they the only plants that seem thus impervious to cold. The prostrate young St. John's-wort shoots, for instance, all uncovered and delicate as they are, appear not to know that winter with all its rigors is upon them.

It was impossible not to sympathize admiringly with some of my belated asters and golden-rods. Their perseverance was truly pathetic. They had been hindered, but they meant to finish their appointed task, nevertheless, in spite of short days and cold weather. I have especially in mind a plant of *Solidago juncea*. The species is normally one of the earliest, following hard upon *Solidago Canadensis*, but for some reason this particular specimen did not begin to flower till after the first heavy frosts. Indeed, when I first noticed it, the stem leaves were already frost-bitten; yet it kept on putting forth blossoms for at least a fortnight. Whatever may be true of the lilies of the field, this golden-rod was certainly a toiler, and of the most persistent sort.

Early in the month the large and hardy *Antiopa* butterflies were still not uncommon in the woods, and on the 3d, which was a summer-like day, I observed a single clouded-sulphur butterfly, looking none the worse for the low temperature of the night before, when the smaller ponds had frozen over for the first time.

Of course I kept account of the birds as well as of the flowers, but the number, both of individuals and of species, proved to be very small, the total list being as follows: great black-backed gull, American herring gull, ruffed

grouse, downy woodpecker, flicker, blue-jay, crow, horned lark, purple finch, red crossbill, goldfinch, snow bunting, Ipswich sparrow, white-throated sparrow, tree sparrow, snowbird, song sparrow, fox sparrow, Northern shrike, myrtle warbler, brown creeper, white-breasted nuthatch, chickadee, golden-crowned kinglet, and robin. Here are only twenty-five species; a meagre catalogue, which might have been longer, it is true, but for the patriotism or prejudice (who will presume always to decide between these two feelings, one of them so given to counterfeiting the other?) which would not allow me to piece it out with the name of that all too numerous parasite, the so-called English sparrow.

My best ornithological day was the 17th, which, with a friend like-minded, I passed at Ipswich Beach. The special object of our search was the Ipswich sparrow, a bird unknown to science until 1868, when it was discovered at this very place by Mr. Maynard. Since then it has been found to be a regular fall and winter visitant along the Atlantic coast, passing at least as far south as New Jersey. It is a mystery how the creature could so long have escaped detection. One cannot help querying whether there can be another case like it. Who knows? Science, even in its flourishing modern estate, falls a trifle short of omniscience.

My comrade and I separated for a little, losing sight of each other among the sand-hills, and when we came together again he reported that he had seen the sparrow. He had happened upon it unobserved, and been favored with excellent opportunities for looking it over carefully through a glass at short range; and being familiar with its appearance through a study of cabinet specimens, he had no doubt whatever of its identity. This was within five minutes of our arrival, and naturally we anticipated no difficulty in finding

others; but for two or three hours we looked in vain. Twice, to be sure, a sparrow of some sort flew up in front of us, but in both cases it got away without our obtaining so much as a peep at it. Up and down the beach we went, exploring the basins and sliding down the smooth, steep hills. Every step was interesting, but it really looked as if I must go home without seeing *Ammodramus princeps*. But patience was destined to have its reward, and just as we were traversing the upper part of the beach for the last time, I caught a glimpse of a bird skulking in the grass before us. He had seen us first, and was already on the move, ducking behind the scattered tufts of beach-grass, crouching and running by turns; but we got satisfactory observations, nevertheless, and he proved to be, like the other, an Ipswich sparrow. He did not rise, but finally made off through the grass without uttering a sound. Then we examined his footprints, and found them to be, so far as could be made out, the same that we had been noticing all about among the hills.

Meanwhile, our perambulations had not been in vain. Flocks of snow buntings were seen here and there, and we spent a long time in watching a trio of horned larks. These were feeding amid some stranded rubbish, and apparently felt not the slightest suspicion of the two men who stood fifteen or twenty feet off, eying their motions. It was too bad they could not hear our complimentary remarks about their costumes, so tastefully trimmed with black and yellow. Our loudest exclamations, however, were called forth by a dense flock of sea-gulls at the distant end of the beach. How many hundreds there were of them I should not dare to guess, but when they rose in a body their white wings really filled the air, and with the bright sunlight upon them they made, for a landsman, a spectacle to be remembered.

Altogether it was a high day for two enthusiasts, though no doubt it would have looked foolish enough to ordinary mortals, our spending several dollars of money and a whole day of time, — in November, at that, — all for the sake of ogling a few birds, not one of which we even attempted to shoot. But what then? Tastes will differ; and as for enthusiasm, it is worth more than money and learning put together as a producer of happiness. For my own part, I mean to be enthusiastic as long as possible, knowing only too well that high spirits will not last forever.

The sand-hills themselves would have repaid all our trouble. Years ago this land just back of the beach was covered with forest, while at one end of it was a flourishing farm. Then when man, with his customary foolishness, cut off the forest, Nature revenged herself by burying his farm. We did not verify the fact, but according to the published accounts of the matter it used to be possible to walk over the top of an old orchard, and pick here and there an apple from some topmost branch still jutting out through the sand.

Among the dunes we found abundance of a little red, heath-like plant, still in full blossom. Neither of us recognized it, but it turned out to be jointweed (*Polygonum articulatum*), and made a famous addition to my November flower catalogue.

In connection with all this I ought, perhaps, to say a word about our Ipswich driver, especially as naturalists are sometimes reprehended for taking so much interest in all other creatures, and so little in their fellow-men. As we drew near the beach, which is some five miles from the town, we began to find the roads quite under water, with the sea still rising. We remarked the fact, the more as we were to return on foot, whereupon the man said that the tide was uncommonly high on account of the heavy rain of the day before! A little

afterward, when we came in sight of a flock of gulls, he gravely informed us that they were "some kind of ducks"! He had lived by the seashore all his life, I suppose, and of course felt entirely competent to instruct two innocent cockneys such as he had in his wagon.

Four days after this I made a trip to Nahant. If *Ammodramus princeps* was at Ipswich, why should it not be at other similar places? True enough, I found the birds feeding beside the road that runs along the beach. I chased them about for an hour or two in a cold high wind, and stared at them till I was satisfied. They fed much of the time upon the golden-rods, alighted freely upon the fence-posts (which is what some writers would lead us never to expect), and often made use of the regular family *tseep*. Two of them kept persistently together, as if they were mated. One staggered me by showing a blotch in the middle of the breast, a mark that none of the published descriptions mention, but which I have since found exemplified in one of the skins at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, in Cambridge.

"A day is happily spent that shows me any bird I never saw alive before." So says Dr. Coues, and he would be a poor ornithologist who could not echo the sentiment. The Ipswich sparrow was the third such bird that I had seen during the year without going out of New England, the other two being the Tennessee warbler and the Philadelphia vireo.

Of the remainder of my November list there is not much to be said. Robins were very scarce after the first week. My last glimpse of them was on the 20th, when I saw two. Tree sparrows,

snowbirds, chickadees, kinglets, crows, and jays were oftenest met with, while the shrike, myrtle warbler, purple finch, and song sparrow were represented by one individual each. My song sparrow was not seen till the 28th, after I had given him up. He did not sing (of course he scolded; the song sparrow can always do that), but the mere sight of him was enough to suggest thoughts of spring-time, especially as he happened to be in the neighborhood of some Pickering hylas, which were then in full cry for the only time during the month. Near the end of the month many wild geese flew over the town, but, thanks to a rebellious tooth (how happy are the birds in this respect!), I was shut indoors, and knew the fact only by hear say. I did, however, see a small flock on the 30th of October, an exceptionally early date. As it chanced, I was walking at the time with one of my neighbors, a man more than forty years old, and he assured me that he had never seen such a thing before.

For music, I one day heard a goldfinch warbling a few strains, and on the 21st a chickadee repeated his clear phæbe whistle two or three times. The chickadees are always musical,—there is no need to say that; but I heard them *sing* only on this one morning.

Altogether, with the cloudless, mild days, the birds, the tree-frogs, the butterflies, and the flowers, November did not seem the bleak and cheerless season it has commonly been painted. Still it was not exactly like summer. On the last day I saw some very small boys skating on the Cambridge marshes, and the next morning December showed its hand promptly, sending the mercury down to within two or three degrees of zero.

Bradford Torrey.

THE FIFTH SYMPHONY.

WHO says, Beethoven, that thy spirit fled
Returns not from the dead,
Or that a bearded lion's rage divine
Is any match for thine,
When, wrapped in silence and in slumber cloaked,
Thy sad soul is invoked?
Thee oftenest would we strictly venerate, —
Thee first, though others wait,
Who, shrined in memory and of mighty mould,
Can never have thy hold!
As figures dimly outlined in a glass,
So pass they and repass,
So rise and fall: Schubert, the Wanderer;
Mozart, the ponderer
Of flawless melody; Händel, whose themes
Make pale a conqueror's dreams;
Berlioz, who blends the skill of the musician
With that of the magician, —
A querulous shade that, called to life again,
Brings shadows in its train.
What wonder that our hearts, responsive glowing,
Are filled to overflowing,
And cannot hold what earth and air in vain
Are struggling to retain;
Or that such music, when it walks abroad,
Is worshiped like a god?
Yet, sad Beethoven, when we own thy sway,
We wish all else away!
Hark! from the underworld a rush of sound
So startling, so profound,
The brain is swimming and the heart beats faster
With terror of the master.
'Tis he! No human breast at which he knocks
But instantly unlocks,
And the round world, o'er which he loved to brood,
Is subject to his mood.
But this heart-searching, thrice-repeated strain,
That is not joy nor pain!
"Mortals," it says, as plain as words could say,
"Ye creatures of a day!
Alas, to dance with you, perchance to sup,
Why have ye called me up?
Is nothing sacred, — not the tasted wave,
Nor the untroubled grave?
Oh, from your souls remove this latest stain,
And let me sleep again!"

Lucy C. Bull.

THE AFTER-SUPPERS OF THE KING.

THE good child or the industrious youth of *bourgeois* parentage in the Paris of 1700 was rewarded by a trip to Versailles or Fontainebleau to see the Magnificent King eat his dinner in public. The proverbial appetite of the Bourbons was thus kindly tendered as a gratuitous exhibition to the monarch's faithful subjects, for it was something to see a man eat four plates of soup of different kinds, a pheasant, two slices of ham, mutton with garlic, and a quantity of salad, pastry, fruit, and sweetmeats. Nor was Monsieur, the King's brother, ever without a store of chocolate, cakes, crackers, bonbons, in his highly decorative pockets. Louis XIV. never lost the wonderful appetite and unimpeachable digestion which had made that vast recorded meal possible. On one occasion of public feasting, at a time when all Europe was holding breath to catch the passing sigh of the French King, so unaccountably and indefinitely postponed, Louis, feeling upon him the curious gaze of the English ambassador, Lord Stair, nerved himself for a last gastronomic effort, and really died from the indirect effects of surfeit. It was therefore popularly said, "Old Louis was, after all, killed by a Briton."

The pleasure to loyal citizens of Paris of that public dinner lay in the direct evidence it afforded of the habits of royalty. To royalty itself, seated at a small table in the full blaze of the public eye, the ceremonial could have been only wearying. It was not of everyday occurrence, dinner for the King being ordinarily *au petit couvert*, and supper really was the social event of the day of tiresome observances, and Louis's favorite repast. Its routine in minutest detail was settled by inflexible laws, and he, the framer of the code, exulted in the excess of form and in the conscious-

ness of being the centre of an obsequious circle. Poor Marie Antoinette, the most uneasy head that ever wore a crown, loathed the public dinner. She never learnt, alas! to hate and to keep silent, which is the epitome of court morals.

Against the wall of the *salon* at Versailles, when the hour of ten arrived, were ranged the courtiers, nobles, and ladies not permitted to sit in the royal presence. At the King's table were collected the princesses of the blood, with their suites, and the other happy dames entitled to the tabouret. The wars of the Fronde were to some extent waged to secure this privilege for a disappointed duchess. Whether a noble lady were sufficiently noble to sit before the lord of this earthly temple was theme for councils of state and food for the consideration of judicial minds.

It is well known how radical a change court etiquette underwent under Louis XIV., who fashioned a system based on the proper relations of other people to the great central figure. And it is known also that, as Madame Campan said of the customs surviving to her day, service, even when of a menial character, became honorable when performed for the King, and the prerogative of the courtier of highest rank. The duty of presenting the night-shirt or the bowl of water to the King must be yielded, even by a prince of the blood, should Monsieur enter the royal chamber; and he in turn resigned it to the Dauphin, should he follow him. Madame de Sévigné tells a little story about some court ladies who cut each other out in serving *la grande Mademoiselle*, to the infinite amusement of the princess and to the secret joy of the narrator, who had a little private grudge to pay off.

The royal meal made slow progress. The meat, brought in by a military guard,

was not offered kneeling, as was customary in Spain and at King Charles II. of England's court, which gave De Grammont opportunity to say to Charles, on his attention being called to the custom, "Sire, I thought they were asking your pardon for their having supplied you with such poor food."

When Louis had noted who were absent from court, had admired the appearance of the ladies, and complimented any unusual splendor of attire, he slowly rose, while the profound bows and slow reverences of the courtiers greeted him. His guests at table accompanied him into his bed-chamber, where, leaning against the bed, he addressed a few words to one and another. All shortly withdrew, — that galaxy of wit, and grace, and beauty, the best that France could show, — and Louis entered his private cabinet. Here, seated in a *fauteuil*, with his brother, the Duke of Orleans, occupying a second chair, he held brief converse with the members of his family, but soon dismissed them, and retired to the mysteries of his night toilet in his chamber. What that bed-chamber was in 1700 we may divine to-day, since its glories have risen from the spoiler's hand, and shaken off the dust of time. This room, in the centre of the palace, has been restored, and when we except the beautiful ceiling, — painted by Paul Veronese, and taken from Venice by Napoleon out of the gallery of the Council of Ten, — we look upon the very objects which daily greeted the eyes of Louis XIV. of France. The bed, in the middle of the room, is directly opposite a window which commands a view of the rising sun. It was in the taste of the day to say that "the two sovereigns awakened at the same moment, and exchanged a glance at each other." The pictures have been replaced; the bed-covering, worked at Saint-Cyr under the direction of Madame de Maintenon, was found in comparatively late years, half in Italy and

half in Germany. The lovely picture of Madame, Henrietta of England, hangs now in its former place. At least three of the great apartments of Versailles, that *favori sans mérite* of Louis of France, are restored to their former splendor.

The gay gentlemen so "studiously dressed," with wigs so finely curled that for fear of squeezing them they carried their hats in their hands instead of on their heads; the courtiers who even had masters in the art of politeness; they who held precious the privilege of presenting themselves at the King's "after-suppers," have long since followed those lovely ladies who could not live, says a traveler, without lace and ribbons, and who carried their looking-glasses in their hands into the land of oblivion. And yet, since they left behind them the careful record of their daily lives, we can summon some among them to our actual presence, in this nineteenth-century daylight. No ghost among them all would yield the *pas* to claimants of inferior pretensions, and the code of royal etiquette requires that the family circle of Louis of Bourbon should first be summoned from the shades. They appear, they gather about the King, in that stately palace of which he said, "*Versailles, c'est moi.*" The Duchess of Orleans, who was so careful about many things relating to precedence, will not let her daughters three be misplaced in that magic circle, but will nevertheless agree that first to be reconstructed and reanimated is the King himself.

The Magnificent Louis! He was called so by his subjects, and if they who suffered the burden of that splendor can style him thus, the tongue of modern unfriendly comment may be silent. Nature made him beautiful in outward mien; the pictures of him in early youth explain to us that love of Louis, and not of the King, which La Vallière felt. The culture of courts gave him every

grace of form and manner. The world had brought its best to greet this gracious personality; statesmen, soldiers, poets, painters, surrounded him with the gifts of genius to render his reign glorious. But he was a Bourbon, and proceeded by a course of evolution to work out his own trivial nature in spite of fortune's wondrous favors. Flattered by women, fawned upon by courtiers, he discovered that the State was himself, and little by little he unfolded that complicated system which, like the planetary scheme, made the visible universe revolve about a central sun,—the King. This was the key to all that elaborate ceremonial which made court life so wearisome, regulated the degree of favor bestowed upon courtiers, and made a code whose provisions were slowly comprehended even by those most anxious to conciliate the reigning power, so astonishing, so unprecedented, was its theory. Louis XIV. believed himself easily first in everything, and yet, by means of this salient point of character, was most easily and perpetually governed.

When it was thought timely to strike a heavy blow at French heresy, it was well known in the councils of the Church to whom the task should be committed. Slow approaches, undermining, judicious hints, apparent submission,—Madame de Maintenon understood it all, and proclaimed: "The King is full of good sentiments; he recognizes his weakness and faults. He thinks seriously of the conversion of the heretics, and will soon set about it." Thus the royal hand, opening that fatal box of unnamed evils, let them out upon fair France, and, looking at his realm through his little bit of smoky glass, thanked God for the souls brought daily into the fold, and stopped his ears to his people's agony. Most skillfully his familiar used that weapon of past indulgence, making the pardon of his sin with long-forgotten Montespan the reward of the King's persecution of heresy.

But what of groans and flames while he, the Magnificent, is there, the subject of all thought, the desire of all eyes? The hat with its circle within circle of white plumes has gone with the dark, flowing locks of the youth who thought to make life a long, gay *fête*; but grace is still his, and gentlest courtesy to the humblest maid within the palace, and skill for the chase, and that power of so bestowing favor that the lightest boon comes with tenfold graciousness. The gifts in his hand were poor enough in return for so much pure incense burnt before him. Only a smile, an invitation, a notice, a concession, to ruin one's self: he gave not much more for life, and love, and woman's tenderness, and purest loyalty. Heart he had none. On the throne of life sat a supreme passion, himself, and woe to subject who refused to doff hat and do homage; a king for the stage, a pasteboard king, who gave serpents for food and stones for bread, whose pettinesses might have been treated with history's calm contempt, had they not been weighted with such tremendous consequences. To waste the public funds on favorites meant not only personal vice, but meant, alas! the tears, the blood, the daily bread, of his people; meant suffering so extreme that the subjects of Louis—misnamed "the Great"—and misery became synonymous terms.

As he lived, so shall he die, and be long a-dying, having all things in order, sufficient decorous woe, effective leave-taking, physicians of the body to dull obtrusive pangs of dissolution, and doctors for the soul to whisper assurances of spiritual certainties; outside in the streets, the citizens rejoicing noisily; within, the secret sign of the Jesuit brotherhood upon the King's breast,—a prudent provision lest other passport should fail in heavenly places. And thus, blind because he said "I see," Louis of France shall go from one dark to another. But of all this, fifteen years later, the King of 1700, sitting in his

fauteuil in the domestic circle, knows nothing.

First invested with bed-chamber privileges was the Dauphin of France, called the Grand Dauphin as a disguise, a *mot d'énigme*. Uneasy honors these, bringing him under the King's observation; and there he is never at ease, never himself, and never something better. What was called his "incredible silence" was possibly largely due to the fact that Louis was to him "always a king and seldom a father."

He was very fat. The King used to say he looked like a "comfortable little German." At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Dauphin had apparently given up attempting to solve the problem how to fill out the clothes of the ideal prince. Bossuet had labored to bring about that result, but vainly. Everybody had given up expecting anything of him, to his great personal relief. Even his good German wife had dropped him and life together, weary of his triviality, his infidelity, which was not even indulged in royal manner, but sought debased and debasing objects. It was generally admitted that he was idle and careless. He would remain whole days on a sofa, tapping his boots with a cane, not speaking. But in a furtive way he watched the doings of his terrible father, condemning, approving, rejecting, customs, acts, projects, with an eye to that day when he should not fear to look him in the face. He had plans for his own crowning and a Madame de Maintenon, — brown, fat, sharp of wit, and with fine shoulders. He may have married her; she was sufficiently haughty to have warranted the supposition. He cringed to the King, and flattered his flatterers, and, as a logical sequence, kicked those below himself.

Yet, strangely enough, in youth the Dauphin served at Philippsburg, with the celebrated Vauban to take precautions for his safety, and plenty of uniformed

common folks to be sacrificed to shield that commoner clay which was stamped in the royal mint. Madame de Sévigné says he was adored after the siege, for he gave with unheard-of liberality not only money, but commendatory words. There were even people to say, with the Chevalier de Sévigné, "What did I tell you? I am not surprised." And the soldiers, perhaps ignorant of Vauban's precautions, called him "Louis le Hardi." It was even said that Monseigneur required to be held back from the fray by the might of four men, that he did "marvels of firmness, capacity, liberality, generosity, and humanity," and wrote letters to the court which deeply moved the King, as was no doubt intended. And thus every one lent his breath to blow this poor little balloon into the empyrean, to see it tumble, all too soon, to earth again. Poor Monseigneur! His biographer says he was noble looking, of a healthy red and white complexion, and with the most beautiful legs in the world. 'Tis a pity the shell was left tenantless, for the whole is thus summed up: "As for character, he had none."

Next in rank came "Monsieur," the brother of the King, and intellectually starved to suit the rôle of chorus, which, when the succession is secure, is ordinarily assigned to that relation. The existing code of court etiquette found its most ardent supporter in Philip of Orleans. To behave properly, according to the regulations of the code, absorbed his entire time, and left nothing for sentiment. When arranging the marriage of his eldest daughter, the little thirteen-year-old Maria Louisa, who, for Louis's political advantage, was sent as bride to an apology for a man, — a man bow-legged, weak in mind and body, priest-ridden, yet wearing a royal crown, and called King of Spain, — Monsieur was so absorbed in marriage etiquette, insisting that the princess should be treated as a queen, that he really had no time for so

so small a matter as the bride's agony. "The Queen of Spain," it was said, "has become a fountain of tears; cries for mercy, and throws herself at everybody's feet." Meanwhile, Philip was getting himself up in the character of queen's father, and we must all admit that the result explained the labor. Behold him with "that huge black wig, curled and flowing down on either side; a long, serious face; a green silk coat, with stripes and button-holes in gold embroidery, and a waistcoat of rose-colored silk embroidered in golden flames; across his breast the blue ribbon of the Holy Ghost, supporting a sword, whose scabbard was thickly set with diamonds, and tied with a green ribbon bow; ribbons everywhere about his dress, and at his white satin shoes and his round hat with its double circle of white plumes; crosses and stars strewn over his breast; rings on his fingers, and bracelets on his arms; triple ruffles about his hands, and a cravat and a collar of almost priceless Hungarian lace."

Philip "loved only gaming, formal circles, good eating, and dress; in a word, all things that ladies love." And this Turveydrop was husband to the brilliant, sparkling Henrietta of England, and afterwards to that other princess, not fair, but good German black bread, whose chief merit in her husband's eyes was that she did not comprehend a word of French.

Although Louis's illegitimate children were always present at the "after-suppers," Madame was not admitted until after her husband's death. And yet, when Philip of Orleans was young, something better had stirred that decorated breast. Anne of Austria was a tender mother to her sons. Louis, mourning her death, never failed during his lifetime to observe that anniversary. Madame de Motteville shows us Monsieur, young then, sobbing and weeping beside that death-bed; saying of that tortured, delicate body, for whose use in life no

cambric was soft or fine enough, "Is *that* the Queen, my mother?" We will remember that he would not leave her, as she, to save him pain, would fain have ordered, but remained, reminding her that he had never before disobeyed her. When he was summoned, after Anne of Austria's death, to be present at the reading of her will, and to receive the key of her jewel-casket, he would not obey, saying that he was content with whatever the King decreed, and shut himself up with his grief.

When the eighteenth century was new, the son of the Dauphin, Louis, Duke of Burgundy, was a member of that family party, — coldly regarded by his grandfather, the King, to whose hardly won spiritual honors the native virtues of his prospective heir were a constant annoyance. In the ideal-kingdom which the prince was to rule in visions only, the august ceremony of public royal disrobing was abolished. If his grandson held the silver basin or proffered the gold-fringed towel, Louis instinctively felt that he sat in judgment on the act. Calm, reserved, high-minded, intellectual, his was a strange figure in that rite of semi-worship. Monsieur and Monseigneur, had they stood on tiptoe, could never have comprehended his soul's dimensions: the former ignored him, the latter feared, and plotted against him.

His occupations were study, chiefly political and religious, with Fénelon, his instructor, who helped him to plan systems of government for that kingdom of the future which was never of this earth. Two strong affections only warmed his reserve, born of self-distrust and of the revolt of a pure nature against congenial surroundings. He loved his more than master, Fénelon, with an adoring humility, recognizing in him the power which out of the weakness of a wayward and evil nature had brought forth the strength of regenerating grace. Such a plant of love found alien soil in the court. The King thought to have plucked

it up when he removed Fénelon, and forbade all future meetings save in the presence of his own emissaries and spies; but it was a growth of divine planting, and deprived of Fénelon's bodily presence, his pupil leaned ever more and more upon his remembered words and unforgotten precepts, and thus they walked together in spirit. And he loved his young wife so deeply that when she was taken away, in the bloom of youth, he followed her

. . . "with all the speed
Desire could make, or sorrows breed."

Whether the poison came to both in miasmatic form, or, if infectious, was received through that last vigil by her bedside, it was patent to all that he could not live without her, and speedily, holding their child by the hand, he followed her into the unknown.

In 1700, the other grandsons of the King would be there. Philip of Anjou went, next year, to his kingdom in Spain, and supposing the entire royal family to be present, as in duty bound, to pay their respects to majesty, it would be his sacred prerogative to serve the King, should his elder brother be excused. Philip was a youth of seventeen years, with fair complexion, unnatural solemnity of manner, active piety, small intelligence, and duly subordinate, who, had fate not kindled the smouldering ambition of his nature, would have been content to fill the second place, performing a little round of spiritual duties decorously, and perhaps in the end have died, smothered in millinery or surfeited with food, like any other second son of a Bourbon. Royalty, however, was in store for him, and struggle, and privation, lighted by one perfect love. It was rather an unlucky tip, that crown piece, for which all the boys of Europe scrambled. In recalling the perfidy of Philip of Anjou towards the Princesse des Ursins, the friend who lent him strength and courage to surmount his troubles, and whom he rewarded

with disgrace and exile, it is not displeasing to remember that fate finally handed him over to a Farnese for a second wife. Of this woman his minister, and the maker of her fortunes, later wrote:—

"The queen has the devil in her, and if she finds a man of the sword who has some mental resource, and is a pretty good general, she will make a racket in France and in Europe." Alberoni found, as did Madame des Ursins, that in sustaining Philip of Spain he had "quickened a corpse."

The third grandson of Louis XIV. was the little Duke of Berri. As a bourgeois, how happy might have been this hearty, healthy boy, whom his brother Philip pitied because there were no more kingdoms for him! At the beginning of the century he was only fourteen years old, and that terrible wife was still waiting for him in the future. At this period, the daughter of his cousin of Orleans was also a child. As for Charles, he never lived to grow up, although in the course of years he became the husband of Mademoiselle d'Orléans, the proudest, most debased creature that the age produced. He was a boy, loving, hating, caressing, and quarreling with his wife, and once bestowing a vigorous kick upon the duchess, in a moment of supreme exacerbation. She had terrible arrows in her shaft, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the draught she gave her husband from her hunting-flask had properties unfavorable to length of days. Of course there is always the possibility that the skeleton of royal closets, malaria, may have been the assassin, since Charles of Berri's symptoms were identical with those of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy. There is a funny little scene described by Saint-Simon, where the young duke was appointed to respond to a solemn address made to him at that terrible ceremonial for the proud Louis of France, the renunciation of Spanish rights of succession, a condition of the

Treaty of Utrecht. "Monsieur," said the duke, to whom the renunciation of a kingdom came glibly enough. "Monsieur," repeated Charles of Berri. "Monsieur," he said a third time, when the chief president bowed low thanks for the speech, and the ceremonies proceeded. There was painful blushing and hardly concealed tears. On the return to Versailles, a pretty, smiling, courtesying court lady ran to meet them, thanking the duke for his fluent speech! One's heart warms towards the youth, as he afterwards let those bitter tears fall, in the room of a sympathetic grand lady, sobbing and accusing his pastors and masters. "They only thought of making me stupid, and of stifling my powers. I coped with my brother; they annihilated me, and have succeeded in making me the laughing-stock and disdain of everybody." He is described as of ordinary height, rather fat, like all the Bourbons, of a beautiful blond complexion, with a fresh, handsome face. "The best, gentlest, most compassionate, of men, and without vanity. He loved truth, justice, and reason, hated constraint, and was slow in learning that there was any difference between himself and his elder brother."

Next in order of rank would be Philip, Duke of Chartres, the future Regent, already, in 1700, married to the little Mademoiselle de Blois, daughter of Montespan and the King. The verdict of the world has made Philip conspicuous for evil, even among the Bourbons. His sole panegyrist, Saint-Simon, hunting vainly for grounds to justify his friendship, paints his portrait in deeper shades than history itself. We do not condemn Philip, Duke of Chartres, because he spent his afternoons in painting, then considered a menial occupation; nor believe him a poisoner, because he dabbled in chemistry; nor an atheist, because he tried to raise the devil. We are content to know that he could not do the latter, at least publicly. Fine tastes

he had, and great capacity; a skimmer of books, — a character not unknown to modern days, — yet he never forgot what was so hastily read, and he discoursed fluently on every topic.

His friend calls this man — accused of taking the lives of three members of his own family, nearer the throne than himself — humane and compassionate to a fault, unable to give pain to any one save his wife, an exception which did not seem to be counted a fault. Yet Saint-Simon admits that he was depraved to a degree unsurpassed in that age of easy vice; that he was so incapable of truth that a favorite subject of discussion between his daughter, the Duchess of Berri, and himself, was as to which was the cleverer in deceit. He loved to embroil people with each other, and was timid to a curious degree, most of all afraid that his fear should be found out. He was inconstant to every person and thing, and as a punishment for all his faults was constitutionally and chronically bored; yet, with Fénelon's work in the education of the Duke of Burgundy in mind, who can say what such training might not have done to root out those springing weeds in Philip of Orleans's character, and to develop those weaker shoots of excellence? God, who alone can judge of opportunity and the use his children make of it, knows what responsibility rests upon the Abbé Dubois, the governor of the Duke of Chartres, and when he became Regent of France, his minister and counselor. One does not linger over that imbruted man, the basest, most treacherous, vilest, of human beings, without, dare we say? one better human quality. We know not if in that mass of corrupt deeds, thoughts, words, as in the Eastern heaps of decaying mollusks, the pearl of one redeeming trait was found. Had Philip loved a wife more noble than himself, how changed would his destiny have been! For that he could love, if wrongly, has certainly been proved. His outer man was of "me-

dium height, not fat, his face broad and agreeable, his hair black, and his wig of the same color. He was gentle, affable, apparently open, with a pleasant voice and surprising flow of easy words."

To be seated even in the presence of the King was a privilege accorded to royal ladies, to the children of France, and also to the princesses of the blood and to the wives of the higher nobility, as has been already mentioned. Chief among the members of that royal family, and receiving the honors of her supposed position, was that strange woman — queen, yet no queen — who, stretching out her arm from the depths of obscurity and poverty, had grasped the most glittering prize on fortune's tree. She is the *ma tante* of the future Queen of France, whom she regards with indulgent fondness, keeping all her somewhat compromising secrets in her ample pocket; exposing slyly, from time to time, a little corner or end, when she would bring the gay princess to terms. Her charms are grave, matronly; it is by might of some magic spells that she holds France's beauty-loving King; she represents all the superstition, the religion, — which with him was only superstition in a mask, — the fear, the bigotry, of Louis's character, of which the illegal charmers of earlier years were the sensual and reckless exponents.

It is long since Madame de Montespan, resigning even motherhood to her rival, disappeared into obscurity, awaiting that dread hereafter from which even her weary women, reading aloud throughout the night in that brilliantly lighted chamber, cannot save her. Let us hope that the horse-hair shirt, the alms and penances of repentant years, will encamp about her in that darkness. In 1700, Louise de la Vallière, in her cloister, was still praying and fasting, torturing her delicate body for the crime of having loved that royal sinner, on whom repentance sat so lightly. Fontanges, the gay Psyche who never found

a soul, had been forced to leave the chariot and white horses, and the pleasure of looking down, fair-faced and golden-haired, upon honest folk walking the public ways. But soulless women never permanently enchained King Louis, and he has had time comfortably to forget that youthful face in the death agony, as he last saw it. Yes, they are all gone, and have left to Madame de Maintenon the drudgery of "amusing an unamusable king."

Gayety has long since fled the scene. It was said that "in her day the pomps and ceremonies of the court were like wedding dresses upon dead corpses." She has herself recorded in her letters the weariness of her life; the countless claims upon the time and sympathy of the universal confidant; the relentless attentions of the King; and the task of entertaining Monseigneur, who "had so little to say, finding himself a bore, and running away from himself continually." She had also the duty of keeping up private grudges with Madame, the Duchess of Orleans, and others. Fénelon says she was "naturally mistrustful and addicted to jealous susceptibilities, suspicions, spites, and *woman's wits*." Then there were the heretics to be looked after, the Church to conciliate and sustain; for she received constant assurance that she filled a post assigned to her by Heaven, and did all things for the glory of Christ's Church. And the reward of so much labor? Secretly to wield the sceptre of France, to sit meekly embroidering in the privy council, supposed by the King to be merely a non-conductor, and yet to know that nothing was ordered without her consent and knowledge, and that whatever path the monarch trod was one laid out by her, and planned in minutest detail.

How does she appear, this Widow Scarron of former years? The abbé describes her thus: "Two large eyes full of malice, a fine shape, a pair of beautiful hands, plenty of wit, and a rental

of four louis." The portrait of her at Versailles, by Mignard, shows her with "a fat face, a dark complexion, and penetrating black eyes of no very gentle expression." But she must then have been over fifty years old, and none of her portraits represent her under the age of forty. A contemporary says, "She has great remains of beauty, bright and sparkling eyes, an incomparable grace, an air of ease and yet of restraint and respect, a great deal of cleverness, with a speech that is sweet, correct, in good terms, and naturally eloquent and brief." A Huguenot writer says of her that "two things were necessary to gain her favor, real vice and feigned repentance."

She is far-sighted, but does not see that future closing scene, when all pomp, power, pleasure, shall have receded into the dim past, and in the seclusion of her apartment at Saint-Cyr the Great Peter of Russia, with the sight-seeing avidity of a tourist, shall draw back the bed-curtains with relentless hand, and let unblushing daylight in upon that wrinkled face, shrouded in hood and wadded cap. He will say, "Madame, what is your malady?" and she will reply, "A great age." You could hardly persuade King Louis that by that time he will be well forgotten, not being, when absent, regarded as a subject for canonization.

Very near the uncrowned Queen of France would be the queen apparent, who was never to be crowned, — the lovely Marie Adelaide of Savoy, Duchess of Burgundy. Brief days, anguish, distress: strange words these to link with the memory of that bright creature who alone redeemed the court from weariness and gloom! "The world itself makes us sick of the world," was a saying of that day whose meaning was never made clear to this princess. Gifted with exquisite tact, even from that first day of her arrival at Versailles, when, a tiny princess, she entered the salon, led by the King, who looked

as if he had taken her from his pocket, she became the joy and delight of the court. Not handsome, but possessed of most perfect grace and dignity, quick-witted, shrewd, she divined the key-note of character, and used such knowledge with no ulterior motive, save that of pleasing those about her, and of softening and lighting the dreary life of courts. Thus she swayed all hearts. Madame de Grignan gives her daughter, in 1697, a pretty, little-known sketch of this princess, then a child of fifteen years, at her toilet, which, as everybody knows, was open to the court: —

"She had the prettiest, most brilliant, most amiable little face in the world. Nothing was more agreeable than to see her dressing her own hair, when she awoke at half past twelve at noon, put on her *robe de chambre*, and ate her *pain-au-pot* while engaged in her toilet duties, frizzing and powdering and eating altogether, making a good breakfast and a charming toilet." If she was touched in fancy by any of the gay gallants of the court, her heart was still entirely in her young husband's keeping, for whose safety in battle she spent whole nights praying upon the chapel floor, to the despair of the ladies of her suite. Whether, had life been prolonged, she would have escaped the all-pervading, insidious taint of that corrupt court, who can tell? Madame des Ursins, in her correspondence, hints at her dangerous following of the fashions of the day, but, happily perhaps for her, she was soon called from a world which seemed made but for her pleasure.

There were other princes and princesses who might occasionally present themselves at the King's after-suppers, but of those who were habitually there the three illegitimate daughters of the King complete the list. Louis had married them, with ample dowries, to princes of the blood, and the two younger sisters, united by a certain *esprit de corps*, were yet known to detest each other cordi-

ally, having intimate knowledge of each other's weaknesses, and little hesitation in making them the subject of excellent jokes. The Duchess of Chartres (present in her capacity of bastard, not through her Orleans rank) was slow and tremulous of speech, and a butt for her cleverer sister, the Duchess of Bourbon, who was unscrupulous and apt at the making of epigrams, and who, in later years, became anxious to marry off her daughters well. The Duke of Maine, also wedded to a Condé, and Louis's favorite son, was unfailingly present. Madame de Sévigné says, "His *esprit* astonished, and the things that he said could not be imagined." Poor Duke of Maine was destined to see the King's paternal hand deck him gayly with all the prizes of fortune, and then to have the outraged nobles pluck away these gifts when Louis was safely lodged in Saint-Denis! Let us hope that his clever wife, Louise of Condé, consoled him.

Of all that circle of fair faces, Louis looked upon none more fondly than on the lovely one of the young widowed daughter of La Vallière, the Princess Condé. Madame de Grignan gives her daughter, Madame de Simiane, a little sketch of this princess, also at her toilet, in that perfumed chamber, "descending with the air of Venus from the skies,

surrounded with all the graces that a divinity could have in intercourse with the world. Her beauty has never been in so high degree of perfection; she is refreshed and grown plump, and with these two advantages she may well be called 'the princess of all the world.'"

And thus on the threshold of the new century, whose noon none of them were to see, we bid these royal Bourbons farewell. The world has finally rejected them, even in their last more worthy representatives of to-day. That bored race is finally dethroned, but in 1700 who could have foretold such destiny? What beauty, strength, and fortune were theirs, — length of days, and the world for a kingdom, where the human race itself had flowered to grace their lives! What feeble good accomplished! What evil engraved on things imperishable! Bourbons were to follow these in the coming years, one of them more corrupt than any who preceded, but the racial type was found in Louis the Magnificent, whose throne was raised on the broken hopes, ruined lives, and spent fortunes of his faithful lieges. It was reserved for our own clearer seeing to discover that it was only Juggernaut under whose car so much that was precious was crushed, and not a divinity descended from the skies.

Ellen Terry Johnson.

STUDIES OF FACTORY LIFE: BLACK-LISTING AT FALL RIVER.

IN the winter of '81-82, I was in Fall River, and spent an afternoon and an evening going about in company with a lady friend, under the escort of Mr. R. H., who was at that time secretary of the Spinners' Union in that city. He has since been a state senator, and has become a prominent member of the Knights of Labor. I had been familiar

all my life with some portions of the town and its inhabitants, but he conducted us to other parts and among other people, wherever he thought we could learn something of the life of the men and women who work in the factories.

In most cases, he explained to no one who we were or what was our object. We were taken at one house for women

in search of employment, and were heartily recommended to try for a job at a neighboring mill. The good woman here overwhelmed us with hospitality, insisted on making tea for us, and was very kind. It gave us a rare opportunity to see the mistress of such a home when she was perfectly unconstrained and natural, and the interview left a pleasant impression. She was a vigorous, handsome, cheery creature, with plenty of children in her small quarters, yet finding room for another nursing, whose own mother had to leave him through the day, while she worked in the mill. "Sankey Sallaser" the little boy said was his name, and his hostess declared with amusement that he "could smoke a pipe like a man." She herself was exultant because one of her boys had recently got a job at a mill which paid high wages. "Plenty of money there," she said. "I shall play the lady soon." A small urchin came up to her, and she called him her baby; then sighed and explained, "We had another baby here a week ago. It died, — the only sickly child I ever had. Ah, well, I'd liefer keep 'em than bury 'em." So much was genuine maternal sentiment. Perhaps not less genuine nor less natural was the feeling which prompted her to add, "It's cheaper."

We visited several tenement-houses where the occupants were all strangers, obtaining admission by making some simple pretense that we wanted information. Once we descried the figure of a man lying on the floor of an inner room, while the woman with whom we talked tried politely to keep us at bay at the door. We respected her pitiful reserves and came away uncertain of the cause of "his" alleged sickness. In another house, a dirty bed and a heap of quilts were huddled on the floor, unwashed dishes occupied a table, the walls were smeared with grime, and a ragged, wild-eyed boy, who looked as if he had been suddenly roused from sleep,

came into the middle of the kitchen, and stood there, answering our questions, and eying us as if we had descended upon him from an unknown world. Through a dim window could be seen the mill building near by, where the boy's father worked. His sister had "gone away," he knew not whither, and there was no woman living in the den. There was something indescribably suggestive in the child's appearance, as if he were created to be a type.

Mr. H. got us admittance to the hall of the Spinners' Union. We were perhaps the only women of our class who had trodden its floors since it came into the possession of the work-people. There was, of course, no meeting in progress, and only one or two men were there. In an anteroom a small number of books were ranged on shelves. In the hall itself, what interested me most was a chalk drawing of a man's figure, roughly sketched on a big blackboard. It was incorrect and rude, but it had grotesque character and vigor in its outlines. "One of the members is always trying to draw," Mr. H. said. While we sat there, our guide told us some stories of violence offered by different parties in strikes that had lately occurred. He condemned all violence, but it seemed as though he felt, and it also seemed natural that he should feel, that it was worse for a "knobstick" to throw a stone at a "striker" than for a striker to jostle a "knobstick" off the pavement, or to commit some similar small outrage, especially if an element of rough humor mingled in the affair.

As we went about the town after dark, we saw the young factory boys and girls frolicking on the pavement. The girls were wilder and ruder than the boys, we were told. Possibly, if this be a fact, it may be because in such towns more recreations are provided for the lads than for the lasses; and the relaxation of amusement is what they both need,

after the long, close confinement of days in the mill. It is probable that it is because they have no other way to vent their pent-up spirits that these untaught young women rush into the streets to jest and jostle with such companions as they find there.

We visited several fairs which were holding at that time by various temperance societies. These societies, in their ordinary sessions, afford opportunities to their members to play games and to take exercise, but their members are all of the male sex. Women, however, were present at the fairs, and we saw some dancing. The boys usually did not uncover when on the floor, but in one hall a notice was posted up requesting "gentlemen to take off their hats while dancing." These temperance associations were both Protestant and Catholic, and numbered their members by the hundreds. One was called the Robert Emmett Society, and a nice young fellow, a weaver, showed us over its rooms. He said that he and about fifty other men formerly belonging to the Irish-American Society started this second organization, and induced a set of wild men and boys to join. "Those are the kind we want," he added. He let us look into the gymnasium, where some lads were practicing. Cards, as well as some other games, were allowed on the premises. He thought cards "rather objectionable," but, he added, "we had to let them in," though all forms of gambling were prohibited. There was something pleasing and even winning in this young man's appearance and manner, a certain naive sweetness and confidence which suggested that in such social circles as he moved he was probably a petted favorite.

Mr. H. took us to a little reading-room which had been started recently by twenty-five mill operatives. It had been a natural growth. A shoemaker had a little shop where his comrades were accustomed to meet, and talk, and

read. After he died, these men bought the shop for eighty dollars, and one of them, who had taken the land on which it stood, agreed to give the land rent for two years, although he was still in debt for the fee, which he was paying for by installments. Three men were sitting in the room, smoking, when we entered. They seemed taken aback by our sudden and unannounced advent, and we, in our turn, felt rather embarrassed; but Mr. H., who seemed to have a perfectly calm way of doing whatever he chose, in his relations with these people, motioned us to sit down, and quietly introduced us as some "lady friends." Such an introduction was generally quite sufficient wherever we went, for his leadership appeared to be accepted tacitly by all his acquaintance. Nor did we meet on this occasion with more than a temporary reserve of manner, which I thought was quite justified by our intrusion. One stout young man leaned on a table, and, supporting the back of his head on his hand, stared and smoked with an air of defiant indifference, till we began to talk with an older man, who proved to be the land-owner. He answered our questions pleasantly, and in two or three minutes both the others grew courteous, and willingly joined in the conversation. They told us all about their society with eager interest. Each member paid twenty-five cents initiation fee, and ten cents weekly afterwards. At the end of each week they sold by auction among themselves all the newspapers taken by the club. The men frequently bought them to send to friends in the "old country," and sometimes they bid each other up above the original value of the papers. That was so much more for the common good. They had a library — and were quite proud of it — containing forty-three books and various magazines which had been given them. The books, on examination, proved to be largely such as people are willing to give away, because they are of no interest to

anybody. All the members were foreigners. They permitted chess, checkers, and dominos to be played in the reading-room, but forbade cards, gambling, swearing, and drinking. At this period a number of the Fall River mills had adopted the system of weekly payments of their help, while others still retained the custom of monthly pay-days. We talked this matter over with these men, and found that they all preferred to receive their wages every week, and one of them was able to give sensible reasons for his belief that it was the better way. I do not here repeat his argument, as it is substantially the same as that set down in a former paper.

About a year before this time, the manufacturers of the city had retaliated for some "labor troubles" that had vexed them by "black-listing" about thirty men who had been employed in their different mills. By the terms of this measure, these men, once discharged, were prohibited from receiving work in any factory in the place. Various plans seemed to be adopted by the manufacturers in carrying out their policy. At any rate, some of the men who afterwards found themselves to be "black-listed" were discharged after being accused of certain definite offenses, while others claimed that they were dismissed on trivial and flimsy pretexts, or without any ceremony worth mentioning. Mr. H.'s feeling about this action of the manufacturers was very bitter, and it probably reflected as well as influenced the sentiments of the thoughtful as well as the more emotional working-people of Fall River.

We met at one of the fairs a young man named William F., who had an intelligent and serious face. Mr. H. informed us that he was a "black-listed" man. We asked him if he would tell us his experience, and he consented to do so. He talked quietly, without pretentiousness or any attempt to make capital out of what had happened to

him. He used good and generally correct language. He said that during the previous winter there had been much trouble over bad work in the mill in which he was a spinner, and he was delegated by the men to go to the office and make some complaint on their behalf. A few weeks later, he was chosen to be the spokesman of a committee who asked for higher wages. "Somebody had to do the talking," said he, "and, unfortunately, it happened to be me." Soon after this, he was discharged, and the reason was said to be that a bad cop was found in his spinning.

Of course I tell the story simply as he told it; not in order to vouch for its truth, but to show what sort of things were said to be true and were believed to be true, during the period when the present strife was brewing between labor and capital. Incidents such as this man related and the relation of such incidents undoubtedly had their share in that brewing.

Mr. H. said that before his discharge the young fellow had not been much interested in labor matters, and his theory was that the mills were each bound according to agreement to sacrifice to discipline a certain number of workmen; and so, when nobody more offensive could be found, this lad was pitched upon to fill out the list for his establishment.

William F., when first dismissed, did not suppose that he had been black-listed. He went to another mill, and obtained work. In about two weeks, when in the course of things his name would naturally have been received at the company's office, he was discharged. He tried two other mills, and the same thing happened: each time he obtained work, and then in a fortnight or thereabouts was sent away. Finally, at the last place where he applied, the overseer happened to leave his desk open while talking to the young man, and he saw lying there a paper with a long list

of names on it, and his own, William F., was the third from the bottom. He believed this to be a list furnished to the overseer that he might know whom he must not employ. Against a few of the names "aliases" were written. This was accounted for by the fact that some of the black-listed men had assumed false names, which they gave when they asked for work at mills where they supposed themselves unknown, hoping thus to remain untraced; but it appeared from this paper that the persons who made it out had discovered their identity, and had thus sought to provide against their obtaining employment.

After seeing his name on the overseer's paper, William F. decided that his fate was sealed, and gave up the effort to get work in any cotton-mill. He had a small sister dependent on him, and the Union helped him till he found other occupation. Some of the black-listed men left Fall River, and I was told that in other places they obtained the opportunity to earn their living and keep themselves from becoming paupers. Their whereabouts was confided to me, with an injunction to preserve a secrecy which I could hardly believe was necessary to insure them against continued persecution. The earnestness of the request, however, served to indicate the fear felt by their friends lest they should be still further molested. Some others took up that one business which never fails to tempt a starving man with the promise of prosperity: they went into rum-shops and tended bar. Perhaps the strictest moralist would not consider them wholly responsible for the increase of evil in the world thus resulting from the black-listing scheme. William F. did nothing quite so bad as to sell liquor. He became only a book-agent, and earned more money than he had gained as a spinner. Possibly, however, the experience, while in the end it led to the bettering of his fortunes, led also to his taking a livelier interest than for-

merly in the "labor question." Black-listing is, indeed, a very good method by which to educate "labor reformers."

One old Englishman, Mr. W., whom we visited, was a more intense character. Mr. H. guided us to the house, with the remark, "Now I want to show you a place where you'll see how these Englishmen surround themselves with the comforts of home." And then he added that the man had been out of work so long — about nine months then — that he had had to sell some of his things; but "still," said he, "the house looks pleasant."

It was an up-stairs tenement, and the kitchen was also the sitting-room. The walls were covered with small pictures. In the place of honor hung a deep frame containing a large doll. The table was spread with a white cloth. A neat towel, which had a lace edge, was laid over the sewing-machine. The chairs were decorated with tidies, and little wire baskets and brackets, fashioned to hold papers and ornaments, were fastened about the sides and corners of the room. The cooking-stove divided one end of the kitchen into two recesses, and in one of these Mr. W. lay on a lounge when we entered. His old wife — who had been the mother of seventeen children — occupied an easy-chair on the other side. A large wooden frame stood behind her, hung with freshly ironed clothes. A troop of children came in soon after we did, and made a joyful clatter for a moment over some candy, and then retired. We judged them to be grandchildren and the offspring of neighbors. It was a home-like place, and after our serious talk with Mr. W. we regretted that we could not linger to accept the invitation which he and his wife extended to us to remain and drink tea with them. The firewood piled high behind and beside the stove suggested good cheer, till, in the course of his story, Mr. W. pointed to it, and said that a year before he had been able,

by that time in the season, to lay in fuel enough to last him for months, and this year that heap of wood was all he had yet had money to buy.

He was a small, elderly man, with a gray mustache. He rose to a sitting posture when we came in, and after Mr. H. explained the object of our visit, he fixed his eyes on me with disconcerting intensity, and inquired what questions I would like to ask. He was quite willing to answer, and had phrases ready. Though he was really intelligent, he had reached only that stage as to language when a man catches up words that have lost savor or have acquired absurd interpretations to cultured people, and thinks them pregnant with weighty meaning. Ignorant persons are often wrongly accused of insincerely handling the English tongue, because they use expressions which have the flavor of clap-trap; but the fact is that their literary senses are not sufficiently keen for them to perceive that flavor in the words, and the thoughts they seek to utter are honest. Once in a while, however, if Mr. W. did not get beyond his own depth in the vocabulary, he got beyond mine. He began the relation of his late experiences thus: "First I will say that on this matter no word of sophistry will fall from my lips. I may commit myself, perhaps, but we all commit ourselves sometimes."

The story he told had a serious sound. One Friday in the previous April the mules he tended were stopped, under the pretext that they needed to be repaired. The following Wednesday, being pay-day, he asked if he should start them up, and was told that he was to have no more work. "It was a heavy heart I had that night," he said, "for I'm gettin' to be an old man, and my old woman there, when I told her, — well, you know what women are, — she broke down a-cryin'; an' that night — you remember, Bob," to Mr. H. — "I told you, an' you said I was black-listed."

He could not believe that this was true, so he went to another mill, to an overseer who was a friend, and applied for work. This man answered, "I'm sorry. I'd give you work if I dared, but I daresn't. It's my bread an' butter, too, that's in question." The overseer further told W. that it was admitted where he was discharged that no fault could be found with his work. "You may think it a weakness in me," said the old man, telling us of it, "but that pleased me, an' it pleased the old woman, an' made her proud to think they couldn't find no fault with me." He said he had been to the office of his employers several times with other spinners, but he added, "I was quiet; never one to stir up enthusiasm or to argue for strikes." He had heard that he had been accused of being "a committee-man" in the Union. "I never was," said he, "in this country." He continued, with a touch of pride, "In the old country I've been a committee-man and a president too." Although he protested that he had been inoffensive, it was easy to see that he had a vehement spirit, and a gift at talking which might sometimes have rendered him a very uncomfortable person to deal with. He had participated in strikes, and this day he spoke with great bitterness about the outside spinners — "knobsticks," as they were then called — who had taken the places of strikers, and so had defeated the last great effort. He also told of a talk which he had once had with the superintendent of the mill where he had worked, and gave it as his opinion that that talk was the cause of his discharge. He accused this man of running the mill over time and violating the law, and said to him, "When I've seen you crowding work onto us, and stealing a minute of time here, an' creeping up minute by minute till you was running a quarter of an hour over time, I've gone home at night an' said, 'John — 'll be the death of me yet.'"

Nothing can justify a mill superintendent in stealing time, yet as regards many of the measures taken to increase the product manufactured, it must be remembered that the superintendents and overseers are themselves driven by their superiors. One of these men once said to me that a person in his situation often found it difficult to know what he ought to do. "He wants," explained he, "to do his duty by his employer, and get as much work out of the hands as possible, and yet he can't do that without pushing some laborer beyond his strength and hurting his health." A step farther in inquiry into this situation leads to the manufacturer, who says that he is so pressed by competition that he will fail unless his overseers see that "the full complement of work is turned out."

This black-listed spinner spoke as if he felt that the superintendent was personally to blame for what others might hold to be the fault of the situation. He did not seem to go back as far as the mill-owners in his thought, when he uttered bitter comments and accusations, and maintained that cruel exactions were laid upon the laborer. His ideas were perhaps wholly wrong and his feelings mistaken, but the fact that people in his class have such ideas and feelings is not the less important.

Mr. W. stated that whereas the spinning-mules formerly made three and a fraction movements a minute, they now make four full movements in about fifty-four seconds. This brings a great strain on the shoulders of the men tending the mules; and incidentally he confirmed a statement which I had heard before, that a spinner of average strength can rarely work a full month at a time. He showed us the movements which the mule-spinners were obliged to make to keep time to the motion of their machines, and said that when he had seen the superintendent stand by timing with his watch the fearful action of the ma-

chinery to see if it were going at full speed, he had cursed him in his heart for the fatigue and pain that he was suffering as he toiled. Finally he told us that, worn out with the long struggle with poverty, he had got his name taken off from the black-list. He sprang to his feet as he spoke, and cried out, "I'm humiliated, — I'm less of a man than I was! I had to sign a paper, put my name to it," — here he made a rapid pantomime of writing with his finger on the table, — "and promise as I would never belong to the Union any more, as I would never give my opinions about these things, as I would never join in a strike, if it was voted."

Commenting on this story, Mr. H. said afterwards that in Lowell efforts were made to induce the men to sign agreements not to belong to any union, and he thought it a bad thing, especially for the younger fellows, who signed without any intention of keeping the promise, and thus were demoralized. It was a period when rumors were rife, and bitter feelings were engendered by them. The different parties in the "labor struggle" were measuring their strength with each other, and threats easily were made. It has seemed to me since that the manufacturers have grown more respectful in their tone in speaking of the operatives. At this time each readily believed evil of the other, and neither was dilatory in promising retaliation. Experiments in tyranny were undoubtedly made on both sides, to see how they would work, and this black-listing was such a tentative enterprise.

I do not propose in this place to discuss the wisdom or rightfulness of strikes, but the events I have related lead the mind inevitably to that subject, and it seems to me appropriate to say one thing. It is not unusual to hear strikes condemned as foolish efforts resulting simply in waste of money, and scorn and indignation are expressed at the stupidity which the strikers show in thus

jeopardizing their bread and butter. It is easy to see that men sometimes strike as they might catch the measles, because such is the prevalent epidemic, or as they might drink because they have formed the habit. Still all such action cannot be relegated to this category of irresponsible movement, for though some strikes may be unwise, or some leaders unprincipled, the average workman strikes because he believes that by so doing he may help his fellows and in the far future benefit his children. There is an element of the pathetic and the heroic in the most foolish strike that has ever been inaugurated. There is an element of loyalty in it; moreover, there is the deliberate preference of a future

and an ideal good to the enjoyment of present comfort. It was this faith which sustained the old English spinner when for months he refused to sign away his independence to get his name off the black list. Demagogues may deceive, honest leaders may make mistakes, but the hearts of the people are sound when they are willing to sink into still deeper poverty in order to maintain what they believe to be their rights. Judged by the standard which has no word for their action but to condemn it as stupid, what could prove more hopeless imbecility than the sacrifice made by many an ignorant farm boy for liberty and the Union in the days of the War for that Union?

Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

THE EVE OF INDEPENDENCE.

ON the 2d of July, 1775, after a journey of eleven days, General Washington arrived in Boston from Philadelphia, and on the following day, under the shade of the great elm-tree which still stands hard by Cambridge Common, he took command of the Continental army, which as yet was composed entirely of New Englanders. Of the 16,000 men engaged in the siege of Boston, Massachusetts furnished 11,500, Connecticut 2300, New Hampshire 1200, Rhode Island 1000. These contingents were arrayed under their local commanders, and under the local flags of their respective commonwealths, though Artemas Ward, of Massachusetts, had by courtesy exercised the chief command until the arrival of Washington. During the month of July, Congress gave a more Continental complexion to the army by sending a reinforcement of 3000 men from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, including the famous Daniel Morgan, with his sturdy band of sharp-

shooters, each man of whom, it was said, while marching at double-quick, could cleave with his rifle-ball a squirrel at a distance of three hundred yards. The summer of 1775 thus brought together in Cambridge many officers whose names were soon to become household words throughout the length and breadth of the land, and a moment may be fitly spent in introducing them before we proceed with the narrative of events.

Daniel Morgan, who had just arrived from Virginia with his riflemen, was a native of New Jersey, of Welsh descent. Moving to Virginia at an early age, he had won a great reputation for bravery and readiness of resource in the wild campaigns of the Seven Years' War. He was a man of gigantic stature and strength, and incredible powers of endurance. In his youth, it is said, he had received five hundred lashes by order of a tyrannical British officer, and had come away alive and defiant. On another occasion, in a fierce woodland fight with

the Indians, in which nearly all his comrades were slain, Morgan was shot through the neck by a musket-ball. Almost fainting from the wound, which he believed to be fatal, Morgan was resolved, nevertheless, not to leave his scalp in the hands of a dirty Indian; and falling forward, with his arms tightly clasped about the neck of his stalwart horse, though mists were gathering before his eyes, he spurred away through the forest paths, until his foremost Indian pursuer, unable to come up with him, hurled his tomahawk after him with a yell of baffled rage, and gave up the chase. With this unconquerable tenacity, Morgan was a man of gentle and unselfish nature; a genuine diamond, though a rough one; uneducated, but clear and strong in intelligence and faithful in every fibre. At Cambridge began his long comradeship with a very different character, Benedict Arnold, a young man of romantic and generous impulses, and for personal bravery unsurpassed, but vain and self-seeking, and lacking in moral robustness; a polished and cultivated man as contrasted with Morgan, but of a nature at once coarser and weaker. We shall see these two men associated in some of the most brilliant achievements of the war; and we shall see them persecuted and insulted by political enemies, until the weaker nature sinks and is ruined, while the stronger endures to the end.

Along with Morgan and Arnold there might have been seen on Cambridge Common a man who was destined to play no less conspicuous a part in the great campaign which was to end in the first decisive overthrow of the British. For native shrewdness, rough simplicity, and dauntless courage, John Stark was much like Morgan. What the one name was in the great woods of the Virginia frontier, that was the other among the rugged hills of northern New England, — a symbol of patriotism and a guarantee of victory. Great as was Stark's per-

sonal following in New Hampshire, he had not, however, the chief command of the troops of that colony. The commander of the New Hampshire contingent was John Sullivan, a wealthy lawyer of Durham, who had sat in the first Continental Congress. Sullivan was a gentleman of wide culture and fair ability as a statesman. As a general, he was brave, intelligent, and faithful, but in no wise brilliant. Closely associated with Sullivan for the next three years we shall find Nathanael Greene, now in command of the Rhode Island contingent. For intellectual calibre the other officers here mentioned are dwarfed at once in comparison with Greene, who comes out at the end of the war with a military reputation scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Washington. Nor was Greene less notable for the sweetness and purity of his character than for the scope of his intelligence. From lowly beginnings he had come to be, though still a young man, the most admired and respected citizen of Rhode Island. He had begun life as a blacksmith, but, inspired by an intense thirst for knowledge, he had soon become a learned blacksmith, well versed in history, philosophy, and general literature. He had that rare genius which readily assimilates all kinds of knowledge through an inborn correctness of method. Whatever he touched, it was with a master hand, and his weight of sense soon won general recognition. Such a man was not unnaturally an eager book-buyer, and in this way he had some time ago been brought into pleasant relations with the genial and intelligent Henry Knox, who from his bookstore in Boston had now come to join the army as a colonel of artillery, and soon became one of Washington's most trusty followers.

Of this group of officers, none have as yet reached very high rank in the Continental army. Sullivan and Greene stand at the end of the list of brigadier-generals; the rest are colonels. The

senior major-general, Artemas Ward, and the senior brigadiers, Pomeroy Heath, Thomas, Wooster, and Spencer, will presently pass into the background, to make way for these younger or more vigorous men. Major-General Israel Putnam, the picturesque wolf-slayer, a brave and sterling patriot, but of slender military capacity, will remain in the foreground for another year, and will then become relegated mainly to garrison duty.

With the exception of Morgan, all the officers here noticed are New England men, as is natural, since the seat of war is in Massachusetts, and an army really continental in complexion is still to be formed. The Southern colonies have as yet contributed only Morgan and the commander-in-chief. New York is represented, in the Continental army, by two of the noblest of American heroes, — Major-General Philip Schuyler and Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery; but these able men are now watching over Ticonderoga and the Indian frontier of New York. But among the group which in 1775 met for consultation on Cambridge Common, or in the noble Tory mansion now hallowed alike by memories of Washington and of Longfellow, there were yet two other generals, closely associated with each other for a time in ephemeral reputation won by false pretenses, and afterwards in lasting ignominy. It is with pleasure that one recalls the fact that these men were not Americans, though both possessed estates in Virginia; it is with regret that one is forced to own them as Englishmen. Of Horatio Gates and his career of imbecility and intrigue, we shall by and by see more than enough. At this time he was present in Cambridge as adjutant-general of the army. But his friend, Charles Lee, was for the moment a far more conspicuous personage; and this eccentric creature, whose career was for a long time one of the difficult problems in American history,

needs something more than a passing word of introduction.

Although Major-General Charles Lee happened to have acquired an estate in Virginia, he had nothing in common with the illustrious family of Virginia Lees beyond the accidental identity of name. He was born in England, and had risen in the British army to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He had served in America in the Seven Years' War, and afterward, as a soldier of fortune, he had wandered about Europe, obtaining at one time a place on the staff of the king of Poland. A restless adventurer, he had come over again to America as soon as he saw that a war was brewing here. There is nothing to show that he cared a rush for the Americans, or for the cause in which they were fighting, but he sought the opportunity of making a great name for himself. He was received with enthusiasm by the Americans. His loud, pompous manner and enormous self-confidence at first imposed upon everybody. He was tall, lank, and hollow-cheeked, with a discontented expression of face. In dress he was extremely slovenly. He was fond of dogs, and always had three or four at his heels, but toward men and women his demeanor was morose and insulting. He had a sharp, cynical wit, and was always making severe remarks in a harsh, rough voice. But disagreeable as he was, the trustful American imagination endowed him with the qualities of a great soldier. His reputation was part of the unconscious tribute which the provincial mind of our countrymen was long wont to pay to the men and things of Europe; and for some time his worst actions found a lenient interpretation as the mere eccentricities of a wayward genius. He had hoped to be made commander-in-chief of the army, and had already begun to nourish a bitter grudge against Washington, by whom he regarded himself as supplanted. In the following year we shall see him endeavor

oring to thwart the plans of Washington at the most critical moment of the war, but for the present he showed no signs of insincerity, except perhaps in an undue readiness to parley with the British commanders. As soon as it became clear that a war was beginning, the hope of winning glory by effecting an accommodation with the enemy offered a dangerous temptation to men of weak virtue in eminent positions. In October, 1775, the American camp was thrown into great consternation by the discovery that Dr. Benjamin Church, one of the most conspicuous of the Boston leaders, had engaged in a secret correspondence with the enemy. Dr. Church was thrown into jail, but as the evidence of treasonable intent was not absolutely complete, he was set free in the following spring, and allowed to visit the West Indies for his health. The ship in which he sailed was never heard from again. This kind of temptation, to which Church succumbed at the first outbreak of the war, beset Lee with fatal effect after the Declaration of Independence, and wrought the ruin of Arnold after the conclusion of the French alliance.

To such a man as Charles Lee, destitute of faith in the loftier human virtues or in the strength of political ideas, it might easily have seemed that more was to be hoped from negotiation than from an attempt to resist Great Britain with such an army as that of which he now came to command the left wing. It was fortunate that the British generals were ignorant of the real state of things. Among the moral effects of the battle of Bunker Hill there was one which proved for the moment to be of inestimable value. It impressed upon General Howe, who now succeeded to the chief command, the feeling that the Americans were more formidable than had been supposed, and that much care and forethought would be required for a successful attack upon them. In a man of his easy-going disposition, such a

feeling was enough to prevent decisive action. It served to keep the British force idle in Boston for months, and was thus of very great service to the American cause. For in spite of the zeal and valor it had shown, this army of New England minute-men was by no means in a fit condition for carrying on such an arduous enterprise as the siege of Boston. When Washington took command of the army on Cambridge Common, he found that the first and most trying task before him was out of this excellent but very raw material to create an army upon which he could depend. The battle of Bunker Hill had just been lost, under circumstances which were calculated to cheer the Americans and make them hopeful of the future; but it would not do to risk another battle, with an untrained staff and a scant supply of powder. All the work of organizing an army was still to be done, and the circumstances were not such as to make it an easy work. It was not merely that the men, who were much better trained in the discipline of the town-meeting than in that of the camp, needed to be taught the all-important lesson of military subordination: it was at first a serious question how they were to be kept together at all. That the enthusiasm kindled on the day of Lexington should have sufficed to bring together sixteen thousand men, and to keep them for three months at their posts, was already remarkable; but no army, however patriotic and self-sacrificing, can be supported on enthusiasm alone. The army of which Washington took command was a motley crowd, clad in every variety of rustic attire, armed with trusty muskets and rifles, as their recent exploit had shown, but destitute of almost everything else that belongs to a soldier's outfit. From the Common down to the river, their rude tents were dotted about here and there, some made of sail-cloth stretched over poles, some piled up of stones and turf, some oddly wrought of

twisted green boughs; while the more fortunate ones found comparatively luxurious quarters in Massachusetts Hall, or in the little Episcopal church, or in the houses of patriotic citizens. These volunteers had enlisted for various periods, under various contracts with various town or provincial governments. Their terms of service had naturally been conceived to be short, and it was not only not altogether clear they were going to be paid, but it was not easy to see how they were going to be fed. That this army should have been already subsisted for three months, without any commissariat, was in itself an extraordinary fact. Day by day the heavy carts had rumbled into Cambridge, bringing from the highlands of Berkshire and Worcester, and from the Merrimac and Connecticut valleys, whatever could in any wise be spared of food, or clothing, or medicines, for the patriot army; and the pleasant fields of Cambridge were a busy scene of kindness and sympathy.

Such means as these, however, could not long be efficient. If war was to be successfully conducted, there must be a commissariat, there must be ammunition, and there must be money. And here Washington found himself confronted with the difficulty which never ceased to vex his noble soul and disturb his best laid schemes until the day when he swooped down upon Cornwallis at Yorktown. He had to keep making the army, with which he was too often expected to fight battles ere it was half made; and in this arduous work he could get but little systematic help from any quarter. At present the difficulty was that there was nowhere any organized government competent to support an army. On Washington's arrival, the force surrounding Boston owed allegiance, as we have seen, to four distinct commonwealths, of which two, indeed, — Connecticut and Rhode Island, — preserving their ancient charters, with

governors elected by themselves, were still in their normal condition. In New Hampshire, on the other hand, the royal governor, Wentworth, whose personal popularity was deservedly great, still kept his place, while Stark and his men had gone to Cambridge in spite of him. In Massachusetts the revolutionary Provincial Congress still survived, but with uncertain powers; even the Continental Congress which adopted the Cambridge army in the name of the United Colonies was simply an advisory body, without the power to raise taxes or to beat up recruits. From this administrative chaos, through which all the colonies, save Connecticut and Rhode Island, were forced to pass in these trying times, Massachusetts was the first to emerge, in July, 1775, by reverting to the provisions of its old charter, and forming a government in which the king's authority was virtually disallowed. A representative assembly was chosen by the people in their town-meetings, according to time-honored precedent; and this new legislature itself elected an annual council of twenty-eight members, to sit as an upper house. James Bowdoin, as president of the council, became chief executive officer of the commonwealth, and John Adams was made chief-justice. Forty thousand pounds were raised by a direct tax on polls and on real estate, and bills of credit were issued for one thousand more. The commonwealth adopted a new field, and a proclamation, issued somewhat later by Chief-Justice Adams, enjoining it upon all people to give loyal obedience to the new government, closed with the significant invocation "God save the people," instead of the customary "God save the king."

In taking this decisive step, Massachusetts was simply the first to act upon the general recommendation of the Continental Congress, that the several colonies should forthwith proceed to frame governments for themselves, based upon the suffrages of the people. From such

a recommendation as this to a formal declaration of independence, the distance to be traversed was not great. Samuel Adams urged that in declaring the colonies independent Congress would be simply recognizing a fact which in reality already existed, and that by thus looking facts squarely in the face the inevitable war might be conducted with far greater efficiency. But he was earnestly and ably opposed by Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, whose arguments for the present prevailed in the Congress. It was felt that the Congress, as a mere advisory body, had no right to take a step of such supreme importance without first receiving explicit instructions from every one of the colonies. Besides this, the thought of separation was still a painful thought to most of the delegates, and it was deemed well worth while to try the effect of one more candid statement of grievances, to be set forth in a petition to his majesty. For like reasons, the Congress did not venture to take measures to increase its own authority; and when Franklin, still thinking of union as he had been thinking for more than twenty years, now brought forward a new scheme, somewhat similar to the Articles of Confederation afterwards adopted, it was set aside as premature. The king was known to be fiercely opposed to any dealings with the colonies as a united body, and so considerate of his feelings were these honest and peace-loving delegates that, after much discussion, they signed their carefully worded petition severally, and not jointly! They signed it as individuals speaking for the people of the American colonies, not as members of an organic body representing the American people. To emphasize still further their conciliatory mood, the delivery of the petition was entrusted to Richard Penn, a descendant of the great Quaker and joint-proprietary in the government of Pennsylvania, an excellent man and an ardent loyalist. At

the same time that this was done, an issue of paper money was made, to be severally guaranteed by the thirteen colonies, and half a million dollars were sent to Cambridge to be used for the army.

Military operations, however, came for the time to a stand-still. While Washington's energies were fully occupied in organizing and drilling his troops, in providing them with powder and ball, in raising lines of fortification, in making good the troublesome vacancies due to short terms of enlistment, and above all in presenting unfailingly a bold front to the enemy; while the encampments about Boston were the daily scene of tedious work, without any immediate prospect of brilliant achievement, the Congress and the people were patiently waiting to hear the result of the last petition that was ever to be sent from these colonies to the king of Great Britain.

Penn made all possible haste, and arrived in London on the 14th of August; but when he got there the king would neither see him, nor receive the petition in any way, directly or indirectly. The Congress was an illegal assembly which had no business to send letters to him: if any one of the colonies wanted to make terms for itself separately, he might be willing to listen to it. But this idea of a united America was something unknown either to law or to reason, something that could not be too summarily frowned down. So while Penn waited about London, the king issued a proclamation; setting forth that many of his subjects in the colonies were in open and armed rebellion, and calling upon all loyal subjects of the realm to assist in bringing to condign punishment the authors and abettors of this foul treason. Having launched this thunderbolt, George sent at once to Russia to see if he could hire 20,000 men to aid in giving it effect, for the "loyal subjects of the realm" were slow in coming

forward. A war against the Americans was not yet popular in England. Lord Chatham withdrew his eldest son, Lord Pitt, from the army, lest he should be called upon to serve against the men who were defending the common liberties of Englishmen. There was, moreover, in England as well as in America, a disgust of regular armies. Recruiting was difficult, and conscription was something that the people would not endure unless England should actually be threatened with invasion. The king had already been obliged to raise a force of his Hanoverian subjects to garrison Minorca and Gibraltar, thus setting free the British defenders of these strongholds for service in America. He had no further resource except in hiring troops from abroad. But his attempt in Russia was not successful, for the Empress Catherine, with all her faults, was not disposed to sell the blood of her subjects. She improved the occasion — as sovereigns and others will sometimes do — by asking George, sarcastically, if he thought it quite compatible with his dignity to employ foreign troops against his own subjects; as for Russian soldiers, she had none to spare for such a purpose. Foiled in this quarter, the king applied to the Duke of Brunswick, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, the princes of Waldeck and Anhalt-Zerbst, the Margrave of Anspach-Bayreuth, and the Count of Hesse-Hanau, and succeeded in making a bargain for 20,000 of the finest infantry in Europe, with four good generals, — Riedesel of Brunswick, and Knyphausen, Von Heister, and Donop of Hesse. The hiring of these troops was bitterly condemned by Lord John Cavendish in the House of Commons, and by Lords Camden and Shelburne and the Duke of Richmond in the House of Lords; and Chatham's indignant invectives at a somewhat later date are familiar to every one. It is proper, however, that in such an affair as this we should take care to affix our blame in the right place. The

king might well argue that in carrying on a war for what the majority of Parliament regarded as a righteous object, it was no worse for him to hire men than to buy cannon and ships. The German troops, on their part, might justly complain of Lord Camden for stigmatizing them as "mercenaries," inasmuch as they did not come to America for pay, but because there was no help for it. It was indeed with a heavy heart that these honest men took up their arms to go beyond sea and fight for a cause in which they felt no sort of interest, and great was the mourning over their departure. The persons who really deserved to bear the odium of this transaction were the mercenary princes who thus shamelessly sold their subjects into slavery. It was a striking instance of the demoralization which had been wrought among the petty courts of Germany in the last days of the old empire, and among the German people it excited profound indignation. The popular feeling was well expressed by Schiller, in his *Cabale und Liebe*. Frederick the Great, in a letter to Voltaire, declared himself beyond measure disgusted, and by way of publicly expressing his contempt for the transaction he gave orders to his custom-house officers that upon all such of these soldiers as should pass through Prussian territory a toll should be levied, as upon "cattle exported for foreign shambles."

When the American question was brought up in the autumn session of Parliament, it was treated in the manner with which the Americans had by this time become familiar. A few far-sighted men still urged the reasonableness of the American claims, but there was now a great majority against them. In spite of grave warning voices, both houses decided to support the king; and in this they were upheld by the university of Oxford, which a century ago had burned the works of John Milton as "blasphemous," and which now, with

equal felicity, in a formal address to the king, described the Americans as "a people who had forfeited their lives and their fortunes to the justice of the state." At the same time the department of American affairs was taken from the amiable Lord Dartmouth, and given to the truculent Lord George Germaine. Those things were done in November, 1775, and in the preceding month they had been heralded by an act of wanton barbarity on the part of a British naval officer, albeit an unwarranted act, which the British government as promptly as possible disowned. On the 16th of October, Captain Mowatt had sailed with four small vessels into the harbor of Portland (then called Falmouth), and with shells and grenades set fire to the little town. St. Paul's Church, all the public buildings, and three fourths of all the dwellings were burned to the ground, and a thousand unoffending men, women, and children were thus turned out-of-doors just as the sharp Maine winter was coming on to starve and freeze them.

The news of the burning of Portland reached Philadelphia on the same day (October 31) with the news that George III. was about to send foreign mercenaries to fight against his American subjects; and now the wrath of Congress was thoroughly kindled, and the party which advised further temporizing was thrown into helpless minority.

"Well, brother rebel," said a Southern member to Samuel Ward, of Rhode Island, "we have now got a sufficient answer to our petition: I want nothing more, but am ready to declare ourselves independent." Congress now advised New Hampshire, Virginia, and South Carolina to frame for themselves new republican governments, as Massachusetts had already done; it urged South Carolina to seize the British vessels in her waters; it appointed a committee to correspond with foreign powers; and above all, it adopted unreservedly the

scheme, already partially carried out, for the expulsion of the British from Canada.

At once upon the outbreak of hostilities at Lexington, the conquest of Canada had been contemplated by the Northern patriots, who well remembered how, in days gone by, the valley of the St. Lawrence had furnished a base for attacks upon the province of New York, which was then the strategic centre of the American world. It was deemed an act of military prudence to secure this region at the outset. But so long as the least hope of conciliation remained, Congress was loath to adopt any measures save such as were purely defensive in character. As we have seen, it was only with reluctance that it had sanctioned the garrisoning of Ticonderoga by the Connecticut troops. But in the course of the summer it was learned that the governor of Canada, Sir Guy Carleton, was about to take steps to recover Ticonderoga; and it was credibly reported that intrigues were going on with the Iroquois tribes, to induce them to harry the New England frontier and the pleasant farms on the Hudson: so that, under these circumstances, the invasion of Canada was now authorized by Congress as a measure of self-defense. An expedition down Lake Champlain, against Montreal, was at once set on foot. As Schuyler, the commander of the northern department, was disabled by ill health, the enterprise was confided to Richard Montgomery, and it could not have been put in better hands. Late in August, Montgomery started from Ticonderoga, and on the 12th of September, with a force of two thousand men, he laid siege to the fortress of St. John's, which commanded the approach to Montreal. Carleton, whose utmost exertions could bring together only some nine hundred men, made heroic but fruitless efforts to stop his progress. After a siege of fifty days, St. John's

surrendered on the 3d of November, and on the 12th Montgomery entered Montreal in triumph. The people of Canada had thus far seemed favorably disposed toward the American invaders, and Montgomery issued a proclamation urging them to lose no time in choosing delegates to attend the Continental Congress.

Meanwhile, in September, Washington had detached from the army at Cambridge one thousand New England infantry, with two companies of Pennsylvania riflemen and Morgan's famous Virginia sharpshooters, and ordered them to advance upon Quebec through the forests of Maine and by way of the rivers Kennebec and Chaudière. The expedition was commanded by Colonel Benedict Arnold, who seems to have been one of the first, if not the first, to suggest it. The enterprise was one to call for all his persistent daring and fertile resource. It was an amphibious journey, as they now rowed their boats with difficulty against the strong, swift current of the Kennebec, and now, carrying boats and oars on their shoulders, forced their way through the tangled undergrowth of the primeval forests. Often they had to wade across perilous bogs, and presently their shoes were cut to pieces by sharp stones, and their clothes torn to shreds by thorns and briars. Their food gave out, and though some small game was shot, their hunger became such that they devoured their dogs. When they reached the head of the Chaudière, after this terrible march of thirty-three days, two hundred of their number had succumbed to starvation, cold, and fatigue, while two hundred more had given out and returned to Massachusetts, carrying with them such of the sick and disabled as they could save. The descent of the Chaudière in their boats afforded some chance for rest, and presently they began to find cattle for food. At last, on the 13th of November, the next day

after Montgomery's capture of Montreal, they crossed the broad St. Lawrence, and climbed the Heights of Abraham at the very place where Wolfe had climbed to victory sixteen years ago. There was splendid bravado in Arnold's advancing to the very gates with his little, worn-out army, now reduced to seven hundred men, and summoning the garrison either to come out and fight, or to surrender the town. But the garrison very properly would neither surrender nor fight. The town had been warned in time, and Arnold had no alternative but to wait for Montgomery to join him. Six days afterward, Carleton, disguised as a farmer, and ferried down stream in a little boat, found his way into Quebec; and on the 3d of December, Montgomery made his appearance with a small force, which raised the number of the Americans to twelve hundred men. As Carleton persistently refused to come out of his defenses, it was resolved to carry the works by storm, — a chivalrous, nay, one might almost say, a foolhardy decision, had it not been so nearly justified by the event. On the last day of 1775, England came within an ace of losing Quebec. At two o'clock in the morning, in a blinding snowstorm, Montgomery and Arnold began each a furious attack, at opposite sides of the town; and aided by the surprise, each came near carrying his point. Montgomery had almost forced his way in when he fell dead, pierced by three bullets; and this so chilled the enthusiasm of his men that they flagged, until reinforcements drove them back. Arnold, on his side, was severely wounded and carried from the field; but the indomitable Morgan took his place, and his Virginia company stormed the battery opposed to them, and fought their way far into the town. Had the attack on the other side been kept up with equal vigor, as it might have been but for Montgomery's death, Quebec must have fallen. As it was, Morgan's tri-

umphant advance only served to isolate him, and presently he and his gallant company were surrounded and captured. With the failure of this desperate attack passed away the golden opportunity for taking the citadel of Canada. Arnold remained throughout the winter in the neighborhood of Quebec, and in the spring the enterprise was taken up by Wooster and Sullivan with fresh forces. But by this time many Hessians had come over, and Carleton, reinforced until his army numbered 13,000, was enabled to recapture Montreal and push back the Americans, until in June, after a hazardous retreat, well conducted by Sullivan, the remnant of their invading army found shelter at Crown Point. Such was the disastrous ending of a campaign which at the outset had promised a brilliant success, and which is deservedly famous for the heroism and skill with which it was conducted. The generalship of Montgomery received the warm approval of no less a critic than Frederick the Great; and the chivalrous bravery of Arnold, both in his march through the wilderness and in the military operations which followed, was such that if a kind fate could then and there have cut the thread of his life, he would have left behind him a sweet and shining memory. As for the attempt to bring Canada into the American union, it was one which had no hope of success save through a strong display of military force. The sixteen years which had elapsed since the victory of Wolfe had not reformed the Canadian of the old *régime* into a free-born Englishman. The question at present for him was only that of a choice of allegiance; and while at first the invaders were favorably received, it soon became apparent that between the Catholic and the Puritan there could be but little real sympathy. The Quebec Act, which legalized Catholic worship in Canada, had done much toward securing England's hold upon this part of her Ameri-

can possessions. And although, in the colorless political condition of this northern province, the capture of Quebec might well have brought it into the American union, where it would gradually have taken on a fresh life, as surely as it has done under British guidance, yet nothing short of such a military occupation could have had any effect in determining its languid preferences.

While Canada was thus freed from the presence of the Continental troops, the British army, on the other hand, was driven from Boston, and New England was cleared of the enemy. During the autumn and winter, Washington had drawn his lines as closely as possible about the town, while engaged in the work of organizing and equipping his army. The hardest task was to collect a sufficient quantity of powder and ball, and to bring together siege-guns. As the season wore on, the country grew impatient, and Washington sometimes had to listen to criticisms like those that were directed against McClellan in Virginia, at the beginning of 1862, or against Grant before Vicksburg, in the spring of 1863. President Hancock, who owned a great deal of property in Boston, urged him to set fire to the town and destroy it, if by so doing he could drive the British to their ships. But Washington had planned much more wisely. By the 1st of March a great quantity of cannon had been brought in by Henry Knox, some of them dragged on sledges all the way from Ticonderoga, and so at last Washington felt himself prepared to seize upon Dorchester Heights. This position commanded the town and harbor even more effectually than Bunker Hill, and why in all these months General Howe had not occupied it one would find it hard to say. He was bitterly attacked for his remissness by the British newspapers, as was quite natural.

Washington chose for his decisive movement the night of the 4th of March. Eight hundred men led the

way, escorting the wagons laden with spades and crowbars, hatchets, hammers, and nails; and after them followed twelve hundred men, with three hundred ox-carts, carrying timbers, and bales of hay; while the rear was brought up by the heavy siege-guns. From Somerville, East Cambridge, and Roxbury, a furious cannonade was begun soon after sunset and kept up through the night, completely absorbing the attention of the British, who kept up a lively fire in return. The roar of the cannon drowned every other sound for miles around, while all night long the two thousand Americans, having done their short march in perfect secrecy, were busily digging and building on Dorchester Heights, and dragging their siege-guns into position. Early next morning, Howe saw with astonishment what had been done, and began to realize his perilous situation. The commander of the fleet sent word that unless the Americans could be forthwith dislodged, he could not venture to keep his ships in the harbor. Most of the day was consumed in deciding what should be done, until at last, Lord Percy was told to take three thousand men and storm the works. But the slaughter of Bunker Hill had taught its lesson so well that neither Percy nor his men had any stomach for such an enterprise. A violent storm, coming up toward nightfall, persuaded them to delay the attack till next day, and by that time it had become apparent to all that the American works, continually growing, had become impregnable. Percy's orders were accordingly countermanded, and it was decided to abandon the town immediately. It was the sixth anniversary of the day on which Samuel Adams had overawed Hutchinson, and forced him to withdraw his two British regiments from Boston. The work then begun was now consummated by Washington, and from that time forth the deliverance of Massa-

chusetts was complete. Howe caused it at once to be known among the citizens that he was about to evacuate Boston, but he threatened to lay the town in ashes if his troops should be fired on. The selectmen conveyed due information of all this to Washington, who accordingly, secure in the achievement of his purpose, allowed the enemy to depart in peace. By the 17th, the eight thousand troops were all on board their ships, and, taking with them all the Tory citizens, some nine hundred in number, they sailed away for Halifax. Their means did not permit them to carry away their heavy arms, and their retreat, slow as it was, bore marks of hurry and confusion. In taking possession of the town, Washington captured more than two hundred serviceable cannon, ten times more powder and ball than his army had ever seen before, and an immense quantity of muskets, gun-carriages, and military stores of every sort. Thus was New England set free by a single brilliant stroke, with very slight injury to private property, and with a total loss of not more than twenty lives.

The time was now fairly ripe for the colonies to declare themselves independent of Great Britain. The idea of a separation from the mother country, which in the autumn had found but few supporters, grew in favor day by day through the winter and spring. The incongruousness of the present situation was well typified by the flag which Washington flung to the breeze on New Year's Day at Cambridge, which was made up of thirteen stripes, to represent the United Colonies, but which retained the cross of St. George in the corner. Thus far, said Benjamin Harrison, they had contrived to "hobble along under a fatal attachment to Great Britain," but the time had come when one must consider the welfare of one's own country first of all. As Samuel Adams said, their petitions had not

been heard, and yet had been answered by armies and fleets, and by myrmidons hired from abroad. Nothing had made a greater impression upon the American people than this hiring of German troops. It went farther than any other single cause to ripen their minds for the declaration of independence. Many now began to agree with the Massachusetts statesman; and while public opinion was in this malleable condition, there appeared a pamphlet which wrought a prodigious effect upon the people, mainly because it gave terse and vigorous expression to views which every one had already more than half formed for himself.

Thomas Paine had come over to America in December, 1774, and through the favor of Franklin had secured employment as editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*. He was by nature a dissenter and a revolutionist to the marrow of his bones. Full of the generous though often blind enthusiasm of the eighteenth century for the "rights of man," he was no respecter of the established order, whether in church or state. To him the church and its doctrines meant slavish superstition, and the state meant tyranny. Of crude and undisciplined mind, and quite devoid of scholarship, yet endowed with native acuteness and sagacity, and with no mean power of expressing himself, Paine succeeded in making everybody read what he wrote, and achieved a popular reputation out of all proportion to his real merit. Among devout American families his name is still a name of horror and opprobrium, and uneducated freethinkers still build lecture-halls in honor of his memory, and celebrate the anniversary of his birthday, with speeches full of dismal platitudes. The Age of Reason, which was the cause of all this singular blessing and banning, contains, amid much crude argument, some sound and sensible criticism, such as is often far exceeded in boldness in the books and sermons of

Unitarian and Episcopalian divines of the present day; but its tone is coarse and dull, and with the improvement of popular education it is fast sinking into complete and deserved oblivion. There are times, however, when such caustic pamphleteers as Thomas Paine have their uses. There are times when they can bring about results which are not so easily achieved by men of finer mould and more subtle intelligence. It was at just such a time, in January, 1776, that Paine published his pamphlet, *Common Sense*, on the suggestion of Benjamin Rush, and with the approval of Franklin and of Samuel Adams. The pamphlet is full of scurrilous abuse of the English people, and resorts to such stupid arguments as the denial of the English origin of the Americans. Not one third of the people, *even* of Pennsylvania, are of English descent, argues Paine, as if Pennsylvania had been preëminent among the colonies for its English blood, and not, as in reality, perhaps the least English of all the thirteen save New York. But along with all this stuff there was a sensible and striking statement of the practical state of the case between England and the colonies. The reasons were shrewdly and vividly set forth for looking upon reconciliation as hopeless, and for seizing the present moment to declare to the world what the logic of events was already fast making an accomplished fact. Only thus, it was urged, could the States of America pursue a coherent and well-defined policy, and preserve their dignity in the eyes of the world.

It was difficult for the printers, with the clumsy presses of that day, to bring out copies of *Common Sense* fast enough to meet the demand for it. More than a hundred thousand copies were speedily sold, and it carried conviction wherever it went. At the same time, Parliament did its best to reinforce the argument by passing an act to close all American ports, and authorize the confiscation of

all American ships and cargoes, as well as of such neutral vessels as might dare to trade with this proscribed people. And, as if this were not quite enough, a clause was added by which British commanders on the high seas were directed to impress the crews of such American ships as they might meet, and to compel them, under penalty of death, to enter the service against their fellow-countrymen. In reply to this edict, Congress, in March, ordered the ports of America to be thrown open to all nations; it issued letters of marque, and it advised all the colonies to disarm such Tories as should refuse to contribute to the common defense. These measures, as Franklin said, were virtually a declaration of war against Great Britain. But before taking the last irrevocable step, the prudent Congress waited for instructions from every one of the colonies.

The first colony to take decisive action in behalf of independence was North Carolina, a commonwealth in which the king had supposed the outlook to be especially favorable for the loyalist party. Recovered in some measure from the extreme turbulence of its earlier days, North Carolina was fast becoming a prosperous community of small planters, and its population had increased so rapidly that it now ranked fourth among the colonies, immediately after Pennsylvania. Since the overthrow of the Pretender at Culloden there had been a great immigration of sturdy Scots from the western Highlands, in which the clans of Macdonald and Macleod were especially represented. The celebrated Flora Macdonald herself, the romantic woman who saved Charles Edward in 1746, had lately come over here and settled at Kingsborough with Allan Macdonald, her husband. These Scottish immigrants also helped to colonize the upland regions of South Carolina and Georgia, and they have powerfully affected the race composition of the Southern people, forming an ancestry

of which their descendants may well be proud. Though these Highland clansmen had taken part in the Stuart insurrection, they had become loyal enough to the government of George III., and it was now hoped that with their aid the colonies might be firmly secured, and its neighbors on either side overawed. To this end, in January, Sir Henry Clinton, taking with him 2000 troops, left Boston and sailed for the Cape Fear River, while a force of seven regiments and ten ships-of-war, under Sir Peter Parker, was ordered from Ireland to cooperate with him. At the same time, Martin, the royal governor, who for safety had retired on board a British ship, carried on negotiations with the Highlanders, until a force of 1600 men was raised, and, under command of Donald Macdonald, marched down toward the coast to welcome the arrival of Clinton. But North Carolina had its minute-men as well as Massachusetts, and no sooner was this movement perceived than Colonel Richard Caswell, with 1000 militia, took up a strong position at the bridge over Moore's Creek, which Macdonald was about to pass on his way to the coast. After a sharp fight of a half hour's duration the Scots were seized with panic, and were utterly routed. Nine hundred prisoners, 2000 stand of arms, and £15,000 in gold were the trophies of Caswell's victory. The Scottish commander and his kinsman, the husband of Flora Macdonald, were taken and lodged in jail, and thus ended the sway of George III. over North Carolina. The effect of the victory was as contagious as that of Lexington had been in New England. Within ten days 10,000 militia were ready to withstand the enemy, so that Clinton, on his arrival, decided not to land, and stayed cruising about Albemarle Sound, waiting for the fleet under Parker, which did not appear on the scene until May. A provincial congress was forthwith assembled, and instruc-

tions were sent to the North Carolina delegates in the Continental Congress, empowering them "to concur with the delegates in the other colonies in declaring independency and forming foreign alliances, reserving to the colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a constitution and laws for it."

At the same time that these things were taking place, the colony of South Carolina was framing for itself a new government, and on the 23d of March, without directly alluding to independence, it empowered its delegates to concur in any measure which might be deemed essential to the welfare of America. In Georgia the provincial congress, in choosing a new set of delegates to Philadelphia, authorized them to "join in any measure which they might think calculated for the common good." In Virginia the party in favor of independence had been in the minority, until, in November, 1775, the royal governor, Lord Dunmore, had issued a proclamation, offering freedom to all such negroes and indented white servants as might enlist for the purpose of "reducing the colony to a proper sense of its duty." This truculent measure Lord Dunmore hoped would "oblige the rebels to disperse, in order to take care of their families and property." But the object was not attained. The relations between master and slave in Virginia were so pleasant that the offer of freedom fell upon dull, uninterested ears. With light work and generous fare, the condition of the Virginia negro was a happy one. The time had not yet come when he was liable to be torn from wife and children, to die of hardship in the cotton-fields and rice-swamps of the far South. He was proud of his connection with his master's estate and family, and had nothing to gain by rebellion. As for the indented white servants, the governor's proposal to them was of about as much consequence as a proclamation of Napoleon's would have been

if, in 1805, he had offered to set free all the prisoners in Newgate on condition of their helping him to invade England. But, impotent as this measure of Lord Dunmore's was, it served to enrage the people of Virginia, setting their minds irretrievably against the king and his cause. During the month of November, hearing that a party of "rebels" were on their way from North Carolina to take possession of Norfolk, Lord Dunmore built a rude fort at the Great Bridge over Elizabeth River, which commanded the southern approach to the town. At that time, Norfolk, with about 9000 inhabitants, was the principal town in Virginia, and the commercial centre of the colony. The loyalist party, represented chiefly by Scottish merchants, was so strong there and so violent that many of the native Virginia families, finding it uncomfortable to stay in their homes, had gone away into the country. The patriots, roused to anger by Dunmore's proclamation, now resolved to capture Norfolk, and a party of sharpshooters, with whom the illustrious John Marshall served as lieutenant, occupied the bank of Elizabeth River, opposite Dunmore's fort. On the 9th of December, after a sharp fight of fifteen minutes, in which Dunmore's regulars lost sixty-one men, while not a single Virginian was slain, the fort was hastily abandoned, and the road to Norfolk was laid open for the patriots. A few days later the Virginians took possession of their town, while Dunmore sought refuge in the Liverpool, ship-of-the-line, which had just sailed into the harbor. On New Year's Day the governor vindictively set fire to the town, which he had been unable to hold against its rightful owners. The conflagration, kindled by shells from the harbor, raged for three days and nights, until the whole town was laid in ashes, and the people were driven to seek such sorry shelter as might save them from the frosts of midwinter.

This event went far toward determining the attitude of Virginia. In November the colony had not felt ready to comply with the recommendation of Congress, and frame for herself a new government. The people were not yet ready to sever the links which bound them to Great Britain. But the bombardment of their principal town was an argument of which every one could appreciate the force and the meaning. During the winter and spring the revolutionary feeling waxed in strength daily. On the 6th of May, 1776, a convention was chosen to consider the question of independence. Mason, Henry, Pendleton, and the illustrious Madison took part in the discussion, and on the 14th it was unanimously voted to instruct the Virginia delegates in Congress "to propose to that respectable body to declare the United Colonies free and independent States," and to "give the assent of the colony to measures to form foreign alliances and a confederation, provided the power of forming government for the internal regulations of each colony be left to the colonial legislatures." At the same time, it was voted that the people of Virginia should establish a new government for their commonwealth. In the evening, when these decisions had been made known to the people of Williamsburgh, their exultation knew no bounds. While the air was musical with the ringing of church-bells, guns were fired, and the British flag was hauled down at the State House, and the thirteen stripes hoisted in its place. This decisive movement of the largest of the colonies was hailed throughout the country with eager delight; and from other colonies which had not yet committed themselves responses came quickly. Rhode Island, which had never parted with its original charter, did not need to form a new government, but it had already, on the 4th of May, omitted the king's name from its public documents and sheriff's writs, and had agreed to concur with

any measures which Congress might see fit to adopt regarding the relations between England and America. In the course of the month of May town-meetings were held throughout Massachusetts and it was everywhere unanimously voted to uphold Congress in the declaration of independence which it was now expected to make.

On the 15th of May, Congress adopted a resolution recommending to all the colonies to form for themselves independent governments, and in a preamble, written by John Adams, it was declared that the American people could no longer conscientiously take oath to support any government deriving its authority from the Crown; all such governments must now be suppressed, since the king had withdrawn his protection from the inhabitants of the United Colonies. Like the famous preamble to Townsend's bill of 1767, this Adams preamble contained within itself the gist of the whole matter. To adopt it was virtually to cross the Rubicon, and it gave rise to a hot debate. Duane, of New York, admitted that if the facts stated in the preamble should turn out to be true, there would not be a single voice against independence; but he could not yet believe that the American petitions were not destined to receive a favorable answer. "Why," therefore, "all this haste? Why this urging? Why this driving?" James Wilson, a very able member from Pennsylvania, urged that Congress had not yet received sufficient authority from the people to justify it in taking so bold a step. The resolution was adopted, however, preamble and all: and now the affair came quickly to maturity. "The Gordian knot is cut at last!" exclaimed John Adams. In town-meeting the people of Boston thus instructed their delegates: "The whole United Colonies are upon the verge of a glorious revolution. We have seen the petitions to the king rejected with disdain. For

the prayer of peace he has tendered the sword; for liberty, chains; for safety, death. Loyalty to him is now treason to our country. We think it absolutely impracticable for these colonies to be ever again subject to or dependent upon Great Britain, without endangering the very existence of the state. Placing, however, unbounded confidence in the supreme council of the Congress, we are determined to wait, most patiently wait, till their wisdom shall dictate the necessity of making a declaration of independence. In case the Congress should think it necessary for the safety of the United Colonies to declare them independent of Great Britain, the inhabitants, with their lives and the remnant of their fortunes, will most cheerfully support them in the measure."

This dignified and temperate expression of public opinion was published in a Philadelphia evening paper, on the 8th of June. On the preceding day, in accordance with the instructions which had come from Virginia, the following motion had been submitted to Congress by Richard Henry Lee: —

"That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

"That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances.

"That a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies, for their consideration and approbation."

In these trying times the two greatest colonies, Virginia and Massachusetts, had been wont to go hand in hand; and the motion of Richard Henry Lee was now promptly seconded by John Adams. It was resisted by Dickinson and Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and by R. R. Liv-

ingston, of New York, on the ground that public opinion in the middle colonies was not yet ripe for supporting such a measure; at the same time these cautious members freely acknowledged that the lingering hope of an amicable settlement with Great Britain had come to be quite chimerical. The prospect of securing European alliances was freely discussed. The supporters of the motion urged that a declaration of independence would be nothing more than the acknowledgment of a fact which existed already; and until this fact should be formally acknowledged, it was not to be supposed that diplomatic courtesy would allow such powers as France or Spain to treat with the Americans. On the other hand, the opponents of the motion argued that France and Spain were not likely to look with favor upon the rise of a great Protestant power in the western hemisphere, and that nothing would be easier than for these nations to make a bargain with England, whereby Canada might be restored to France and Florida to Spain, in return for military aid in putting down the rebellious colonies. The result of the whole discussion was decidedly in favor of a declaration of independence; but to avoid all appearance of undue haste, it was decided, on the motion of Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, to postpone the question for three weeks, and invite the judgment of those colonies which had not yet declared themselves.

Under these circumstances, the several colonies acted with a promptness that outstripped the expectations of Congress. Connecticut had no need of a new government, for, like Rhode Island, she had always kept the charter obtained from Lord Clarendon in 1662, she had always chosen her own governor, and had always been virtually independent of Great Britain. Nothing now was necessary but to omit the king's name from legal documents and commercial papers, and to instruct her delegates in

Congress to support Lee's motion ; and these things were done by the Connecticut legislature on the 14th of June. The very next day, New Hampshire, which had formed a new government as long ago as January, joined Connecticut in declaring for independence. In New Jersey there was a sharp dispute. The royal governor, William Franklin, had a strong party in the colony ; and the assembly had lately instructed its delegates to vote against independence, and had resolved to send a separate petition to the king. Against so rash and dangerous a step, Dickinson, Jay, and Wythe were sent by Congress to remonstrate ; and as the result of their intercession, the assembly, which yielded, was summarily prorogued by the governor. A provincial congress was at once chosen in its stead. On the 16th of June, the governor was arrested and sent to Connecticut for safe-keeping ; on the 21st, it was voted to frame a new government ; and on the 22d, a new set of delegates were elected to Congress, with instructions to support the declaration of independence. In Pennsylvania there was hot discussion, for the whole strength of the proprietary government was thrown into the scale against independence, and the proprietary government was so very popular that many of the most enthusiastic advocates of independence were loath to interfere with it. Among the Quakers there was a strong disposition to avoid an armed conflict, on any terms. A little while before, they had held a convention, in which it was resolved that "the setting up and putting down kings and governments is God's peculiar prerogative, for causes best known to himself, and that it is not our business to have any hand or contrivance therein ; nor to be busybodies above our station, much less to plot and contrive the ruin or overturn of any of them, but to pray for the king and safety of our nation and good of all men ; that we may lead a peace-

able and quiet life in all goodness and honesty, under the government which God is pleased to set over us. May we, therefore, firmly unite in the abhorrence of all such writings and measures as evidence a desire and design to break off a happy connection we have hitherto enjoyed with the kingdom of Great Britain, and our just and necessary subordination to the king and those who are lawfully placed in authority under him." This view of the case soon met with a pithy rejoinder from Samuel Adams, who, with a quaint use of historical examples, proved that, as the rise of kings and empires is part of God's special prerogative, the time had now come, in the course of divine providence, for the setting up of an independent empire in the western hemisphere. Six months ago, the provincial assembly had instructed its delegates to oppose independence ; but on the 20th of May a great meeting was held at the State House, at which more than seven thousand people were present, and it was unanimously resolved that this act of the assembly "had the dangerous tendency to withdraw this province from that happy union with the other colonies which we consider both our glory and our protection." The effect of this resolution was so great that on the 18th of June a convention was held to decide on the question of independence ; and after six days of discussion, it was voted that a separation from Great Britain was desirable, provided only that, under the new federal government, each State should be left to regulate its own internal affairs. On the 14th of June, a similar action had been taken by Delaware.

In Maryland there was little reason why the people should wish for a change of government, save through their honorable sympathy with the general interests of the United Colonies. Not only was the proprietary government deeply rooted in the affections of the people, but Robert Eden, the governor holding

office at this particular time, was greatly loved and respected. Maryland had not been insulted by the presence of troops. She had not seen her citizens shot down in cold blood, like Massachusetts, or her chief city laid in ashes, like Virginia; nor had she been threatened with invasion and forced to fight in her own defense, like North Carolina. Her direct grievances were few and light, and even so late as the 21st of May she had protested against any action which might lead to the separation of the colonies from England. But when, in June, her great leaders, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, determined to "take the sense of the people," a series of county meetings were held, and it was unanimously voted that "the true interests and substantial happiness of the United Colonies in general, and this in particular, are inseparably interwoven and linked together." As soon as the colony had taken its stand upon this broad and generous principle, the governor embarked on a British man-of-war before Annapolis, bearing with him the kindly regrets and adieus of the people, and on the 28th of June the delegates in Congress were duly authorized to concur in a declaration of independence.

Peaceful Maryland was thus the twelfth colony which formally committed itself to the cause of independence, as turbulent North Carolina, under the stimulus of civil war and threatened invasion, had been the first. Accordingly, on the 1st of July, the day when the motion of Richard Henry Lee was to be taken up in Congress, unanimous instructions in favor of independence had been received from every one of the colonies, except New York. In approaching this momentous question, New York was beset by peculiar difficulties. Not only was the Tory party unusually strong there, for reasons already stated, but the risks involved in a revolutionary policy were greater than anywhere else.

From its commanding military position, it was clear that the British would direct their main efforts toward the conquest of this central colony; and while on the one hand the broad, deep waters about Manhattan Island afforded an easy entrance for their resistless fleet, on the other hand the failure of the Canadian expedition had laid the whole country open to invasion from the north, and the bloodthirsty warriors of the Long House were not likely to let slip so excellent an opportunity for gathering scalps from the exposed settlements on the frontier. Not only was it probable, for these reasons, that New York would suffer more than any other colony from the worst horrors of war, but as a great commercial State with only a single seaport, the very sources of her life would be threatened should the British once gain a foothold upon Manhattan Island. The fleet of Lord Howe was daily expected in the harbor, and it was known that the army which had been ousted from Boston, now largely reinforced, was on its way from Halifax to undertake the capture of the city of New York. To guard against this expected danger, Washington had some weeks since moved his army thither from Boston; but his whole effective force did not exceed eight thousand men, and with these he was obliged to garrison points so far apart as King's Bridge, Paulus Hook, Governor's Island, and Brooklyn Heights. The position was far less secure than it had been about Boston, for British ships could here come up the Hudson and East rivers, and interpose between these isolated detachments. As for Staten Island, Washington had not troops enough to occupy it at all, so that when General Howe arrived, on the 28th of June, he was allowed to land there without opposition. It was a bitter thing for Washington to be obliged to permit this, but there was no help for it. Not only in numbers, but in equipment, Washington's force was utterly

inadequate to the important task assigned it, and Congress had done nothing to increase its efficiency beyond ordering a levy of twenty-five thousand militia from New England and the middle colonies, to serve for six months only.

Under these circumstances, the military outlook, in case the war were to go on, was certainly not encouraging, and the people of New York might well be excused for some tardiness in committing themselves irrevocably on the question of independence, especially as it was generally understood that Lord Howe was coming armed with plenary authority to negotiate with the American people. To all the other dangers of the situation there was added that of treachery in the camp. Governor Tryon, like so many of the royal governors that year, had taken refuge on shipboard, whence he schemed and plotted with his friends on shore. A plan was devised for blowing up the magazines and seizing Washington, who was either to be murdered or carried on board ship to be tried for treason, according as the occasion might suggest. The conspiracy was discovered in good time; the mayor of New York, convicted of correspondence with Tryon, was thrown into jail, and one of Washington's own guard, who had been bribed to aid the nefarious scheme, was summarily hanged in a field near the Bowery. Such a discovery as this served only to throw discredit upon the Tory party. The patriots took a bolder stand than ever, but when the 1st of July came it found the discussion still going on, and the New York delegates in Congress were still without instructions.

On the 1st of July Congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to "take into consideration the resolution respecting independency." As Richard Henry Lee was absent, John Adams, who had seconded the motion, was called upon to defend it, which he did in a pow-

erful speech. He was ably opposed by John Dickinson, who urged that the country ought not to be rashly committed to a position, to recede from which would be infamous, while to persist in it might entail certain ruin. A declaration of independence would not strengthen the resources of the country by a single regiment or a single cask of powder, while it would shut the door upon all hope of accommodation with Great Britain. And as to the prospect of an alliance with France and Spain, would it not be well to obtain some definite assurances from these powers before proceeding to extremities? Besides all this, argued Dickinson, the terms of confederation among the colonies were still unsettled, and any declaration of independence, to have due weight with the world, ought to be preceded by the establishment of a federal government. The boundaries of the several colonies ought first to be fixed, and their respective rights mutually guaranteed; and the public lands ought also to be solemnly appropriated for the common benefit. Then, the orator concluded, "when things shall have been thus deliberately rendered firm at home and favorable abroad, — then let America, *attollens humeris famam et fata nepotum*, bearing up her glory and the destiny of her descendants, advance with majestic steps, and assume her station among the sovereigns of the world."

That there was great weight in some of these considerations was shown only too plainly by subsequent events. But the argument as a whole was open to the fatal objection that if the American people were to wait for all these great questions to be settled before taking a decisive step, they would never be able to take a decisive step at all. The wise statesman regards half a loaf as better than no bread. Independent action on the part of all the colonies except New York had now become an accomplished fact. All were really in rebellion, and

their cause could not fail to gain in dignity and strength by announcing itself to the world in its true character. Such was now the general feeling of the committee. When the question was put to vote, the New York delegates were excused, as they had no sufficient instructions. Of the three delegates from Delaware, one was absent, one voted yea, and one nay, so that the vote of the colony was lost. Pennsylvania declared in the negative by four votes against three. South Carolina also declared in the negative, but with the intimation from Edward Rutledge that it might not unlikely reverse its vote, in deference to the majority. The other nine colonies all voted in the affirmative, and the resolution was reported as agreed to by a two-thirds vote. On the next day, when the vote was formally taken in regular session of Congress, the Delaware members were all present, and the affirmative vote of that colony was secured; Dickinson and Morris stayed away, thus reversing the vote of Pennsylvania; and the South Carolina members changed for the sake of unanimity.

Thus was the Declaration of Independence at last resolved upon, by the unanimous vote of twelve colonies, on the 2d of July, 1776; and this work having been done, Congress at once went into committee of the whole, to consider the forms of declaration which should be adopted. That no time might be lost in disposing of this important matter, a committee had already been selected three weeks before, at the time of Lee's motion, to draw up a paper which might be worthy of this great and solemn occasion. Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston were the members of the committee, and Jefferson, as representing the colony which had introduced the resolution of independence, was chosen to be the author of the Declaration. Jefferson, then but thirty-three years of age, was one of the

youngest delegates in Congress; but of all the men of that time, there was, perhaps, none of wider culture or keener political instincts. Inheriting an ample fortune, he had chosen the law as his profession, but he had always been passionately fond of study for its own sake, and to a very wide reading in history and in ancient and modern literature he added no mean proficiency in mathematics and in physical science. He was skilled in horsemanship and other manly exercises, and in the management of rural affairs; while at the same time he was very sensitively and delicately organized, playing the violin like a master, and giving other evidences of rare musical talent. His temper was exceedingly placid, and his disposition was sweet and sympathetic. He was deeply interested in all the generous theories of the eighteenth century concerning the rights of man and the perfectibility of human nature; and, like most of the contemporary philosophers whom he admired, he was not only a foe to intolerance and priestcraft, but was inclined to look upon all forms of supernatural religion with condemnation. He was in no way a profound and original thinker, like Madison or Hamilton, nor was he a grand and heroic character, like Washington or Samuel Adams, but as a political leader he was, perhaps, superior to any other man of his age; and his warm sympathies, his almost feminine tact, his mastery of the dominant political ideas of the time, and, above all, his unbounded faith in the common sense of the people and in their essential rectitude of purpose served to give him a great and commanding position in American history.

On the evening of the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was unanimously adopted by twelve colonies, the delegation from New York still remaining unable to act. But the acquiescence of that colony was so generally counted upon that there was no

drawback to the exultation of the people. All over the country the Declaration was received with bonfires, with the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, and with torchlight processions. Now that the great question was settled there was a general feeling of relief. "The people," said Samuel Adams, "seem to recognize this resolution as though it were a decree promulgated from heaven." On the 9th of July it was formally adopted by New York, and the soldiers there threw down the leaden statue of George III. on the Bowling Green, and cast it into bullets.

Thus, after eleven years of irritation, and after such calm and temperate discussion as befitted a free and noble people, the Americans had at last entered upon the only course that could preserve their self-respect, and guarantee them in the great part which they had to play in the drama of civilization. For the dignity, patience, and moderation with which they had borne themselves throughout these trying times, human history had as yet scarcely afforded a parallel. So extreme had been their forbearance, so great their unwillingness to appeal to brute force while there yet remained the slightest hope of a peaceful solution, that some British historians have gone quite astray in interpreting their conduct. Because statesmen like Dickinson and communities like Maryland were slow in believing that the right moment for a declaration of independence had come, the preposterous theory has been suggested that the American Revolution was the work of an unscrupulous and desperate minority, which, through intrigue mingled with violence, succeeded in forcing the reluctant majority to sanction its measures. Such a misconception has its root in an utter failure to comprehend the peculiar character of American political life, like the kindred misconception which ascribes the rebellion of the colonies to a sordid unwillingness

to bear their due share of the expenses of the British Empire. It is like the misunderstanding which saw an angry mob in every town-meeting of the people of Boston, and characterized as a "riot" every deliberate expression of public opinion. No one who is familiar with the essential features of American political life can for a moment suppose that the Declaration of Independence was brought about by any less weighty force than the settled conviction of the people that the priceless treasure of self-government could be preserved by no other means. It was but slowly that this unwelcome conviction grew upon the people; and owing to local differences of circumstances it grew more slowly in some places than in others. Prescient leaders, too, like the Adamsses and Franklin and Lee, made up their minds sooner than other people. Even those conservatives who resisted to the last, even such men as John Dickinson and Robert Morris, were fully agreed with their opponents as to the principle at issue between Great Britain and America, and nothing would have satisfied them short of the total abandonment by Great Britain of her pretensions to impose taxes and revoke charters. Upon this fundamental point there was very little difference of opinion in America. As to the related question of independence, the decision, when once reached, was everywhere alike the reasonable result of free and open discussion; and the best possible illustration of this is the fact that not even in the darkest days of the war already begun did any State deliberately propose to reconsider its action in the matter. The hand once put to the plough, there was no turning back. As Judge Drayton, of South Carolina, said from the bench, "A decree is now gone forth not to be recalled, and thus has suddenly risen in the world a new empire, styled the United States of America."

John Fiske.

A LOVER'S CONSCIENCE.

SHE was urging upon him the point that life is but a dream, and that all things should be done with reference to the great hereafter. She was eighteen, and he was twenty-two. They were far out on Lake Champlain, skating. All sounds seemed to have died on the distant shore.

They paused, hand in hand, and looked around them. It was a still, February day, full of beautiful winter sunshine. Here and there, far off on the snowy floor of the wide valley, they saw black specks, which they knew to be teams, crawling like insects over the white waste. On the western side, mountains rose in precipitous grandeur, their dark, spruce-covered summits cutting a jagged line against the pale blue steel of the northern sky. On the eastern shore was Vermont; and they saw in that direction, by the brink of the lake, Burlington, the city of the valley, so diminished by distance that its wharves and houses and leafless trees could scarcely be distinguished. They saw more plainly the smoke of its chimneys staining the sky with a blur of amber. There were the homes from which they had ventured out seven miles upon the ice, regardless of cracks and air-holes. The glide had been rapid and exhilarating. The pause enabled them to realize how still it was so far away from human habitations, and how impressive the prospect.

"But we do know perfectly well, Malcolm," said Miss Warrington, resuming their conversation on the everlasting subject, "that this outward existence is merely a fleeting shadow, and has not the least real substance."

Mr. Malcolm Bruce was aware of this fact. He had supposed otherwise in his natural state, while he remained a boy at home on a stump farm in Canada; but on coming to college, at Burlington, he

had found out how it was. His interest in the matter had not been very great, however, until he made the acquaintance of Anna Warrington. It might not have been engrossing even then if he had not fallen in love with the young lady. But his ardent feeling and her spirituality and acuteness led him on. She saw clearly that life is an incident only, a mere step, a trifle in the endless march of eternity; and she made Malcolm see it also. Out there on the ice, that February day, their minds were full of these "inspirations."

Miss Warrington was not a student in the college (for this was before women were admitted to the University of Vermont), but she ought to have been; it would have saved her from grievous mistakes. As it was, she merely "investigated," and delighted in the philosophical studies as she misunderstood them. She was quite diligent in reading profound works. She was not accurate, because she was without suitable training; but she was very enthusiastic. It was her notion to carry out in practice some of those valuable abstract conclusions which in education do not seem to form the common mind. She thought it consistent even then (before the subject had been treated by novelists) to stand guard over the conjugal rights of dead people. And as matters turned out with Anna Warrington, there need be no hesitation in saying that she was sincere in her transcendental view that, with philosophical people, marriage ought to be, and is, an institution not so much for time as for eternity. It was the union of souls, the blending of kindred spirits, that she commended.

If Nature ever smiles, as frequently asserted, she probably did so on this occasion, when this highly sensitive young woman pleaded with her companion,

and actually shed tears as she pictured the grief of a wife departed looking from the realms above upon her partner's second venture in the matrimonial market.

To this situation had Miss Anna been brought by shallow learning, unbridled romance, and that kind of crisis in her experience usually called a disappointment.

Malcolm knew nothing about her sentimental misfortune. It was not known to anybody in Burlington except two excellent unmarried women, who were distant relatives of Anna's, and at whose home she was visiting. She was a stranger in the verdant little city, and her residence (except that she was from the South) was unknown. But her interest in the peculiar philosophy of the college and in poetry and metaphysics was so rank a growth that various people besides Malcolm were aware of it.

It is not the plan of this narrative to leave the pair on the ice any longer. They reached home at four o'clock in the afternoon, with good appetites, no marks on their faces, and Anna's small white handkerchief showing evidence of having been vigorously used. Malcolm Bruce must have been dimly conscious even then of the morbid phase of the situation, for he was a sensible youth, but he was just out of the Canada woods. It was a prodigious and almost incredible thing to him that a cultivated and elegant young lady could be so fond of Malcolm Bruce. He quaked with reverence and honest fear in the presence of such superior feminine attractions. It is clear that the times also were somewhat to blame. Those were the days when the last hours of weakly female children were celebrated in song throughout the Union. The farewell words and the little green grave were known to millions. It was a luxurious period, when in America everybody's muscles felt the softening influence of a century of peace. Tears were deli-

cious, and the dusty road of life was sprinkled with them then far more than it is now. Doubtless Bruce felt this general influence strongly. The peculiarities of the place also aided his infatuation. Taking into account the beautiful and peculiar philosophy taught by the college and its accompanying theory of fine art, it may safely be affirmed that the locality was extremely romantic. Solemn mountains stand in great magnificence around this lovely vale, where the sublimest truths were promulgated. The future state was made very near and palpable to the students. There might be some doubt about the absolute reality of the present world, but no Burlington student in his senses ever had any question about the certainty of the world to come.

It was not often that shallow students or sympathizers were misled to the extent apparent in Anna Warrington. The philosophic dream was more likely to be truthful, and to come to strong men. It began to show itself usually in thoughtfulness and a fondness for the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and resulted in landing the man in Andover Theological Seminary, where he would surpass his fellow-students in deep knowledge and profound thinking. Bruce saw what was to him the majesty of the great world and the dignity of unsurpassed learning in this sequestered valley, where wild-flowers were the chief ornament, and not man, but Nature, reigned supreme. It was in his freshman year that he bowed down and worshiped the bedazzled and bedazzling Anna Warrington. He was then at his weakest in his conflict with the world.

But there was a second step in this matter, which I would endeavor to account for if it were not too preposterous. As it is I shall merely state the facts, and leave the case on its merits. Anna Warrington and Malcolm Bruce, in making their little preparatory arrangements

for living and dying and the hereafter, including, of course, the slight circumstance usually known as marriage, bargained both for time and eternity! The compact contained all the particulars. Anna put them in as if per schedule A and B, and Bruce, in transports of love and enchantment, assented. It was, indeed, and aside from all levity, a very tender scene when these two, so young and sincere, pledged themselves to each other *forever*, specifically setting aside the decree of the skeleton king, whose will terminates all engagements, and especially marriage contracts, and whose power to part the nearest and dearest is verbally conceded in the wedding ceremony.

There is a natural grotto in the bluff of Red-rocks, which overhangs the lake, a mile south of Burlington. It was in this wild and hidden retreat, amid the soft airs and under hearing of the birds of June, that the lovers prayed, and vowed, and promised. The blue waves saw and clapped their hands; but there was no voice from the majestic mountains. There was probably an impression on the part of the everlasting hills that these two young persons did not know what they were talking about. But they had no uncertainty.

They were to live for each other, whether married or single. No misunderstanding that could come between them and no absence or desertion was to serve as a pretext or excuse for dissolving this union. It was to be above all the accidents of time, and in its nature absolute. If one died, the other was to wait until they should be united beyond the grave. In the mean time the deceased was to watch over the survivor, and endeavor to make his or her spiritual presence felt by the mourner. That communication under such circumstances might be impossible was conceded, yet an effort in that direction was thought advisable, and was made part of the mutual undertaking. If they were in

any way separated in this life, each was to live in singleness, looking forward to a meeting here or in the life to come.

Anna Warrington sang divinely, and one of her chosen hymns, as she rendered it, seemed to all of us to float along the very edge of the spirit world. That weird melody haunted Malcolm and bewitched him. It was always clear to me that this poor girl, with such a haunting voice and dark, hungry, and unearthly eyes, was suffering from a defeat which was eating her heart out, and I have so treated the matter in these pages. But there were those who believed differently. They could find deceit in that sad and lovely face, and deliberate design in the treatment she gave her college lover.

The day after the scene in the grotto, an event occurred without which it would not have been worth while to write this history. That event was nothing less than the sudden and unexplained disappearance of Miss Warrington from Burlington. It was not alarming because she merely "went somewhere." But it was a trying thing for Bruce to be treated in this curt way, even upon the most liberal hypothesis in regard to the unimportance of mundane affairs. If she had been coming back some time, or if he could have found out where she had gone, he might, perhaps, have borne it better; but in the absence of the least scintilla of information, the situation, as time went by, grew discouraging.

It might have been stated early in this record, had that vulgar fact been important, that Malcolm took his meals at the very house where Anna, for the time being, was on a visit. That was, indeed, the secret of their acquaintance and intimacy. Those two excellent single women, who had Anna with them and took Malcolm to board, were the best friends the student had in the place, and among the best women in Burlington. Whether they saw fit to

board a freshman for a while on Anna's account is a matter of speculation. Certain it is that they never boarded any one else, and Malcolm was politely "excused" within three months after Anna's disappearance.

The point of the matter was that Malcolm could get no response from these friends, when he hinted, by his inquiries, his desire to know something about Miss Warrington. Not a ray of light could be seen in the mystery. Miss Mary, the elder of the two sisters (for they were sisters), was a large, dashing brunette of forty, fond of art, poetry, and romance. She evidently sympathized with Malcolm, but she said nothing. Her quiet sister, Lucy, was equally silent upon the subject. The young Scotchman took to heart the treatment he received. He was surprised in his room in college, on several occasions, sitting in silent meditation, bathed in tears.

For three years (during the remainder of the course) the student from Canada continued faithfully at his post. His affair with the girl at the corner house and her mysterious disappearance were dimly known. But he was too honest and manly to be laughed at. That he was in some sense widowed was recognized, but the agreement that had snared his honest soul was not suspected at that time. His occasional melancholy and fits of moodiness were accounted for by the disappointment which so earnest a nature must have suffered in losing a sweetheart. But he seemed to recover by degrees. It was, indeed, impossible that he should fail to see, as he reached the dignity of a senior, and read for himself, in the regular course, those subjects which had bedazzled Miss Warrington, how absurd her talk had been. It were vain to deny the resistless charm there is in young womanhood though it may be topped by a silly brain, and it must be conceded that love is mighty in a

young man; but there is reason to believe that Malcolm's strong Scotch sense conquered these forces. Those fatuous tears over whom it might concern were a little too much even for the stomach of romance. I speak of it as of an ostrich. There was, however, another power which held him. He was, without reserve or mitigation, a Scotchman with a conscience! No alarm will be created by this announcement, except upon the part of those who have in some emergency encountered such an obstacle. It is the only thing, so far as ascertained, that can finally prevent the course of true love, or deny the right of way to a constructing railroad corporation. Unknown to all but themselves, this girl had bound this man down with the strong cords which his honesty and sincerity furnished. I believe that in secret he writhed on his rock of suffering. Malcolm would not look at other women, for he was a Bruce, and had made his choice in life. It was a pitiable choice, and he came to know it; but it was a transaction, and unless changed he would abide by it. Knowing him well, I have not a doubt that he schooled himself to love the memory and honor the thought of the girl whose vapid sentimentality, emptiness, and unfairness he could not help seeing. Had Malcolm's engagement been known, he might have been released in some way. Miss Mary might perhaps have managed it. But Bruce was too proud and sensitive to blurt out his private affairs to anybody; and besides that, his arrangement with Anna was not a mere engagement of marriage. He had really nothing to complain of under its terms and assumptions, for what was life, or indeed death for that matter, in such an agreement? A few years were of no account, and a separation for a century was not worth mentioning. In his anxiety to do "the right thing," he undertook to jot down some of these ridiculous postulates, and so

much of the promises he had made as he could remember; but there was a queerness about it all that puzzled him, and made him blush to think he could have been so unwise.

Mr. Bruce graduated with honors, and seemed to have overcome his depression. It was a very bright day for the Canada boy, when, as the fruit of his own industry, he found himself among the first of a college class, his education finished and paid for.

Five years after commencement, I was surprised to learn in Albany that Malcolm Bruce, my college friend, had secured a place in the city, as a clerk in one of the state departments. I had not thought him the kind of man to have an influence in politics or settle down to a clerkship. But I was glad to see him. It was by chance that we met, as he was getting off the cars down by the Hudson River. He was new to the city. I walked with him up State Street to the marble building on Capitol Hill where the officers were. He was courteously received, and his desk assigned him. Then I prevailed upon him to go to dinner with me.

Half-way down the hill, crossing State Street at right angles, was Pearl Street, at that date shaded with trees and bordered with handsome dwellings. In Pearl, north of State, a few rods from the corner, was the house of my landlady, Mrs. Tibbles. Here we dined, and here Malcolm finally settled down with me as a fellow-boarder.

There were three other boarders, or, as Mrs. Tibbles preferred to phrase it, members of the family. There was, first, Mr. Mull, with very short gray hair, a city face, and a bold, mocking laugh; then Mr. Gilman, a newspaper man, with a fresh complexion, rich brown mustache, and a breezy manner that was like the prairies from which he came; and lastly, there was pretty, girlish Miss Newby, who had just come

to Albany, and was engaged as teacher in a private school.

No sharp practice is intended by bringing in that item of inflammatory material so quietly in the last sentence. The entire matter is above board. Miss Helen Newby *was* about to influence the man Malcolm. But what is denied most unqualifiedly and emphatically is that either Helen or Malcolm suspected any such thing, or contrived it, or did anything designedly which led in that direction. It has already appeared that Malcolm was appropriated; and he had not been released from his engagement. From what I learned subsequently, I know that when he first met Miss Newby he was of the opinion that after all a single life is not the greatest misfortune in the world, and that so long as he knew nothing about Anna Warrington, the right way was to avoid all other feminine blandishments.

As to Miss Newby, she was a new-blown rose, from a country pastor's family, as frank, earnest, and simple-hearted as the youngest in her school. It was delightful to see such an one, with her colored ribbons, her blue eyes, rustic health, and charming fearlessness, in a hackneyed, dusty city boarding-house. The sweet light of home, so lost to the rest of the household, shone on her face. She blessed us by her presence. It was noticeable that all the company at the table, including Mrs. Tibbles, who despised lady-boarders in general, went down in spiritual self-abasement before this genuine bit of lovely womanhood. Mr. Mull, who was a lobbyman half the year and at work mysteriously the other half, ceased to scoff when the Vermont rose was present.

But the one she "took to" was Malcolm. It was inevitable. There was a long delay in bringing the fact out, however; for they were as shy as cat and dog all the first summer. But when winter came, there was a disposition among us to be more civilized. This

was encouraged by Mrs. Tibbles, who invited us all into the parlor, evenings, to play chess, or read aloud, or sing, or do anything that was becoming to a well-ordered family. Mull scouted the idea, and went out as usual for the evening; but the rest of us soon formed a little reading circle.

There seems to be no reason why a statement of the result should be expanded by introducing those particulars which picture the growth of a romantic attachment. It is better merely to announce that it was a serious case. The parties were probably not aware of it for some time. As their mutual shyness wore off, it was as though they, in their innocence, supposed the dangerous time had gone by. It was the reading which charmed the rest of us, in which they also appeared to be interested. Malcolm was the principal reader. His nature was responsive to the author's meaning, and he expressed feelings in his voice. While he gave us very much of Scott and Burns, he also read with great success English and American authors. His greatest triumph was on Christmas Eve, when he rendered the famous Carol by Charles Dickens. Good Mrs. Tibbles laughed and cried over the story until she was almost exhausted, and Miss Newby's face glowed with a wonderful radiance. There was apparently, and I think in reality, no immediate danger, in these readings, of a fire being kindled, if it had not been for what followed. There was an event outside which induced the parties to take an adventurous step.

The war of the Rebellion had been fought since our college days. Indeed, Malcolm went from college almost directly to the field, and he had come to Albany from the disbanding army. And now the country was turning back to the arts of peace. It was then that the news reached our little reading circle in the parlor that the author of the immortal Carol, the greatest reader of the world,

was coming to the city of Albany. It caused an excitement which took up the entire evening, and produced an exhilaration which lasted several days. When the time arrived and there was that frantic crowding for tickets, the story of which is so well known, Malcolm triumphed. He secured two excellent places, side by side, for both evenings. In the flush of his victory, he did not hesitate to offer his extra place to Miss Newby. It would have been impossible for him to do her a greater kindness. We all felt that it was a most graceful and gallant act on Malcolm's part; for to see Charles Dickens was the event of a lifetime. None of us were willing that our little rose from Vermont should miss such an opportunity; and all the household were grateful to Mr. Bruce for inviting her.

Among those who listened to the great author, when he came, with a degree of rapture which took away their ability to judge of him critically were Malcolm and Helen. All might still have been safe if the matter had ended even here. But it did not. Tweddle Hall, at the corner of Pearl and State streets, where Charles Dickens read and concerts and lectures were frequent, was near by and temptingly convenient. It was the main auditorium of the city. Every morning and evening Malcolm passed it and Helen passed it, he going to his office and she to her place in the school. It was not a dozen rods, on the broad sidewalk, from Mrs. Tibbles's front door. How could these two friends, of rustic habits and education, help passing along the walk together; and now that the ice was broken, how could they avoid sometimes attending the lecture or the concert at the hall in company? They did not avoid it, and they had not a thought, apparently, that they were noticed. Doubtless the city seemed to them a wilderness of human beings, who did not regard them as they passed by. But their liking for each

other was so frank, so manifest, so pretty as an idyllic picture, and evidently so unsuspected by themselves, that it soon provoked comment. Then followed a step on the part of these two friends which settled the question in the minds of the public. They began to walk to church together, and took seats side by side wherever they attended religious service. If they thought of it at all, as they wandered away toward some sacred edifice, they must have fancied they were like the babes in the woods, unobserved and uncared for. But the world understood things differently.

"Bruce is a lucky fellow," said Gilman in my room. "When is the wedding?"

Mull was there, but Gilman appealed to me as the college friend of Bruce. I did not reply.

"I said it was 'a go' the first time I saw them together," proclaimed Mull.

"I have heard a good deal said about it," remarked Gilman, with hesitation, glancing at Mull.

"The engagement ought to have been announced before this," declared Mull, with a trace of severity in his manner. And he added, "I am not sure but she is too good for him."

No more was said on the subject at that time, but it was not long before hints came to me from other parties, and Mrs. Tibbles also sought for an interview in regard to the pair. She said that Helen, poor child, "had no idea." Finally I spoke to Malcolm, telling him some of the things I had heard. He was at first astonished, then indignant; and then, as I pressed him with the facts and explained the views and requirements of city society, he became alarmed, and was stricken with the fear that he had injured his dearest friend. Really, he had done so, and I could not deny it. The friends of Helen at the school were chief among those who had spoken with anxiety of her remarkable acquaintance with the department clerk.

"If she is not married soon, we shall not know what to think," had been the comment of one of them.

Malcolm's eager inquiries drew out from me the whole story, which reduced him to a condition of grief and consternation. Then I pointed out that bright and happy way by which all could be made right. Assuring him that Helen would accept him (if indeed she had not done so), I urged the importance of announcing the engagement immediately, or fixing the wedding day.

My friend's countenance fell. We were in his room. He sat down upon a chair, rested his elbows on his knees, braced up his chin with his hands, and gazed long and abstractedly at a figure on the carpet between the toes of his boots.

As the result of this meditation, he confessed to me that an engagement made in our college days was the only thing that prevented him from seeking the hand of Helen in marriage. I knew the affair he referred to, and expressed surprise. We had not supposed at the time that it was more than a passing romance between him and Anna Warrington. But he now assured me, with a perplexed face, that he had made a solemn promise which rested upon his conscience, and which, if he disregarded it, would make him a guilty wretch in this world and a poor lost soul in the world to come. This last despairing conclusion was uttered in a nervous, crying tone, like that of a child in abject fear. Yet I could see that it was genuine. It occurred to me that he must have learned the form and intonation from his mother.

I sat down beside him, and drew out the facts of his acquaintance with Miss Warrington. It was my impression that a contract of the kind he described, made so long ago, and not entered upon in any way, could not be of any binding force in the court of conscience or honor. I urged him to consider how absurd it

was to suppose that he could bargain for the next world. He conceded the point, but claimed that the bargain for this life could not be invalidated by any such specious considerations. He thought it was an agreement which held both parties to celibacy, marriage with each other, or widowhood. When I pointed out that he could not trade away the highest uses of life in a manner which thus destroyed them, he said that monks and nuns did it, and he and Anna Warrington had a right to. When I suggested that as a transaction in the eye of the law the entire contract must be taken, and that when so taken it was too ridiculous to stand for a moment, he thought that no excuse.

It was when I appealed to him in behalf of Helen Newby that he first felt my words. Then he shrank as if I had struck him. I pitied the man as I left him, bewailing his sorrows in a fashion I had seen in him once or twice in college, his hands over his face, scarcely concealing his tears. But one concession had been granted by him: he was willing that I should explain his good intentions to others, and the peculiar circumstances of his previous engagement, as his excuse for the course now pursued. It was a poor apology, but there was no other.

Matters progressed rapidly. I tried to say very little, but Mrs. Tibbles had a talk with Malcolm, and in various ways the truth became known. The Vermont temper was quick and active. The rose would not be talked about, quietly. It was a word and a flash, apparently. There was the rumble of getting a trunk through the hall, and then a hack came to the door in the evening, and she had gone home for her vacation, a week before the school term ended. There was no good-by.

Next morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Tibbles tried to allude to the departure politely, as if it had not been abrupt; but there was constraint about the talk.

The tide turned very strongly against Malcolm.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Bruce," asked Gilman, when we were grouped in my room, "that it is the right thing to step out of this, because of some nonsense nine years ago with another girl?"

"But, Mr. Gilman, Mr. Gilman, it was a sacred promise," protested Malcolm.

"Do you mean to say," blazed Gilman, lifting his six feet to an accusing attitude, and shaking his index finger at the Scotchman, "that you have a right to treat Miss Newby in this way on such a plea as that? If you do, you are not the man I took you for."

"But it was a sacred promise forever," insisted Malcolm.

"Gander-headed fool!" drawled Mull, gazing at Bruce scornfully.

For a moment I thought the Scotchman would seize him, but he did not. He rose, whether cowed or in a rage I could hardly tell, and left the room. I felt somewhat responsible for my college friend, and tried to explain that his romance at the university had been quite serious.

"His what?" questioned Mull.

"His romance, — romance," I replied, doubling the word to make it clear.

"Yes, yes, — certainly," commented Mull dryly and with a dubious air, as if the word were rather new to him. "I say, Gilman, such a man ought to be punished. I am willing to help, if you say so." But Gilman counseled moderation, remarking that Malcolm meant well.

"That is no excuse," said Mull. "There is no counting on a man who means well. That is the most dangerous element we have to deal with."

The incident of Miss Newby's departure drifted on toward forgetfulness, in the rush of city life; but it remained as a mark against Malcolm. He was no longer popular in the house. A

kind and degree of condemnation rested upon him that grieved him greatly. He suffered also, acutely, from the loss of his friend Miss Newby. When others began to forget, I could see that he did not. The fact that she did not return to resume her place in the school, when the new term commenced, brought to Malcolm an anguish of spirit. He had counted on some sort of explanation and reconciliation. The entire matter, so trifling in the lives and thought of others, was of vast moment to him. When months passed, and others had become indifferent to the transaction, Malcolm was still brooding over the wrong he had done, and the hurt to his friend and his own integrity. He confided the idea to me that it might still be possible to get some word of Anna Warrington, and have such communication with her as would honorably release him, so that he could visit Helen and seek her in marriage. That Anna, if discovered, might not consent was among his fears. Yet he thought correspondence with the two relatives in Burlington worth trying. It might be possible, he hoped, to gain information from them in regard to the whereabouts of Anna Warrington. With my approval he opened such a correspondence. His inquiries were carefully worded; no special reason for desiring the information was given.

The answer was cautious in the extreme. No hint of the intelligence desired was conveyed. It was apparent to me that there was a something in the case which they were guarding. I saw that entire frankness on our part would be required, if any light was to be obtained. But there was an excellent reason why such a method should not be resorted to. It would be an acknowledgment of an obligation where in truth none existed. Such a concession in writing, with its risk of entanglement, would not be prudent. If Malcolm could meet Miss Warrington alone, and

free his conscience (or even talk with Miss Mary), I saw no objection to it. But it seemed dangerous, in the darkness surrounding the affair, to put anything on paper. I suggested that he might employ a detective, but he did not.

Thus the matter rested until a year had passed away. Malcolm was in the mean time bearing his loneliness and self-accusation as thousands bear similar burdens along the crowded streets. He was becoming thin, and acquiring that alert, worn, and anxious look which characterizes the stereotyped city face.

Early in March, an event occurred which threw a vivid ray across the path of my college friend. In my round of circuits, I was on duty in a curious case in the city of Hudson, thirty miles below Albany. A woman had deceived an entire community. Coming to a little village in Columbia County, she had, though a stranger, obtained money and goods, and lived in a style of unusual magnificence. She was the leader of society, and foremost in all benevolent enterprises. It was merely the confidence game extended so as to include many victims. The woman was without a penny of her own, but borrowed quite large amounts. When after eight months the town awoke, and each loser confessed how he had been manipulated, an uprising of the people took place, and this "operator" was, after preliminary formalities, brought to trial.

As the woman was brought from the jail into the court-room, I felt a slight shock of recognition flash through me. It was but a minor event in the midst of more serious matters. Yet it was important, for if I could trust my senses the woman was Anna Warrington. But for a while I suspected that this was merely an instance of similarity in appearance.

The trial began near evening. I had time, after the adjournment, to run up to Albany by a late train, and the next

morning I got Malcolm to return with me to Hudson. He was much excited when he learned of my discovery. I placed him in a convenient seat, and we had to wait but a few moments before the defendant came in with the officers. The trial had attracted a crowd. Many stood up to get a view of the woman's face, and among these was Malcolm. I watched him. Suddenly, as she appeared, he became pale, and sat down. Then the court reproved the people for rising, and all sank abashed into their seats. Malcolm could now see her clearly, and I noticed that a red tide surged over his features. There was no difficulty about the identity. The maiden name of the defendant was ascertained for me by an attorney. It was Anna Warrington. She was tried as Mrs. Anna Patterson, having been married four years, though now a widow.

While I was busy with the trial, Malcolm left the court-room and returned to Albany. But before going he wrote on a scrap of paper the words, "She is the devil's own," and sent it to me by a court officer.

His judgment was, perhaps, hasty. The woman was finally acquitted, on proof given by friends from her home in New Jersey to the effect that she was unbalanced in mind, and actually believed the statements (concerning her own great wealth and other matters) by which she had so strangely won the confidence of others. Medical experts confirmed this singular view. Some of the spectators did not agree with the verdict of acquittal; but events in the life of the defendant, and especially her exploits in New York city (made known upon the trial), tended to confirm the theory of the experts and relatives.

At the close of the proceedings, I noticed Miss Mary among those who came forward and gathered around the woman just acquitted. It was plain enough now why Anna had disappeared so suddenly, and why her Burlington

friends had been so reticent. Miss Warrington had been no end of trouble from the time of her first disappointment. With strange inconstancy she would win confidences only to forget them.

"She will melt your very heart and soul with love, pity, and tenderness," was the testimony of a poor milliner, who had loaned Anna all her savings.

Possibly the doctors were in error, but their theory was plausible. They claimed that Anna's brilliancy, pathos, and power of persuasion were the outcome of a slightly disordered intellect and a wounded heart. Having gained the love she craved of one, she would, with the inconstancy of a mind diseased, turn elsewhere and repeat the achievement.

On returning to Albany, I found Malcolm on a high horse. He announced that he had been misled, and repeated that the girl was "the devil's own." He consented to the appropriate modifications, however, when I suggested expressions more in accordance with the verdict. It was a great pleasure to see how he held up his head again. His youth came back remarkably in a few days.

"What is he going to do about it?" asked Mull, with a good deal of interest, in my room.

"I understand he is going to Vermont," suggested Gilman. "Mrs. Tibbles says that Miss Newby is at home, and I saw Bruce ordering some new clothes."

"What does he want of clothes?" queried Mull. "He ought to get down in the dust and black her shoes."

Malcolm's joy was of short duration. A sorrow came before he was quite ready to go to Vermont. Its step was quiet, but its power irresistible. There was a tap at the window of the basement dining-room, where Mrs. Tibbles and I were eating breakfast. I never did like that way of taking in letters from the postman, directly off the sidewalk, but it was the custom of the house. The waitress unbolted the sash

and slid it down an inch, and in came the white envelope, landing on the floor. The letter was picked up, and the postman, whose legs only were visible to our basement view, passed on. The missive proved to be for Mrs. Tibbles, and she opened it. Out came the neat little engraved cards, tied with white satin ribbon, the wedding-reception invitation and all the requirements; and we knew that our Vermont Helen was disposed of to a stranger.

It was a shock to both of us. I was glad that only Mrs. Tibbles and I were present. The little woman began to tremble as she held the smooth, creamy stationery, and thought of what it all meant, and before I knew it she was softly and silently shedding tears. I had not given her credit for so much feeling.

"After all," said Mrs. Tibbles, swallowing her emotion, "Helen could not wait forever. It is thirteen months since she left Albany."

"Thirteen?" I questioned, not knowing what to say.

"Yes; it will be thirteen months day after to-morrow," she replied, with the accuracy of a housekeeper who gets her pay. "But I did not think Helen could ever marry anybody but Malcolm. It will be a terrible blow to him."

I did not wish to see how Malcolm would receive the intelligence; I knew the depth of his feeling and his impulsive nature: therefore I left the breakfast-table rather hastily before he came down, feeling that Mrs. Tibbles was the proper person to do what could be done. That she made it known to him in some way in the course of the day I came to understand before the next morning. Those sounds which came from Malcolm's room were not to be mistaken. His stern, set face, already blue and haggard, startled me when I saw him the second day. He had avoided all of us since the cards came, and he avoided me now. I yearned to speak to him, but I

knew his pride, and he plainly eluded my footsteps. Mrs. Tibbles came to my room for an interview, and tearfully besought me to do something for Malcolm. She said he would die, that he was dying, and that he might shoot himself, citing several cases just then reported in the New York dailies. I was not alarmed, but I promised to do what I could.

In the afternoon of the third day Mull came back from New York, and, dropping into my room, asked casually, "How is everything?" He had been gone during the trouble. "Anything about Bruce?" he continued. "I saw him out here by the corner, and he looked as if he had just got up from a fit of sickness."

I told Mull the circumstances. His face showed concern, and he made some inquiries. I stepped down-stairs to Mrs. Tibbles, and got the envelope and cards to show to him. He looked at them for a moment; his face began to wrinkle, and he burst into laughter.

I was, naturally, abashed and indignant.

"When did these come?" asked Mull, leering at me.

I told him the day and hour of the arrival.

"Well, they were *mailed* on the 1st," he said, "although it took them until the next morning to get here."

"Mailed on the 1st?" I questioned, not seeing the point.

"Yes, the 1st of April," he replied. "It was fair game. It was All Fools' Day."

For a moment I was struck dumb. Could this be true? Then I clutched eagerly at the chance of reprieve for Malcolm which Mull's words offered.

"Do you know anything about this?" I demanded.

"I wrote *that*," he replied, turning the envelope over and pointing to the address, which seemed to be in a fine feminine hand.

Mull was "square business" according to his code. I knew his word could be taken in such a matter.

"I had better call Mrs. Tibbles," I suggested.

"Yes, if you wish to," he responded, as if the affair were of no importance.

I stepped down the stairs and called her, and she came to my room. As she entered, I said: "Mr. Mull knows something about these cards."

I saw by the quick flush which spread over her face how sensitive she was upon the subject.

"Mrs. Tibbles," explained the lobbyist, with an air of nonchalance, "I sent these cards, or got them sent, on the 1st of April, and it was just a little joke on Malcolm. He deserved it. The boys fixed them for me down at the printing-office, where they print so many. I sent the letter to be mailed in Vermont by a conductor on the railroad. You can see, if you look close, that the postmark is Rutland. It has not been within fifty miles of Helen, so far as I know."

The landlady turned pale as she stood staring at Mr. Mull. For a moment I thought she would fall, and I put out a hand to save her; but the next moment she burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping, while she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Mull, Mr. Mull!" and turned and left the room.

A few minutes later Gilman came in, and we discussed the situation.

"It is not *newspaper*, you understand," explained Mull.

"Certainly, I will not mention it," said Gilman; and he added, after a long, expressive, whistling "Whew!" the question, "Won't there be a time when Malcolm hears of this!"

There was no opportunity to answer the question, for just then the front door was slammed, and we knew Malcolm had come in for the evening. His heavy footstep did not come up the stairs. There was a little talking in the hall, and

then the voices passed into the parlor. In a few moments we heard him raging, and all of us went down. The parlor door was ajar, and I pushed it open. There stood Malcolm, with the light from a window full upon his face.

"I wull, I wull go this very day, Mrs. Tibbles!" he shouted, with the strong Scotch accent which overtook him in his emotional moments. As little Mrs. Tibbles danced around him, wiping her eyes with her apron, and putting her hands on his arm from time to time, trying to persuade him to wait, he waxed more and more earnest and furious. "I ha' been a poltroon, a sneaking villain, Mrs. Tibbles," he stormed, "and I canna' sleep intil I make reeparation!"

The strong lashings around his mouth were drawn in furrows, his eyes flashed through tears, his chin trembled, and his whole frame quivered, as he made these charges against himself. Neither he nor the landlady seemed to care anything about the rest of us.

"That is right, Bruce; you talk up like a man, now," said Mull; but no one appeared to hear him.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Gilman, "we have no business here;" and thereupon we withdrew considerably, closing the parlor door behind us and going up-stairs to our rooms.

"Mull, that was pretty rough," said Gilman.

"Yes, he needed it," answered the other.

The next morning when we sat down to breakfast, Mr. Mull inquired, "Has Mr. Bruce gone yet?"

The mere mention of the subject melted good Mrs. Tibbles. She ceased pouring the coffee, and began to wipe her eyes.

"He went last night by the eleven o'clock run," volunteered Gilman.

"I never could help liking the young man," conceded Mr. Mull in a conciliatory manner, glancing at the landlady,

"although I cannot say I respect his understanding."

"He has an excellent mind, Mr. Mull, and a good, true, noble heart," protested Mrs. Tibbles with almost a sob.

"Good, true what?" asked Mr. Mull, with that obstinate inability to understand which was one of his customary weapons.

"Heart, — *heart!* Did you ever hear of such a thing?" explained Gilman in an irritated tone.

Here the conversation ended.

As it turned out, Malcolm Bruce did not appear again among us. He found quarters at another place, on the same street but farther north, whither he went when he came back from Vermont. His trunk and books were sent to him. I was glad indeed to learn by an explanation from Mrs. Tibbles that Malcolm's bull of excommunication did not extend to her or to me.

"I think it is Mr. Mull," said the landlady, with a distressed face.

Anxious to see my friend and learn of his journey, I called on him at once, in his new abode. He had chosen well; and as he took me to his room, I could not but congratulate him on his pleasant surroundings and the change he had made. I saw in a moment that his errand had been successful. He was brimming over with good feeling; I had never seen that toss of the head and grip of the lips which characterized him in moments of success so observable as now. He intimated, with an air of triumph, that Mr. Mull had better not be too free with his jokes.

I learned afterward, from other sources, the entire history of Malcolm's journey and the full secret of his elation. It appeared that the scenes in Vermont had been as dramatic as those in Albany. He made his first application to the Rev. Mr. Newby, Helen's father. The old gentleman was overwhelmed, when called into his parlor, at meeting a pow-

erful young man in what was almost a convulsion of feeling, and with a wildness of manner that was startling in the extreme. But Malcolm managed to explain himself, and almost literally went down on his knees in penitence and humiliation, as he told the minister his story. He could not have done a better thing for himself in the way of gaining the approbation of the father of his beloved.

Strange to say, the old gentleman sided with Malcolm's original scruples, upon hearing the facts, and honored him for his long waiting and conscientious forbearance. As the matter was talked over between them and more fully explored, the Reverend Newby became proud of the young man, and was glad to know that amid the recking corruption of New York politics there had still been one saving element, one righteous man, in our capital city, — which municipality, by the way, the Reverend Newby had the grace to allude to frequently in his conversation as Gomorrah on the Hudson. I think he got the verbal notion from Bingen on the Rhine, which Helen used to sing to him.

It need hardly be said that Helen very naturally took the same view as her father, and exalted to a place among the stars the hero who had escaped the snares we had so wickedly laid for his conscience, — on her account. The first hint I had of this Newbian view, so to speak, came from Malcolm himself. He said to me: —

"After all, I am so glad I knew about it before I ventured to act. Perhaps it would have been no wrong against any man or woman if I had gone forward before; but it was all done from the beginning with prayers and promises to the Almighty, mind ye, and would it not have been a lie to him, though it were no wrong to any, think ye?"

He asked this with such a look of awe upon his face, and so much feeling, that

I thought it better not to discuss the question. But I remember that after being thus reproved, as it were, I soon bade him good-day, and walked away with the thought in my mind that though one should bray Malcolm in a mortar with a pestle, his peculiar notions would not depart from him.

In talking with Mull about him that evening, I mentioned the question Malcolm had raised. The third-house man seemed irritated by what I told him. He said: "Bruce is a dangerous man. There is no knowing what he may do. It is not safe to have him in the department. I know who got him in as clerk, and I know how to get him out."

Mull was not a man to talk at random, and I knew his power. But as it turned out there was no reason for apprehension. Within three weeks of the time when the conversation I have given was held, Malcolm hinted to me triumphantly that he had better business in view than being clerk in Albany. It was when I encountered him, one morning, in the green suburbs, out for his early walk.

"Just think of it," he exclaimed with startling energy, after he had told of his better chance and that he had secretly determined on going, "the ras-

cals here tax a man's salary for election expenses!"

"And you will not submit to it?" I ventured.

"Not while my name is Bruce," he responded.

I felt that he was right this time, and shook him warmly by the hand while I commended his resolution.

"This is not a place for an honest man, sir; Albany is no place at all," he continued, soaring above me in a spiritual sense, as if he were giving me guidance and instruction. It may have been a faint tinge of resentment on my part at his air of superiority that led me to think I detected an attempt at statesmanship in his speech. Perhaps it was an unconscious imitation, but I certainly seemed to hear an echo of that ding-dong oratory with which I was painfully familiar.

We stood it as well as we could when Malcolm shook off the dust of his feet against the city. He gained a better position in New England than he had in Albany. It must be confessed that a blight, slight but perceptible, came upon the house of Tibbles, when it was known that Malcolm and the Vermont rose would visit us no more.

P. Deming.

BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

V.

DUTCH, ENGLISH, AMERICAN, ITALIAN, AND GERMAN WORKS IN THE MU- SEUM OF FINE ARTS.

It was a great piece of good fortune for Boston that Mr. Stanton Blake should have had the happy idea of buying ten Dutch paintings at the sale, which took place in 1880, at the palace of San Donato, when the art collections

of the spendthrift Prince Demidoff were dispersed, and that he should have made the Museum of Fine Arts the home of these valuable works. The examples of Teniers and Metsu are of the very first order, and the canvases by Ruysdael and Cuyp, though not equal in importance to many of the landscapes by these masters to be seen in European galleries, are still what may be called representative works, and convey to the vision of the untraveled spectator an accurate

idea of the style and scope of their respective authors. Altogether this group of ten pictures¹ is of incalculable worth to a community so needy as this in respect to good art, and it would be hard to exaggerate if one were pressing the need of cherishing these precious old works. The *Interior of a Butcher's Shop*, by the younger Teniers, is a good specimen of the exquisite art of this delightful master of *genre*; there are few finer Teniers anywhere, certainly none even remotely approaching it in this country. Imagine a brown interior, where the huge carcass of a just-butchered ox hangs by its hind-legs in the foreground. All the red and yellow hues of the meat, all the inside structure of the creature, are exposed; the carcass is held open by a horizontal stick, over which hangs a clean white towel. To say that this is superlatively well done is but little; it makes one realize that an ox's skinned and dressed carcass is a beautiful object in color. There really is nothing, or next to nothing, which cannot be made to seem beautiful in one way or another, when seen aright, — that is, in an artistic way. Where else shall you find such red and pale yellow tones, so various, fresh, rich, and deep? There is absolutely no suggestion of paint in it. The meat is wholly meat, with its appropriate form, textures, and hues. The entrails have been removed, but the suet remains. The hide and horns lie on the floor at the left. The head, *sans* skin except at the muzzle, is on a bench, above which hangs the tongue on a nail. A dog is drinking blood from a shallow brown dish on the floor, which catches the drip from the carcass. At the right, a clumsily built blonde wench (called "a young and pretty girl" in the San Donato

catalogue), in a costume of gray, white, and blue, bends over a block, where she is engaged in cleaning the ox's lungs and liver. Beyond her, a man is seen just going out of a door. Still farther back on the same side is a wide chimney-place, where a fire burns briskly. In front of it stands a second man, who holds a glass of liquor in one hand and a pipe in the other, and turns to speak to a homely and stupid-looking woman servant in a dark green gown and black jacket, holding a brown earthen jug in her right hand. There are various minor objects — a wild duck, a cabbage leaf, household utensils, etc. — scattered about the spacious room, which is lighted from the front and the right. The tones of warm brown in the smooth and shining walls are of an exquisite quality, and masterly is the way in which the whole composition is united by the vivid yet delicate chiaroscuro, bringing all the elements of the scene into perfect harmony. Nothing is neglected, no difficulties are evaded; everything has its right value, its legitimate importance in relation to the whole, its characteristic expression; each detail is quite completed without loss of breadth in the *ensemble*, and no more trace of labor appears in all this than if it had been a vision breathed upon the panel. It is impossible to contemplate such a mature work of art without doing homage to the author of it, remembering with gratitude the generosity of the American gentleman to whose patriotism its presence here is due, and wishing heartily that there were more students sufficiently endowed with a genuine taste for the art to appreciate it and benefit by it.

But let us now pass on to an even greater man than Teniers, and glance at *The Usurer* of Gabriel Metsu. This

¹ The *Interior of a Butcher's Shop*, by David Teniers; *Fruit and Vegetables*, by Willem Kalf; *Vase of Flowers*, by Jan van Huysum; *The Usurer*, by Gabriel Metsu; *Skirt of the Forest*, by Jacob van Ruysdael; *The Ruined*

Cottage, by Jacob van Ruysdael (the figures by Philip Wouwermans); *Dordrecht*, by Aelbert Cuyp; *Soap Bubbles*, by Gaspard Netscher; *The Jealous Husband*, by Nicholas Maas; *Still-Life*, by Simon Verelst.

is an interior with two figures; dimensions twenty-six by thirty inches. The figures are about fifteen inches high. In the centre sits the usurer, an old man, with gray, almost white hair and beard, and a weather-beaten, brown, and wrinkled face. He wears a red cap, a chocolate-brown coat, partly covered by a dull brown cloak which falls from his left shoulder, and a white neckerchief. He holds in his rough but skillful right hand a pair of scales, while with the left he lifts a gold coin which he is about to weigh. He looks up with a hard expression at a visitor who has just entered, and who stands at his left, — a disconsolate widow, who weeps as she holds up to his gaze a parchment with seals attached. She wears a blue skirt, brown waist and overskirt, and white cap with black trimmings. Upon one arm she carries a covered basket, and with her right hand she dries her tears with a handkerchief. In front of the old money-lender is a table covered by a cloth of red, with stripes of varying shades of brown. On this table are heaps of gold and silver coin, a piece of white paper, some chamois cloth, an iron-bound leather coffer, and beyond, a silver dish. The light comes from an unseen window at the left, and falls directly on the table, above which hangs a dark green curtain with a gold fringe. At the left of the background is a cabinet, on which are account-books, papers, etc.; further to the right is a painting of Bacchus, in a black frame; and at the extreme right is an arched doorway, dimly seen in the shadow. The walls are of a cool brown, verging upon a dark olive tone. The interest centres naturally upon the usurer's face and figure and the objects on his table. The lighting is beyond all praise. The textures, as for example of the coin, the strong-box, the table-cloth, are marvelously felt. The color is of an indescribable depth and brilliancy; and it is particularly well worth while to call at-

tention to the old man's head, the character and expression of which are likely to impress themselves strongly upon the memory. Is it any wonder that Fromentin calls the art of these Dutch genre painters a model art; that he refers to Metsu with Terburg and De Hoogh as the best and the most learned draughtsmen of their school; or that he, the most searching and severe of critics, should say of this trio's works that "the color, the *chiaroscuro*, the modeling of the well-filled surfaces, the play of the surrounding air, finally the workmanship, — that is to say the operations of the hand, — all are perfection and mystery"? Perfection and mystery! — yes, that is true of every great work of art, because it reflects truthfully the greater perfection and mystery of nature. This beautiful picture of Metsu's has been reproduced in an engraving by Flameng. It is, without contradiction, the bright, particular star of the group.

The landscape called *The Skirt of the Forest*, by Jacob Ruysdael, represents a lonesome spot, where a narrow stream winds through the country by the edge of a wood of beeches, oaks, and alders which closes in the left of the composition. On the dark surface of the water three ducks swim and some weeds and snags float. At the right is a mossy bank, with trees here and there, and the solitary figure of a fisherman. The foliage, it is almost needless to remark, is drawn with the minute precision of the old schools. The sky is of a fine, tender quality of blue, with gray cumuli, the tops and right sides of which are illuminated by a mellow, warm light. This note is very happy, but the total impression of the work is sombre. In the drawing of the trees, in the well-calculated contrasts of light and dark, in the grave but rich browns and grays, and above all in the profound feeling of melancholy and retirement, no one can fail to recognize the characteristics of

the greatest Dutch landscapist. The Ruined Cottage would be of great interest without the figures painted in by Wouwermans, yet it is incontestable that the figures, small as they are, and well subordinated, aid the composition, by becoming, as it were, a part of the landscape. They look, as Millet said, not as if brought together by accident, for the moment, but as if they had among themselves an innate and necessary connection. The landscape fills the eye, and no one cares to notice what the figures are doing, — a fortunate circumstance, since their occupations are as far as possible from romantic, whereas the picture as a whole is full of romantic feeling. You must fancy a thoroughly ruined old farmhouse, the roof three quarters gone, a wing reduced to a heap of *débris*, and a good, substantial, inhabited modern farmhouse just beyond it at the right. A traveler has halted and dismounted near the abandoned house, and stands with his back towards us, while a boy holds his gray horse, and a valet sits hard by, watching over his master's personal effects. Towards the left, two figures are dimly seen in a meadow in the middle distance, and the landscape retires to a blue line, broken by intervening trees. The sky is somewhat like that in the other Ruysdael, but better, the lights very keen and bright, the clouds moving, the tones of bluish-gray extremely choice and delicate, the feeling of changeable weather very marked; the whole life of the picture, in a word, is in this breezy and cloud-filled sky. The play of light and shade in the foreground, where a stray gleam of sunshine strikes upon the cloaked cavalier and his horse, leaving the rest of the objects in comparative obscurity, is highly effective; there is an alluring mystery in this delusive half light among the ruins of the cottage and among the trees; and how superbly the great artist has placed side by side these grave and sonorous tones of brown and gray which

alternate and support each other throughout this beautiful work! — now, alas not in so perfect a condition as might be wished, owing to a provoking bloom of the varnish on its surface.

As to the Cuypp, it is universally admired; there is no gainsaying its beauty, or the tender and mellow charm of its amber atmosphere; yet — shall I dare to own it? — though it was the first to please me, it was also the first of which I began to tire. Cuypp was certainly great in his line, and this is a fair example of his art. "In a meadow near the Meuse," says the San Donato catalogue in its delightfully precise description, "a brown cow with a white head is smelling of some thistles." And so forth, and so on, — the yellow cow, the black cow with white marks, the red cow, and the rest, all arranged as pictorially as possible; in point of fact, do not the English cattle-painters to this day follow Cuypp's grouping more or less closely? Then comes the quiet river, and, in the distance, the town of Dordrecht, in silhouette against a sky filled with the soft golden light that Cuypp knew so well how to bring down like a thin veil upon his landscapes.

Maas's picture of *The Jealous Husband* depicts that historical personage in the act of sneaking down one of those quaint and shadowy spiral stairways (so effectively introduced by Maas's master, Rembrandt, in his picture of *The Philosopher in Meditation*, in the Louvre), bound to interrupt an interesting chat between his wife and a young man. The old man, however, seems to belie the title of the picture by the expression of pleasure on his wrinkled and not too prepossessing countenance. The work is upright in form, dark, and rather soft in handling, far inferior to the work of Teniers and Metsu in every respect.

Netscher's picture represents two plump children blowing soap bubbles from an open window, which is decorated with two allegorical caryatides of

Freedom and Servitude, and with a low relief representing Cupids at play. Netscher probably repeated this subject, with slight variations, more than once, for there is a similar painting by him in the National Gallery, London. He appears to have been very fond of painting statuary and reliefs, and met with better success in that particular than in the treatment of living forms.

Of the masterly still-life pictures by Kalf, Van Huysum, and Verelst, it would be hard to say which is the best. Van Huysum is assuredly the most admired, but his preëminence may be disputed. In the judgment of some intelligent observers, Kalf's quinces, gourds, melons, asparagus, peaches, plums, grapes, figs, etc., are painted with more affection, and consequently more art, than Van Huysum's faultily faultless flowers, from whose petals innumerable visitors have tried in vain to wipe away the painted drops of dew.

Aside from the San Donato group a dozen other works of the Dutch and Flemish school claim our attention. A small but undoubtedly genuine painting by Rubens is the Bacchus with Attendant Fawn and Satyr, which gives an excellent idea of its author's style, color, and execution. Already overcome by wine, the fat young god, crowned with the grape-leaf wreath, lolls in the arms of his favorite comrades, one on either side, as naked as himself. He is the epitome of flesh, with the proportions of a prize pig, a sodden face marked with the signs of a thousand debauches, and a wandering, weak, and watery gaze. At the left of the trio lurks a tiger. The landscape, which from the darkest shadows at the right of the composition grows lighter towards the left, is full of rarely beautiful browns and greens. The painting of the figure of Bacchus is fluent, fat, magical in its flesh tones. Nothing could be more perfect in the way of workmanship, and Rubens's mastery is here exhibited on a small scale

as conclusively as in his greatest canvases. Van der Helst was one of those worthy and admirable Dutch painters who applied all the science of an incomparable school to the simplest and most satisfactory sort of portraiture. His portrait of a burgomaster, a dark, sober, reserved work, almost wholly without other colors than black, white, and brown, is sound, dignified, and complete. This is the face of a hard-headed, practical, healthy, well-to-do gentleman, with all the enviable serenity of his race, but without a trace of stupidity or of vulgarity. A black, soft hat and a black cloak, with a white ruffled collar, set off the brown flesh of the weather-beaten and dignified face and of the competent hands. The Head of a Girl, by Grimani, is delightfully quaint and pretty. It has an exaggerated Rembrandtesque effect of light and dark which pleasantly stirs the imagination. The head, seen in profile, is all in shadow save a plump rosy cheek, a delicate ear, a lovely neck, and a mass of golden hair drawn into a cunning knot. Cuypp's portrait of his daughter, on the contrary, introduces to us a positively ugly person, whose rich dress only emphasizes her lack of beauty. Her costume consists of a silk gown of pale rose color, with a wide lace collar and a pearl necklace, further ornamented by roses on her bosom and in her hair. She holds a basket of fruit in her lap. The background is a landscape; the figure is life-size and half-length; and the color is not especially good. The oddly named Venus and Mars, from the Sumner collection, is ascribed to Terburg, not without some reasonable doubt. It is a Dutch cabinet picture of a stout and stupid officer and a coquettish woman who aims a killing side-glance at him. A hag, a Cupid, and a hound complete the group, which is as ill composed as possible, and almost as void of meaning. Parts of the work are finely executed, but the theory that it is by Terburg needs the support of strong

external testimony. Metsu's *Woman in Confinement* appears to be a masterpiece of painting, but is constantly hung so high, presumably from motives of delicacy, that it is impossible to pronounce on its merits with any positiveness. There are a few things that might well be left unpainted, and doubtless this subject is one of them. There is nothing to be said of Adam Pynacker's *Landscape*, with its golden sky, brown cliffs, romantic design, and high finish, except that it is an inferior example of a superior school. David Vinckenboons's *A Fight with Death* is a curious and horrible scene. The *Destroyer*, represented by a skeleton, and armed with a bow and arrows, approaches a crowd of gayly dressed people, who have been making merry, and now are panic-stricken at his coming. Some of them turn to seek safety in flight or in hiding, while others offer a futile resistance. Death aims his shaft, and several victims are already falling to the earth. Side by side with this grisly apparition *Father Time* advances, laying low with his irresistible scythe all who come in his way. In the distance, a frightened herd of brutes in full flight try to escape the common doom. The mediæval spirit of this parable is impressive in its earnestness. Jacob van Artois's large *Landscape with Figures* possesses some marked merits of foreground, but is spoiled by a weak and conventional sky. A mass of dark trees rises at the right, and some peasants and goats are dimly seen on a road which is shaded by the wood. At the left, a lake, a church spire, and blue hills lead the sight away to a disappointing horizon. If the *Sea Piece* attributed in the catalogue to Adrian van der Velde be by any member of that family, it must be by Willem van der Velde; but he was a painter of so much ability that it would be more respectful to conclude that this very commonplace marine, pale, colorless, uninspired, and uninteresting, was in fact not the handiwork

of any Van der Velde. Van Huysum's *Fruit and Flowers* is another respectable specimen of mechanical art, which age has covered with a uniform veil of saffron. Grapes, peaches, plums, oranges, chestnuts, a glass of wine, a butterfly, a knife, etc., all are mimicked artfully, but without the gusto that is needed to make them beautiful. Kierinx's *The Ferry*, a large landscape with figures; Boël's *Flower Piece*, a big, dark composition in the style of *Snyders*; Van Eeckhout's *Guard Room*, a third-rate genre with five small figures of soldiers; and finally Simon de Vlieger's *Marine*, describing an absurd fleet on an impossible sea, conclude my list of Dutch and Flemish pictures, in the enumeration of which no effort at chronological order has been made: because, first, I wished to consider the *San Donato* group by itself; and secondly, for the reason that the greatest of the Netherlands appeared almost simultaneously, made their exits in the same way, and, taking all the secrets of their art with them, left the world to wonder evermore at their genius.

The English school, which was famous once, and may be so again, begins here with Sir Peter Lely, who, like Van Dyck and many other ornaments of the school, was an adopted, not a native, Englishman. Sir Peter knew how to please the belles of Charles II.'s time better than any one else. His portrait of the *Duchess of Cleveland* presents to our notice an amusing person, who holds an arrow, and is feeling of its point, evidently borrowing all the arts and weapons of Love, while she levels a murderous glance at her intended victim, and smiles with an indescribable air of experienced coquetry. She is plentifully besprinkled with powder, displays a neck and breast of rotund proportions, and her hair is arranged crisply in little curls all over her head. She wears white, of course, and a neat breadth of light-green drapery floats

about her form in a way which indicates two things, — a breeze and Sir Peter's consciousness of his ability in the treatment of such accessories. His Portrait of Sir Charles Hobby is chiefly noticeable on account of a big wig and the wearer's air of mingled dignity and stupidity.

The greatest of English portrait-painters and the whilom head of the British school is represented by a Portrait of Miss Louisa Pyne, a plain little girl, who sits with her hands crossed in her lap, and casts a demure side-glance at somebody. The costume is of a yellow hue, which matches her hair, and of bronze colored stuff, with a bead necklace. In the arrangement, the lighting, the expression of personality, the accomplished limner makes his art evident. The mellow golden tone, the softness of lines, and the sympathetic character of the work, all call to mind the lamented George Fuller. Sir Joshua's study for *The Banished Lord*, in which a keen personal quality is felt, and in the dramatic manner of its lighting suggests a souvenir of Rembrandt, is another valuable example of the famous Englishman. The portrait of Charles James Fox ascribed to Gainsborough represents that statesman arrayed in a scarlet coat, and with a most amiable expression, but innocent of the least suspicion of intelligence. The portrait of Benjamin West by Lawrence, which describes a mild, gentle old man in a morning robe, is not well enough painted to demand more than a passing notice, and in no sense represents the distinguished painter.

Not far away hang two canvases from the hand of the founder of the modern landscape school, John Constable, who, as the connecting link between the great Dutchmen, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Cuyper, and their contemporaries, and the Frenchmen of 1830, Rousseau, Dupré, Troyon, sheds an eternal lustre upon English art. As each country has a nature

peculiar to itself, so it raises up sons who are able lovingly to paint its skies, woods, fields, hills, valleys, rivers, and sea-coasts even as they are, to filial eyes unlike the landscape of any other part of the earth. What Ruysdael did for Holland, Constable did for England and Corot for France. "Old John" was the first man to represent those effects of "umbrella weather" which make England so beautiful, — dark clouds laden with rain moving over the verdant face of the country, with the sun bursting forth, or about to burst forth, in an opening; in a word, those transient aspects which are the life of landscape art, because they suggest the infinite variety of nature. Constable's straightforward, simple, and manly method is an unmistakable sign of the genuineness of these two small works, *His Native Village* and *Rochester Castle*. The former is a strong sketch of a dark-green meadow, rising in a gentle slope to a wood which crowns a ridge in the shadow of gray clouds. There is a glimpse of the farmhouses of East Bergholt, a winding road, groups of fine trees, etc., in the distance. The sky is gray and white, with an area of tender blue; it has a look of changeableness, of a fleeting phase, which is equivalent to Constable's autograph on the canvas. *Rochester Castle*, also a sketch, is rich in grays and dull greens. It is a picturesque subject, blocked in rudely, but with a master's eye for values.

Three works of the British school remain to be considered, the best of which is William Etty's *Woman Reclining*, a small nude figure, thinly painted, of a pink tone, set off by white and red draperies and a foreground of brown earth. The pose is not without grace. The face is hid by the arms. It is a study of more than mediocre value. The landscape is like one of those that the old Italian masters painted, with a blue mountain in the distance. The color is full and frank. Bonington's

slight but spirited sketch of a Scene from *Gil Blas* affords not more than the vaguest idea of his powers as a painter. He was educated in France, and is highly appreciated there now, being one of the mere handful of British painters represented in the Louvre. Solitude is the appropriate name of a large landscape by Robert Barrett Browning, the son of the poet. A mountain lake lies at the foot of a range of dark cliffs, which are reflected in its placid waters. In the blue sky hangs a new moon. By the tarn's edge slender willows, rank grass, weeds, and wild flowers grow. The work is dull, sombre, and heavy, the composition disagreeable. There is a singular absence of "quality" in this painting.

There are a few American paintings to which no reference has been made in the preceding remarks about Boston painters, but not so many as there should be, not so many as there will be when we are sufficiently educated to be sensible of the merit which owes its birth to the conditions of American life, and now seems likely to be recognized first abroad, and last at home. W. L. Picknell's landscape, *The Ipswich Coast*, which came into the possession of the Museum in 1885, after having been exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1884, is the most important American landscape in the collection. It is a strong example of the modern out-door school, painted evidently in a very glaring light. It has all the sharpness, chill, aridity, clarity, and tenuity of the American atmosphere, with the sparkle and freshness of a bright day on the sea-shore. The modeling of the ground is very vigorous, and nothing is wanting but a touch of poetry, which age may give to the picture. Mr. Picknell's prose is very fine and logical, but one admires without loving it. In the foreground is a tract of white, dry sand, just above high-water mark. The coarse and spindling grass which grows on the margin

of the waste has withered here and there, forming patches of red and yellow, and elsewhere lifts its slim spears in tufts of green. The hummocks crowned by this rank grass cast bluish shadows across the sand. At the left is a small rocky elevation; at the right, a rough road winding away towards a distant bay, on the further shores of which rises the "utmost purple rim" of the hills. The sky is of a palpitating, cool blue, in which float vague clouds, silvery gray and shining where the sunlight rests upon their tops.

A Rough Day, *Harbor of Honfleur*, France, by Frank M. Boggs, is a lively marine, and well represents a province of the art in which Americans have won many laurels. The water, upon which the observer seems to look down from some high pier-head or jetty, is chopping, seething, and of a dirty cream color. The stormy sky is of a heavy slate-gray hue. A small pilot-boat sloop is bounding towards us under full sail; her hull is painted blue, and her canvas is very dark brown. Only one man, clad in a blue blouse and sou'wester, is visible on her deck. In the distance, the end of a pier is seen at the right. A small steamer tosses and tugs restlessly at her hawsers on the waves near it. At the left is a bell beacon. Gulls flying in the wind, and the smoke eddying from the steamer's funnel, emphasize the general aspect of action, briskness, breeziness. The buoyancy of the sloop, the liquid quality of the water, and the coloring generally are excellences which must promptly be recognized. The contrast between the heavy, dark sky and the luminous water is one of those abrupt effects which appear exaggerated and unnatural in a picture, but, even if a closer semblance of truth might be desirable, we are obliged to take the painter's word for the facts, knowing how well trained and artistic are Mr. Boggs's eyes. It is also worthy of remark that all he does is thoroughly his own.

Elihu Vedder's *Lair of the Sea Serpent* is not intrinsically a remarkable painting, but it was talked into celebrity when it was first exhibited, and a vast deal of fine writing was done about it. "At last," exclaimed the critics, in ecstasy, "the myth of the sea has found an interpreter." In the studios there were sarcastic allusions to the stuffed eel which had served as a model for the unknown survivor of the saurians. On the other hand, there were people sufficiently imaginative to see a pathetic yearning in the creature's gaze. The scene is a sandy waste by the sea, where reddish tufts of grass maintain a precarious existence among the dunes. It is calm and sunny weather, and the blue sea slumbers under a soft blue sky. On the sands lies coiled a colossal lead-hued snake, his head resting on a dune as he looks out over the waters. The tone of the painting is not particularly pleasant, being chiefly a combination of soft greenish blues and foxy reds. Vedder has painted many better canvases which have not been so much debated. His resources, also, are better illustrated in other works than in the *Sea Serpent*, which wants the element of mystery, and, considering the boundless capacities of the subject, displays but little invention.

A considerable number of this artist's small pictures are in the private collections of Boston, where his abilities always have been appreciated. Perhaps there is nothing better in color among his productions than the vaguely named *Two Figures*, owned by Mr. Henry Sayles. Vedder never reached his highest level of imaginative creation until he undertook the illustration of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Kháyyam. He has painted some very bad as well as some very good pictures, in his time; but in a certain weird vein of fancy he is unequaled among American artists.

Mrs. S. T. Darrah's picture of *Glass Head* is a gray and melancholy sea-

coast scene, in a manner inspired by Daubigny. The glimpse of water, with sailing craft, and of a cape beyond, has a striking verisimilitude. The work is sincere, broad, and almost masculine.

The earliest product of the pictorial art of Italy is an altar-piece of the Sieneese school of the fourteenth century, representing the entombment and assumption of the Virgin. It is a valuable and interesting specimen of the primitive art of the Renaissance. The *Pietà*, with paintings of saints on panels, by Bartoloméo Vivarini, who made the first oil-painting exhibited in Venice, is signed and dated 1485. It was first carved in wood in high relief, and then painted. The face of the Virgin, who supports the lifeless body of her Son on her lap, is full of a touching expression of grief. The whole altar-piece is about six feet square, richly ornamented and gilded, and in a good state of preservation. The small sketch of the Assumption of the Virgin, by Tintoret, which was bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. T. G. Appleton, is about thirty inches high by eighteen wide, with a rounded top. The picture, in the Jesuits' church, Venice, has been engraved by Kilian, and is eloquently described in Taine's *Italy*. Mr. Appleton had good reasons for believing that this sketch was actually the work of the fiery Venetian master, and there is nothing in the work to contradict this supposition. Carlo Maratti's *Christ and the Woman of Samaria* is an example of a second-rate old master who belonged to an epoch of decadence. It is effeminate in manner, and as to color recalls a poor specimen of Murillo. Luca Giordano, who belonged to the same era, was, however, more of a man than Maratti, and the three paintings signed by him, which have been relegated to the West room, deserve better positions. The largest composition — *The Golden Age* — contains full twenty life-size nude figures,

excellently drawn, and arranged in a large, free fashion in two main groups, one towards either extremity of the canvas. It is a pagan idyl of innocence, in which youths, maids, and jocund cherubs sport in the pleasant country. Several of the figures are full of grace, and nothing is wanting but a purer scale of color, since there is little or no evidence of that hasty execution which gained for the artist the sobriquet of *Fa Priesto*. The Eucharist is another large work, showing twelve half-length and life-size male figures grouped about the Lord, who is giving the sacramental bread to one of his disciples, kneeling with clasped hands to receive it. Some of the heads have much intelligence. The Flaying of Marsyas, which, I believe, is a replica or a variation of one of Giordano's paintings in the Naples museum, is of a brickly tone, and may be dismissed as an imitation of Ribera, whose subjects, however revolting, were painted with far greater art. Giovanni Paolo Pannini, an eighteenth-century artist who was renowned for his skill in the treatment of architectural compositions, is represented by two large paintings of interiors which are more curious than beautiful. The Roman Picture Gallery is a comprehensive souvenir of the Eternal City, a lofty hall full of arid paintings representing precisely the many historic monuments of the capital, — its pagan remains and its Christian temples, its fountains, villas, statues, castles, parks, bridges, and streets. It is almost better than an album of photographic views such as tourists bring home with them. The Interior of St. Peter's illustrates a little man's way of looking at a great subject. It is a literal, correct, painstaking, and mightily disappointing description of the vast edifice, with many little puppets, meant for people, walking about and standing in groups here and there upon the pavement. These bloodless drawings (for they can hardly be called paintings) remind

one of the apostle's words concerning the letter which killeth and the spirit which giveth life. Rome, if we may believe the countless men and women who have felt her peculiar charm, is no such insignificant locality as Pannini, with his "microscopic eye," would have us believe.

Only three pictures illustrate the German school. Cranach's Deposition from the Cross is a strong and brutal realization of a painful scene, which has been treated by countless painters without a touch of tenderness, but never with a more uncompromising literalism. The body of Jesus, an afflicting spectacle, with the bleeding spear-wound conspicuously brought to view, is surrounded by a group of eight figures. There is good work in some of these heads. The claims made by the Museum catalogue in behalf of the little picture attributed to the younger Holbein — A Donor and his two patron saints, St. Peter with the keys, St. Paul with a sword — are ingenious, and, I might add, plausible, if the author of the notes had not committed the error of characterizing the head of St. Paul as "intellectual and refined." There is nothing in the history of the work that is inconsistent with the Berlin expert's theory that it is an original Holbein, nor is there anything in the work itself, except the disproportion in respect to the size of the heads which is noticed by the catalogue editor, and occasions some doubt in his mind, to controvert the presumption of its authenticity. It is "highly finished" indeed, and "the hands . . . are so literally rendered that their truth to life can only be appreciated by looking at them with a magnifying-glass." It is also hard, severe, and angular; has absolutely no merit of expression, and none of feeling beyond its entire sincerity. Most of these qualities are not wholly incompatible with the German expert's notion. The Landscape with Figures and Goats, by Rosa di Tivoli, is a dark and chaotic picture.

Rosa di Tivoli was a German artist named Roos, who went to live at Tivoli, near Rome; hence the euphonic improvement in his name. The catalogue of the

Louvre says that he "vécut dans la débauche, et mourut dans la misère," and this painting seems to confirm the first part of the statement.

William Howe Downes.

THE MAKERS OF NEW ITALY.

THE revolution of 1848 was followed by a reaction; for a while liberalism seemed to have gained nothing. In France, a tyrannical Empire succeeded the unsteady Republic. In Austria, in Germany, the old order was restored, and its rulers thought to guard against further outbursts by a more stringent policy of repression. In Italy, the expelled princes returned to their thrones, eager to punish the subjects who had driven them out. In Piedmont alone was there a change. The young king, Victor Emmanuel, had pledged himself to uphold parliamentary government; the Piedmontese constitution was the haven of New Italy. Still more important was the appearance of a new actor on the scene, a mighty personality, the greatest of modern Italians. As always happens at the advent of an original man, circumstances hitherto chaotic and intractable began to take on order and fluency. This new leader was Count Camillo Benso di Cavour. He was born in 1810, of an old Piedmontese family, his mother being Swiss. He shared very early the patriotic aspirations of his countrymen, but he quickly perceived that Italy could never be liberated by conspirators and spasmodic agitation. So he held himself aloof from secret societies, regretting, but without surprise, the pathetic failure of one insurrection after another. He studied the constitutions of modern states; went to the root of the doctrines of political economists; traveled

in France and England; watched the operation of their laws; had a personal acquaintance with their foremost public men; measured, in brief, the social and political forces of the time. Returning to Piedmont, he devoted himself to the care of his estate, introducing the improved methods he had learned elsewhere, and mastering by actual experience the problem of agriculture, and the relations of the workers of the soil to the industrial and moneyed classes. To a superficial observer during the fourth decade of this century, Cavour would probably have appeared no more than a shrewd, practical gentleman-farmer, with a propensity for trying new tools and methods, and with English views on constitutional government and commerce. But while apparently absorbed with his tenants and his crops, he was watching the slow uncoiling of events, and with patience abiding his time. In 1847, he joined in the establishment of the *Risorgimento*, a Turin newspaper with liberal principles, and in that he began to publish political articles. He recognized the immense power which a journalist can direct, if he be sensible of his high mission and responsibility; and he afterwards declared that, next to his study of mathematics, for which he had natural aptitude, his experience in journalism had been the best preparation for his work as a statesman. That work may fitly be dated from January 7, 1848, when he closed an address before a deputation come from

Genoa to exploit their grievances, as follows: "I propose that we beg of the sovereign the inestimable benefit of a public discussion before the country, — a discussion in which may be represented all the opinions, all the interests, all the needs, of the nation. *I propose that we demand a constitution.*" To those who heard that proposal, Cavour's temerity seemed amazing; yet within two months Charles Albert granted the constitution, and pledged the house of Savoy to maintain a liberal government. Cavour strenuously urged the prosecution of the war against Austria, and even the disaster of Novara did not discourage him. From that cruel experience he learned the terms on which the hope of Italy might finally be realized. He was soon so conspicuous in the new Parliament that when a vacancy occurred in the cabinet by the death of Santa Rosa, some of the ministers suggested Cavour's name to Victor Emmanuel. "Take care what you wish to do!" exclaimed the king, who, though young, was already remarkable for his perspicuity in reading men. "Cavour will soon dominate all of you; he will send you about your business, and will be Prime Minister himself." On October 11, 1850, Cavour entered the cabinet as Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. The king's prediction was quickly fulfilled, and for more than ten years Cavour was the Pericles of the Italians.

His policy was twofold: it aimed at the moulding of Piedmont into a strong, compact, constitutional state, which might be a model in Italy; and it aimed at interesting the foreign Powers in the Italian cause, by showing them that the Italians were capable and worthy of governing themselves. From his youth up, he had calmly measured the obstacles to be surmounted before his country could become independent. He saw that foreign assistance would be absolutely necessary, and that it would not

avail unless the Italians themselves did their full part in the work of emancipation. They could not use freedom which came to them as a gift; it must be earned. Neither did he deceive himself as to the means to be employed. Nothing could be accomplished by deploring the poor weapons within reach, and moping because better were not furnished; he set to work resolutely with what he had. To cry aloud for justice moved not the oppressors, nor reached the heavens. Patriotism on the lip would be impotent unless the hand held a musket. Three hundred thousand bayonets and the indifference or prejudices of Europe stood between the Italians and their independence; steel was insensible to sentiment, as, alas! so many brave, ineffectual martyrs had learned. Cavour fought his enemies with their own arms: if their choice was diplomacy, he would beat them at diplomacy; if war, he would contrive to marshal the most regiments and the heaviest guns.

He began his work by undertaking reforms at home: public schools and railroads were established, the pernicious influence of the Jesuits was curtailed, the monasteries were closed, civil marriage and a free press were introduced, the courts of justice were remodeled, and, above all and a corollary of all, the people were trained to use and respect parliamentary methods. Nor were the bettering of the army and of the commercial conditions neglected. Within a few years Europe beheld a wonderful improvement in Piedmont, a veritable regeneration, achieved by prudent, practical men who had nothing in common with the dreamers and conspirators who had before that been identified with the Italian movement. When the Crimean war broke out, involving France and England in a conflict with Russia, Cavour conceived what was perhaps the most remarkable modern instance of imagination and forethought in statesmanship, — an alliance of Pied-

mont with the Western Powers, in accordance with which he dispatched a contingent of 15,000 men to Sebastopol. That master stroke raised Piedmont to a place among the nations of Europe, and gave her a voice when their plenipotentiaries assembled at Paris to arrange the terms of peace. At the Council, on April 8, 1856, — a date not to be forgotten, — Cavour spoke; but instead of discussing the Eastern Question, he made a bold statement of the condition of Italy, declaring the oppression of the Bourbons and Austrians to be intolerable, and warning Europe that she could enjoy no tranquillity until she interfered to give justice and independence to the Italians. That speech, falling like a bomb in the midst of the conference, was the first official presentation of the Italian question to the world. Louis Napoleon, over whom Cavour's genius had great influence, vaguely hinted that something should be done. The good-will of England was secured, but the English could not be persuaded to promise armed assistance. At last, in the summer of 1858, Napoleon secretly assured Cavour that the French would coöperate in driving the Austrians out of Lombardy and Venetia, and that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic.

At the beginning of the next year, it was evident that the compact would soon be carried out. The armies were made ready in France and Piedmont; diplomatic relations with Austria became so strained that they needed but a slight jar to snap altogether; and as usual before an outbreak, feverish symptoms appeared in all parts of the Italian peninsula. Garibaldi was on the alert. Being summoned to Turin, he had an interview with Victor Emmanuel, who revealed to him the plan of the campaign, and suggested that he should organize a corps of volunteers. Garibaldi's republicanism had not abated. His favorite maxim was, *L' Italia si*

farà da sè, — Italy will work out her own salvation. He deprecated foreign assistance, and despised the compromises and expedients of statecraft. Nevertheless, now, as in 1848, he consented to serve in the ranks of a king who embodied the cause of Italian freedom. He consented; but the terms were hard, for he felt that the prestige of his name was used to attract popular support, while himself was slighted. Indeed, Cavour had a very difficult task to perform, in uniting Garibaldi and Napoleon in the same enterprise. The former detested the French Emperor, who, on his side, had no taste for revolutionary allies whom he could not overawe.

Garibaldi grumbled and was suspicious; it could not be otherwise. He censured the military enrollment, by which the best recruits — from eighteen to twenty-six years of age — were assigned to the regular army, and those younger and older to the volunteer corps. He complained that the war department and high officers tried to hamper him, although he was allowed to select most of the officers for his own troops from among his friends. In spite of his recriminations and suspicions, however, he found himself in command of a fairly equipped force of several thousand men, when the war began. His Hunters of the Alps, as the volunteer corps was named, engaged in a desultory but not ineffective warfare near Lakes Maggiore and Como, and moved eastward along the mountainous frontier, but not so rapidly as the main divisions of the allied armies, which worsted the Austrians at Montebello (May 20) and Magenta (June 4), and redeemed Lombardy in a brief campaign. On June 24 there was a general engagement at Solferino, and at nightfall the allies were victorious. It seemed now that Venice was within reach of freedom, that the object of the war would be attained. What, then, was the surprise of Europe, what were the indignation

and chagrin of the Italians, when Napoleon announced, shortly after this victory, that he would fight no more! A strange performance, indeed, that of a conqueror who, after a six weeks' campaign of triumphs, proposed an armistice to his beaten foe, and quickly arranged the terms of peace without consulting his ally! Napoleon's motives? Perplexed historians are still in dispute over them. Some surmise that Napoleon was alarmed lest his unexpected success should provoke a declaration of war from Prussia and Russia, who had been lowering and jealous. Some say that his heart was wrung by the sight of the 16,000 dead and wounded French and Piedmontese soldiers on the field of Solferino; but this theory does not accord with his previous and subsequent indifference to human suffering. Others pretend that the stubborn resistance of the Austrians warned him that the war would be long and costly, as the Quadrilateral could not easily be won. If, argue these, he had been fired by a desire to convince Europe that he was a great general, worthy of his uncle, what fitter time to desist than in the moment of glory? To continue would be to involve the risk of reverses, and the impression left by a protracted conflict would not be so brilliant. Then, too, an influential party in France had opposed the expedition from the first. "Why," they asked, "should thousands of French lives and millions of French francs be spent in fighting disinterestedly for a people too weak to fight for themselves?" If Napoleon persisted, the losses must increase, although success were purchased by them in the end. Finally, some hint that he beheld with misgiving the possibility that central and southern Italy would throw off their yoke, and combine with Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia to form a united nation of more than twenty million inhabitants: might not such a nation be an inconvenient neighbor to France?

Whatever his motive, the fact is indisputable: he made peace with the Austrian Emperor at Villafranca; Lombardy was ceded to Piedmont, but Venetia remained in bondage. By the Italians, this action was resented as treachery; and Napoleon, for his insincerity, or cunning, or weakness, whichever was the real cause, got neither the prestige nor the gratitude for which he had worked.

The peace of Villafranca cut short the war in the north; but the duchies and Tuscany were in full revolt. They had expelled their rulers, set up provisional governments, and were hurrying towards fusion with Piedmont. From Turin, Cavour had dispatched trusty emissaries to Modena, Bologna, and Florence, — where Farini, Cipriani, and Ricasoli were ably directing the revolution, — to counteract any Mazzinian designs. Napoleon entertained a chimerical scheme of establishing a confederation of these provinces, under their former governors and the honorary presidency of the Pope! But the people themselves had no liking for this arrangement, and still looked to Piedmont for guidance. Garibaldi and his Hunters, deprived of occupation in the north, turned towards Tuscany, where he expected the command of the army to be given him. The crisis was unfortunately not one where he could aid. It demanded negotiations, not arms. While he insisted that with a hundred thousand volunteers, who could easily be raised, it would be practicable to march on Rome, or to dislodge the Austrians from Venetia, Ricasoli and his colleagues saw that this rashness would ruin everything, and that only by diplomatic methods, sober, firm, and most delicate, could their aim be accomplished. Garibaldi was annoyed and suspicious. He doubted the courage of those who directed the military policy; he doubted the honesty of the political transactions. Objections to his scheme,

though presented most forcibly, could not move him. Yet it was patent that, should Austria resume the offensive, the Italians could not, single-handed, overcome her; and they would vainly ask for support from Napoleon, who was so averse from the proposed annexation that he consented to it only after long persuasion. Garibaldi, wearied at last by his failure, and smarting from the supposition that it was due to jealousy of himself, threw up his office, and withdrew to his eyrie at Caprera. In March, 1860, Tuscany, the Romagna, Parma, and Modena were peaceably annexed to Piedmont, and the new state, counting about eleven million souls, took the title of Kingdom of Italy.

Cavour had resigned the premiership when Napoleon broke faith at Villafranca.¹ For several months, a ministry presided over by Rattazzi strove to disentangle the perplexities of the crisis; then Cavour was recalled. Almost immediately a repugnant duty confronted him. Napoleon, the public learned now, had not engaged in the Italian war out of pure magnanimity, nor for glory only: he had exacted as a price, first, the marriage of his cousin, Prince Napoleon (known commonly as Plon-Plon), to Clothilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel; and, second, the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. The marriage took place in January, 1859; now the Shylock of the Tuileries called for the fulfillment of the second part of the bond. He, to be sure, had performed only half of his pledge, but he had no compunctions against demanding payment for the whole. He wished to convince his subjects that he was no enthusiast, who might involve them in enterprises of which the sole reward would be the consciousness of acting nobly. His bargain would show them that, even from a business standard, aiding oppressed

peoples was a shrewd speculation; and the French faction which had blamed him for encouraging the expansion of Piedmont into the Kingdom of Italy would be appeased by the acquisition of coveted territory. To the Italians this transaction was very painful. It would have been hard for them at any time to give up one of their provinces to a foreigner; after the backsliding of the French Emperor, it was tenfold harder. Cavour, however, recognized that it must be done, and he was unshaken by popular indignation. Garibaldi declared that the cession of Nice, his birthplace, made him a foreigner in his own country, and he arraigned the loyalty of the government. He now treated Cavour, whose political methods he had hitherto disapproved, as a personal enemy, and as a secret instrument of Napoleon's ambition.

Within a few weeks, public attention luckily was diverted from this galling subject. When the Italians of the north and centre had won their independence, the Italians of Naples and Sicily felt that their opportunity was at hand. Even the Neapolitan king took warning from the ominous signs, and thought himself that by cementing an alliance with Victor Emmanuel he might stave off a revolution. Cavour listened to the proposition, but delayed giving a reply, because he was aware that a larger success might be achieved by other means. Word had come from Palermo that "something might be done." Garibaldi had flown, eagle-like, from Caprera to Genoa, and was collecting volunteers for an expedition which the Italian government did not dare to abet officially, and so discreetly ignored it. Garibaldi, not appreciating Cavour's delicate position, complains that he withheld arms and ammunition, and hindered the project at every point;

ter before the terms of the peace had been settled upon.

¹ Napoleon, whether from shame, or from fear lest he should be persuaded out of his project by Cavour, had refused to see the lat-

the fact is, however, that Cavour's agents supplied arms, and that the Genoese authorities were instructed to close their eyes to the preparations that were making. Had Cavour acted otherwise, he might have excited France and Austria to interfere; and if he had been personally hostile, as Garibaldi charges, a couple of regiments would have sufficed to arrest all the Garibaldians. But, like Nelson at Copenhagen, he refused to see what it was not politic to see, and the expedition was made ready with all possible dispatch and secrecy. On the night of May 5, 1860, when the two steamers, the *Piemonte* and the *Lombardo*, glided out of Genoa, the whole town, except the government officials, who were wonderfully busy in attending to some other matter, knew about the departure. The next morning the official world expressed proper surprise at learning that the vessels had disappeared.

Garibaldi and his Thousand¹ vanished into the night, bound on a crusade the like of which had not been seen since the days of Godfrey and Cœur-de-Lion. A thousand men setting forth to redeem a kingdom! "What can they do?" a spectator might have asked. "What can they *not* do?" was asked four months later. In the composition of that force was to be read an epitome of the history and aspirations of the time. It was made up of volunteers of the recently liberated provinces, of Venetians and Romans and Neapolitans; and not of Italians only, but of recruits from the oppressed peoples of central Europe, Poles, Germans, and Magyars, together with a sprinkling of men impelled by a love of adventure or by a Byronic devotion to liberty.

For a week Europe waited anxiously

for tidings of the expedition, uncertain whether the Papal States or Sicily was its object. Then the telegraph reported the arrival of both vessels at Marsala; they had touched for fuel at Talamon, on the Tuscan coast, and then, steering to the southwest, steamed into Marsala at one o'clock in the afternoon of May 11. Bourbon cruisers which had quitted that port a few hours earlier, upon discovering the suspicious craft turned about, and entered the harbor in time to open fire on the *Lombardo*, from which the Garibaldians were still disembarking. Nevertheless, the "filibusters," as the Bourbon government at first dubbed the Thousand, landed without loss. By the populace they were cordially welcomed; the magnates and authorities, on the contrary, preserved a cold neutrality, being unwilling to compromise their future until they should see which side fortune would favor. Garibaldi, believing that in popular crises one man ought to rule, accepted the dictatorship, and on the next day the company set out on their march towards Palermo. Along the route they were joined from time to time by Sicilian volunteers. They fought their first battle at Calatafimi (May 15): again and again they seemed on the verge of a defeat, which would have ruined the expedition, but at last they drove back the Bourbons, who spread marvelous reports of the prodigies of the victors.² Garibaldi lost no time in advancing to the heights overlooking Palermo, eluded two columns sent to intercept him, and on May 27 stormed and carried the Termini gate, and entered the city. Barricades were thrown up, the populace, even to the women and children, assisting their deliverers; and within two days General Letizia, who com-

¹ The exact number was 1067.

² "There were those among them," says Garibaldi, "who had seen the bullets from their carbines bound back from the breasts of the soldiers of liberty as if they had struck

a plate of bronze!" Prosper Mérimée declares that one of the commands given to the Bourbon army at the drill was, "Prepare to look fierce — look fierce!"

manded the Bourbon garrison, found himself besieged in the royal palace, in distress for provisions. He asked for a day's armistice, which resulted in his withdrawal to the Mole, and subsequently in his evacuation of Palermo. The liberators unlocked the prisons, crowded with political offenders, and organized a provisional government. Thus the Thousand, less than a month after leaving Genoa, had freed the western part of Sicily, and possessed themselves of its capital.¹ Every day their numbers were increased by Sicilian volunteers and recruits from Italy. Garibaldi distributed his force into three divisions, and prosecuted the campaign as follows: the first division, under Bixio, marched along the southern coast; the second, under Türr, penetrated the centre of the island; the third, under Medici, skirted the northern shore. All were to reunite at the Strait of Messina. Garibaldi himself embarked with nearly 2000 troops, just arrived under Colonel Corte, and was joined by Medici, who had been reinforced by a column commanded by Cosenz. On July 20, they won a decisive victory over the Bourbons at Milazzo, thereby becoming masters of Sicily (except the fortresses of Messina, Agosta, and Syracuse, on the eastern coast). Medici entered the town of Messina without resistance; the other divisions, under Bixio and Eber (who had replaced Türr), soon arrived, and Garibaldi, elated by his success and encouraged by the enthusiasm of his troops, determined to carry out his larger scheme of crossing to the mainland and expelling the Bourbons from Naples.

Europe had watched with astonishment the progress of this chivalrous exploit. The partisans of democracy everywhere hailed it as the prelude to a cosmopolitan revolution by which down-trodden and divided nationalities should

¹ Palermo had then over 200,000 inhabitants.

recover their rights. The liberation of Italy was to be but the first act in a European drama; for Poles dreamt of a united Poland, Magyars talked of an independent Hungary, and the republicans of France and Germany, who had been deceived and crushed in 1849, began to cherish fresh hopes. Extremists, brandishers of red and black flags, doctrinaires, adventurers, the entire brood of buzzards which find their quarry in the dissolution of governments, began to flap their wings and whet their beaks. The achievements of the Thousand called forth discussions concerning the superiority of volunteers over trained regiments, and predictions that standing armies would thenceforth be powerless against the vehemence of a popular soldiery. The people need but exert their might, and the organism of tyranny would tumble to pieces.

Cavour was probably not less surprised than other Italians at the suddenness and completeness of Garibaldi's success. No one could have foreseen that the Bourbons were so rotten and cowardly that they would allow Sicily to slip from them without a more desperate resistance. Victor Emmanuel's government occupied a difficult position. Napoleon scolded, obliging Cavour to intimate that the cession of Nice and Savoy could hardly be effected unless the Garibaldians were humored. Russia and Prussia chid Italy for winking at an expedition by Italian subjects against a peaceable neighbor. Austria, though indisposed to make war, denounced this act of "brigandage." The King of Naples himself, by urging his offer of an alliance with Victor Emmanuel, justified the charge of insincerity against Cavour's policy of delaying to give an answer. In this game of cunning, it was plain that Cavour had stale-mated his adversary. The conquest of Sicily once a fact, arrangements must be made for turning it to the benefit of Italy. Cavour did not choose that fur-

ther complications should be added by Garibaldi's projected campaign on the mainland, where reverses in battle would jeopardize the advantage already secured. The people of Sicily and Naples, so long debased by Bourbon rulers, were far behind northern Italians in civilization; their union with the Kingdom of Italy — supposing the European Powers acquiesced in it — would entail heavy burdens, and much time must elapse before they could be educated to the national level. It would be wiser to annex Sicily, and work out her regeneration, before dealing with Naples. For many reasons, therefore, Cavour desired that Garibaldi should be satisfied at present with his Sicilian triumph.

But Garibaldi thought otherwise, and, having dodged the Bourbon and Italian cruisers which were lying in wait to prevent his passage, he crossed from Taormina to the village of Melito, and shortly afterward captured Reggio. Then was repeated the Sicilian experience: the Bourbon army retired, almost without firing a shot, before the smaller force of Garibaldians. Garibaldi outsped his troops, and on September 7, escorted by a few officers only, entered Naples, amid the acclamation of the populace and the indifference of the Bourbon regiments. The king had fled on the previous evening to Capua, leaving a large force behind him. One volley from a single platoon would have destroyed the little party of red-shirted adventurers; but the officers and their men were infected with the taint of Bourbonism, and Naples cost not a drop of blood in the winning.

A dictatorship was proclaimed, with Garibaldi at its head, and in brief space the flock of revolutionary buzzards had swooped upon the city. Mazzini was there, and his republican coadjutors, busily shaping the revolution to their pet theories. Garibaldi himself confesses that he had no talents for organization; he was a soldier, and as we have

witnessed in the case of other soldiers who were thrust into high civil offices on account of their military ability, the qualities which made him great on the battle-field weakened him in the council. "Adventurers, fanatics, and black sheep of all kinds established themselves in authority at Naples under the prestige of Garibaldi's name. Misrule, corruption, and incompetence were rife under the dictatorship. Conspirators from every quarter of the globe made Naples their trysting-place. Scenes were enacted there which could only be paralleled by the extravagances of the Paris Commune. Naples had had long and rich experience of all kinds of maladministration, but in the whole of her troubled annals the capital of the Two Sicilies was never worse administered than under the rule of Garibaldi." This is the testimony of an English eye-witness.¹

Cavour measured the danger, and prepared to quell it. He represented to Napoleon that, unless the Italian government were permitted to send an army into the Neapolitan territory, the republican schemers, dangerous and incompetent, would control the disordered state, and perhaps succeed in kindling a tumult in Rome. It was indispensable, besides, for the future harmony of Italy, that the liberation of Naples should not be due to the energy of the Garibaldians alone; Victor Emmanuel's government must, by taking an active share in the campaign, earn the right to a share of the glory. Napoleon's objections being thus smoothed, and assurances being given that the States of the Church would not be molested, an Italian army, commanded by the king, marched along the Adriatic coast, and entered the kingdom of Naples at a critical moment, when the Garibaldian army was preparing for a decisive engagement with the Bourbons, along the Volturno, and when the

¹ *Life of Victor Emmanuel*, by Edward Dicey, New York, 1882.

Mazzinian extremists were forcing their doctrines upon Naples.

This crisis illustrates the sharp contrasts in the characters of the four chief protagonists for Italian independence, — Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini. So widely did they differ in their methods that most men have hitherto been unable to do justice to all; but it is necessary to cast away partisanship, and to determine equitably the part played by each. Most significant is it that the leaders of a great national movement should have held opinions mutually contradictory, in spite of which each contributed to the final success of that movement. Their individual forces were applied in different directions, but the resultant of their forces — to borrow a simile from physics — drove the ship of state to its goal.

Victor Emmanuel was the standard-bearer, the incarnate symbol, of the Italian cause. Around him the majority of soldiers, statesmen, and citizens rallied. Their traditions and habits were still monarchical, and he was a monarch of the best type. Personally brave, devoted to his country even more than to his dynasty, downright and sincere, familiar but dignified, shrewd in selecting able advisers, but not servile in following their advice when it conflicted with his own judgment, he early won the respect and affection of his countrymen, and kept it to the end. They called him *Re Galantuomo* — King Honest-Fellow, — and no epithet describes him better. Cavour was the statesman; he laid out the course on the chart, and steered the ship by it, let storms rage as they might. It has been said that no great question can be settled by ignorance: Cavour embodied the wisdom and common-sense without which the Italian question could never have been settled. Garibaldi, on the other hand, was the hero, the representative of those popular emotions and sentiments which need but a proper channel in order to

make their power irresistible. He has been compared to the mediæval knight-errant, eager to do battle for liberty at all times and in behalf of all distressed peoples, but above all for Italy, whose tricolor device he blazoned upon his shield. Garibaldi was the heart, Cavour the head; and as often happens, the impulses of the heart sometimes clashed with the judgments of the head, and needed to be checked and resisted.

Different from any of these three was Giuseppe Mazzini, the philosopher-apostle. Feeble in body, strong in intellect, indomitable in will, his endowments fitted him for high achievements in literature, and under other circumstances he might have spent his life tranquilly among his books. But his principles would not let him rest, and the frail, nervous scholar became the arch-conspirator of the century, the terror of every sovereign in Europe. He saw that the old religion was losing its hold upon mankind; had sunk, indeed, for the most part, into conventionalities and mummeries, from which the serious-minded men turned in disgust, and the ignorant imbibed superstition. He saw that the monarchical system of government was likewise nearly worn out. History revealed to him the progress of the human race from the lowest level, where absolutism and selfishness prevail, to the higher plane of representative government and national unselfishness. As he believed that the French Revolution marked the end of baser, feudal conditions, so he declared that the epoch had dawned when a nobler system should supersede the existing order. In this coming epoch, nations will not only be free to govern themselves, but the ancient hatreds and wars, instigated by personal greed and dynastic ambition, will cease; for all nations will come to recognize themselves as members of the great body of collective humanity, in which each must perform the work to which it is best adapted, and in which the oppres-

sion or disease of one member is a detriment to all. Religion based upon superstition, government based upon privilege, commerce based upon selfishness, are equally condemned in this sublime scheme. Neither the visions of communists nor the sophistries of socialists led Mazzini astray: he probed each, to discover egotism, concealed under plausible formulas, as its motive. French republicanism has failed, as he perceived, because it has insisted upon the rights of man, and ignored the duties of man. But insistence upon rights can lead only to individualism, to selfishness; we must recognize and perform our duties to our neighbors, in order to attain the end of human existence, — that unselfishness and love which the example and teaching of all noble souls make us to desire and urge us to emulate.

Had Mazzini contented himself with speculation, European royalty and aristocracy would have bothered themselves no more about his theories than if he had been a philologist or an antiquary. But he had the terrible earnestness of the reformer: belief in the truth of his principles imposed upon him the duty of making that truth victorious over falsehood. At the age of twenty-five he entered upon his apostolate, and throughout forty years he never faltered in it. St. Paul was not more indefatigable; Machiavelli was not more cunning. He was banished in turn from Piedmont, from France, from Switzerland. Every continental monarchy was on the alert to crush him; every police officer, every detective, had orders to arrest him: yet he outwitted them all. From his retreat in London he sowed his doctrines broadcast. He was the centre to which all conspiracies, from Lisbon to Moscow, ran back. He had emissaries everywhere; his spies kept him informed of the secrets of cabinets and kings. He organized secret societies, and, when necessary, appeared at the

conclaves of his disciples, to encourage or to direct them. He glided so stealthily from country to country that men said he had "a cat-like footfall." His pursuers were aware of his visit only after he had vanished. There was no day between 1830 and 1870 when European autocrats would not have made high festival at the news of Mazzini's death; gladly would they have purchased it at the cost of many regiments. But he was the more dreaded because intangible; a demon of pestilence which passed invisible among throngs, and marked its victims noiselessly, pitilessly. The most hideous monster which rulers in their terror could conjure up they called "Mazzini." They knew that he was surely undermining their power, but they could not catch him at his work, nor discover how far it had extended. Their uncertainty and ignorance gave their terror a grislier visage. If their forebodings were lulled for a time, suddenly, in their very banquet-room, appeared the fatal writing on the wall, and they knew that Mazzini's hand had placed it there, that he did not slumber. During the many years of reaction, Metternich and Mazzini were the poles of European politics. Counterparts and antagonists, how different were their purposes, their methods, their apparent power! While Metternich, in his palace at Vienna, propped by the traditions of feudalism, by the strongest of hierarchies, and by standing armies, was weaving fresh bonds of servitude, Mazzini, in his cheap lodging in London, was secretly whetting knives and distributing them in every capital to cut those bonds asunder. When Metternich fell, and Napoleon took up the trade of weaver, against him Mazzini sharpened his weapons. Had a stranger asked to see this terrible personage, he would have beheld a slim, scholarly gentleman, with broad, high forehead, large, dreamy eyes, which time made sadder and more piercing, cheeks thinned by care and

study, and a short, neatly trimmed beard, grown gray early. "A poet," you would have said in 1830; "a philosopher," in 1860, but for a certain unphilosophic restlessness, and an expression denoting, not the death of hope, but impatience at its deferred fulfillment.

In Italy, Mazzini began his career by joining the Carbonari. Dissatisfied with their narrow views, he founded the secret society of Young Italy, and preached that the regeneration of his countrymen must be moral as well as political.¹ The interests of the individual, he taught, must be subordinated to those of the community; and since he believed that self-government is the first step, in the education of both individuals and communities, towards unselfishness, he tolerated no political system but the republican. Garibaldi, as we have seen, was equally republican in theory; but he, regarding the emancipation of Italy from foreign oppressors as the first indispensable object, had served with the Piedmontese kings, who had espoused the Italian cause as their own. But now, during the dictatorship at Naples, Garibaldi and Mazzini were drawing nearer to each other in practice as well as in theory. The republicans seem almost to have won Garibaldi to their thinking; for, in reply to messages from Victor Emmanuel, he insisted that the dictatorship should be maintained for at least two years, — or until Garibaldi could salute Victor Emmanuel as king of Italy from the Roman Capitol, — and that Cavour should be summarily dismissed from the ministry. The king arrived at the Volturno in the nick of time, as I have said: his presence counteracted Mazzinian influence. Garibaldi loyally acknowledged him as sovereign, and they rode side by side into Naples in triumph. The soldier's good sense and patriotism prevailed over the instigations of the doctrinaires; had he

obeyed them, he might have brought on a civil war. His self-restraint and abnegation were a worthy conclusion to the romantic Sicilian expedition, which, after we make allowance for the unexpected collapse of the Bourbons and for Cavour's tacit but very effectual support, must be admired as one of the most brilliant and disinterested military achievements in history. Garibaldi refused to accept honors or a national gift of money, and a few days after the arrival of the king he retired to Caprera.

In the spring of 1861 he was at Turin, where a hot debate had been stirred up on the question of enrolling the Garibaldian volunteers in the regular army. Garibaldi insisted that the men who had fought with him should receive regular commissions. The government demurred; not only because by so doing volunteers who had served but a few months would be promoted over those who had served several years, but also because this would create a dangerous precedent, on which every successful free-lance might in future base similar demands. There must be a strict order of advancement, without which the discipline of the army could not be maintained. Moreover, Garibaldi had a habit of conferring colonelcies and captaincies upon persons of doubtful character. During the discussion (April 18) his devotion to his comrades hurried him into a passion. He accused the government of ingratitude towards men who had added nine million Italians to the kingdom, while the royal troops were holding aloof in their barracks. In his wrath, he attacked Cavour as the author of this outrage, the systematic thwarter of patriotic designs, the traitor who had ceded Nice and Savoy to France, the would-be provoker of a fratricidal war. At this onslaught, the excitement in the Chamber of Deputies was tremendous. Some cried for order, but the president could not enforce it. Cavour, with vehemence, exclaimed:

¹ The Mazzinian banner had the motto, *Dio e Popolo*, — God and the People.

"It is not permitted to insult us in this fashion! We protest! We have never had these intentions! Mr. President, compel the government and the representatives of the nation to be respected. Order is demanded." But the president was unheeded. Garibaldi reiterated his charge. The uproar increased, and the president, covering his head, declared the sitting to be suspended.¹ The friends of both leaders realized the peril of the situation,² and arranged an interview. Cavour, the momentary outburst of resentment past, never allowed his personal feelings to interfere with his public duties. "In politics I always practice forgiveness of injuries," was his rule. He consented to meet Garibaldi. The interview took place in one of the rooms of the royal palace.

"It was courteous," he wrote to Vimercati (April 27, 1861), "without being affectionate. We both held ourselves reserved. I made known to him, however, the line of conduct which the government intends to follow as well towards Austria as towards France, declaring to him that on these points no transaction was possible. He declared that he accepted that programme, and was ready to pledge himself not to antagonize the proceedings of the government. He limited himself to asking that something should be done for the Army of the South. I gave him no promise, but I declared that I would busy myself in seeking a means of assuring more completely the welfare of his officers. We parted, if not friends, at least without any irritation."

Garibaldi must have come from that interview fully aware that his popularity could not bend Cavour's inflexible pur-

pose. The Prime Minister desired the coöperation of the Garibaldians; but he would not shrink from fighting even them, as he had fought the other enemies of his constitutional policy, should their anger plunge them into a course dangerous to Italy. Garibaldi made no public acknowledgment of having been in the wrong; nevertheless, in a private letter to Cavour (first printed in 1886) he spoke in humble and deferential tones. Six weeks after this painful episode, on June 6, 1861, a brief illness snatched Cavour from the world, at the very moment when his wisdom was most needed by his country. We may presume that, had his life been spared a few years, he would have completed the unification of Italy in a manner more satisfactory than that of his less competent successors. If we measure statesmanship by the power of foreseeing and shaping events; of using all materials, however refractory, to achieve a great end; of making enemies involuntarily work for that end; of overcoming every obstacle, going round those which cannot be beaten down, — if these be our criteria of statesmanship, Cavour deserves to rank first among the statesmen of this century. Bismarck will naturally be compared with him; but Bismarck had more favorable conditions at the start, and met fewer difficulties along the way. Germany had not to be freed from foreign despots; she had not that most slippery and embarrassing of enemies, the Papacy, in her very heart. Prussia had already won a place among the great states of Europe. Bismarck succeeded in unifying Germany under the despotism of Prussia; Cavour united Italy by liberal methods, and did not rob her of her liberty.

William Roscoe Thayer.

¹ See the official report, *Discorsi Parlamentari del Conte C. di Cavour*, vol. x. p. 371-3.

² Let the reader imagine how the North would have been pained and alarmed, had

General Grant, in 1864, accused President Lincoln of treachery, and he will appreciate the sensation produced by Garibaldi's attack upon Cavour.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

"AND art thou well assured," the Presence said,
 "Thy spirit can outlive the fell assault
 Of all the fierce, unsleeping, raving powers of ill?
 Bethink thee of the perils of that voyage
 Into the dark, beneath the starless cope
 Of the eternal blackness; o'er the waves
 Of sunless oceans, rolling to no moon,
 No parent orb, their slug and stagnant floods.
 And worse thou'lt meet upon the Stygian land:
 Fierce dragons lurking in the ruptured cliff,
 The lion couching at the rocky spring,
 Wild deserts show'ed upon with fiery rain,
 The baleful upas dropping from above
 Its milky venom; adders at thy heels,
 And terrors at thy side, above, beneath,
 Till thine own shadow is a thing imbued
 With woe and horror. And within, meanwhile,
 Is wilder storm: for at the scent and heat
 Of their own lusts, the devils in thy soul,
 Now sleeping, will arise erect and strong;
 Will hurl pale Conscience trembling from its seat,
 Put out the eyes of Truth, strike Reason down,
 And drive thee, like a feather on the blast,
 Into the abyss of eternal pain."

Then Alighieri answered, slow and grave:

"Yea, thou dear being, I would enter there
 Were that dark land and sea a thousand times
 More dark and drear, more seared with nether fire,
 More thickly bristling with unpitying fiends,
 For in thy love I trust, who art my guide
 And my protector. Woman though thou wert
 In this grub life, envestured though thou wert
 With wormy earth, as I that speak still am,
 Yet thou art stronger in thy risen worth
 Than the earth-shaking armies of a king;
 Art greater, naked, in thy sphere of flame,
 To bind or loose than ever tonsured pope,
 His girdle heavy with the keys of doom.
 When night is starless, do thou be my star;
 When Truth is blinded, Conscience stricken down,
 And I am sieged without and racked within
 By banded fiends, do thou my Conscience be,
 My Truth, my Reason, light unto my feet,
 To my heart courage, to my threatened head

A brassy buckler, to my trembling hand
A sword of sheafèd flame. Such power resides
In thee, bright love beam from the face of God.
And when my being's core is wrung with pain,
And the thick must'ring cloud of demon wings
Blots out all light, all hope, within my mind,
Do thou but hold this hand and smooth this brow,
Blood-beaded with the anguish of the soul,
And I'll not cry till that dark hour be past.
Yea, I will enter ; for the only good
This life can yield us is the rounded gem
Of perfect Wisdom, though it still exude
From tortured souls, as oysters weep the pearl,
Being gnawed upon the heartstrings by the worm.
Yea, I will even walk the floor of Hell,
While thou engirdedst me with thy sinless wing.
One smile from thee empowers my naked hands
To rive this gnarlèd life-tree of the world,
And rend its horrid entrails. Yea, now, see,
I kneel, great angel : bless me ere I go."

Walter Kelly.

ECONOMY IN COLLEGE WORK.

To view a man as a machine is considered materialistic by many persons ; but there are sufficient analogies between a man and an engine to warrant us in drawing certain conclusions in regard to the output from a definite amount of material furnished to the human organization. We are justified, I believe, from physical analogies, in considering the human brain as a receptacle of impressions which it can give forth when it is properly stimulated. Now a certain work must be done in order to make an impression upon a more or less yielding material. A dint in a rock will follow only upon the recurrence of more or less similar blows. Work must be continuously done, if a sensible impression is to be made. How can one make a German dint in his brain if he rushes from a recitation in French to a recitation in German, and then flies to a lecture in Greek, and finishes with

two hours in a physical laboratory? We see composite photographs of the faces of our college seniors and of the girls in female colleges ; but who will present us with an adequate representation of the interior of the heads of students who have upon their cards for the week Latin, Greek, mathematics, modern languages, and science? The dim and confused photographs of the physiognomy of the composite student would be definite indeed compared with the representation of such an intellectual interior.

Some years ago a one-study college was established west of the Mississippi. Its cardinal principle consisted in taking one subject at a time, and in finishing it before taking up another. We are tempted, living in the shade of an old university, to laugh at this experiment in education, and to point to the experience of many hundred years in universi-

ties older than ours as a reason for not following in the track of the one-study college. There is a germ of truth, however, in this educational experiment; for the actual results of the system now prevalent in our high schools and colleges do not inspire confidence in it.

It is rare to find a college student who can read a German work on physical science, although he may have taken several German electives during his college course. If the same student had been three months in a German town, he would have been able to make himself understood, to understand others, and to read a German newspaper. It is true that in the latter case he is in a German country, and conditions are favorable for his getting a command of the language; but he will tell you that his success comes from breathing and eating in a German atmosphere. There is not a moment in the day in which he is not reminded of a German verb. He has become an intense specialist in German; moreover, he cannot depend upon the atmosphere alone of his environment, but he must supplement it by assiduous study with a competent teacher. Now if the same man had taken up his residence in a frontier town where German is spoken on one side of a river and French on the other, and had undertaken to gain a working knowledge of both languages at the same time in three months or even in a year, we all know how lamentable his failure would have been. It may be said that a university does not propose to give a man a working knowledge of any subject: it merely opens the book of knowledge and shows what there is in it, and how delightful it would be to gain at some future time a sound knowledge of the various subjects there presented.

I hear some one exclaim, "Would you take away the mental freshness which a student gets in turning from subject to subject, and confine him to one subject until he becomes a dull spe-

cialist?" Many remember the intense relish with which they turned, while in college, from Greek to fine arts, or from mathematics to the classics, and are tempted to argue that this relish led to a better assimilation than if they had been kept on one diet for a prolonged period. The truth is that most of us sentimentalize in regard to our early education, and are apt to think that all should take a course which may have awakened intellectual curiosity for the first time in our special case. Thus the classical man would have all men study Greek, because he, having studied it assiduously, has obtained the grip which it should be one of the primary objects of education to acquire. If he had studied physical science, which offers an ample field for intellectual effort, with as much persistence as he had Greek, the classical man might have become an advocate of science instead of the classics. We often meet men who have received great pabulum from certain books which do not strike us as affording an extraordinary amount of stimulus.

I have referred to the blurred impressions which the mind of a student must receive who turns the sensitive plate of his brain to many points of view during the day. No one image has made a distinct impression. Besides the want of a material impression, which will be apparent when the student is required to apply his knowledge, there is a want of moral fibre, — a want of what may be called a second breath. Very little can be accomplished in the world without persistence and a certain bull-dog grip upon a subject. It is this grip which gives a man of one idea such strength. It seems, therefore, that a physical truth in education can be thus formulated: An enduring mental impression requires forcible and repeated blows, and also the element of time. Generally speaking, startling ideas are of uncommon occurrence. We must depend upon

slowly made changes in the brain cells. Nor is it reasonable from physical analogies that any process of mental crystallization can go on if the medium repeatedly is disturbed by changes of treatment and by addition of different reagents. It may be objected that mental crystallization not inaptly describes a pernicious set into which the mind of a dull man may fall by long contemplation of one subject. We have all of us often wished to sever the button from our coat, and leave the button-holder to discourse to empty space, while we fled to some Admirable Crichton, whose mind, rendered flexible by turning from subject to subject, could make the weary hours trip to a delightful diversified measure. The work of life, however, requires in the main steady-going engines, and to perfect these is one of the greatest objects of human endeavor.

A long residence in a university town is apt to make one distrustful of one's educational theories. The theorist is confronted immediately with a tabular view, and is asked to make his theories conform to the view. My theory, in short, is this: A student should study two subjects for at least three months, and two subjects alone. One of these should be a hard subject, giving plenty of opportunity for application, — like Greek, or German, or mathematics, — while the other may be a comparatively light subject, which can serve as a mental rest through the change which it affords. At the end of three months another hard subject may be taken up, and the first one relinquished for a time. A student of Harvard University, to whom I propounded this plan, remarked that many students practically carried out this idea in the arrangement of their electives. One will take a hard subject, intending to devote his principal effort to it, while he gives very little time or attention to the other electives. This practice leads to a certain demoralizing effect upon both student and professor,

for the whole mind should be given to a subject under consideration, whether it is important or unimportant. Nothing is more deadening and disheartening to a teacher than the presence of a half-hearted student in the lecture-room.

I have examined the tabular view of Harvard University — for it is only in a college where the elective system prevails that the plan I advocate can be carried out — and that of the Institute of Technology in Boston, in order to see how many subjects are now offered to students. Every Sophomore, Junior, and Senior in Harvard University is required to take four elective courses. These courses are in addition to a slight amount of prescribed work in English and physics. The subjects offered are, in the rough, as follows: —

Latin,	Spanish,
English,	Philosophy,
German,	History,
French,	Physics,
Political economy,	Semitics,
Chemistry,	Sanskrit,
Natural history,	Fine arts,
Greek,	Music,
Mathematics,	Roman law,

Romance philology.

A student can mass his work so that all his studies may be in two departments, or even in one department, for the year. It is not usual for him to do so. Most men have at least three electives a week in subjects not generically connected. There are certain studies which are so nearly related that intellectual effort in one immediately aids one in another. Thus Latin and Greek may be studied with profit, even in alternate hours. Philosophy and history, or political economy and history, should go together. But few students can get a command of German and French by pursuing them together, or of laboratory physics or chemistry, or physics in immediate combination with any philosophical or philological subject. In examining the nineteen or twenty subjects

which form in the main the elective curriculum of Harvard University, — the actual number of elective studies offered being far greater, — I find that the division of subjects can be reduced to twelve, by grouping together the subjects which aid each other. Thus Latin and Greek can be studied together with philological profit. French can be studied with French history; German with German history; political economy with history; chemistry alone, or in conjunction with English; Spanish with Spanish history; philosophy with history; physics alone; Semitics with ancient history; fine arts and music with English, or fine arts and music as a let-up with any of the severer studies; mathematics with English; Romance philology with its suitable language. Thus having twelve subjects, three of these could be pursued in the nine months of each college year, and in four years the whole twelve could be accomplished, — if a student wished to take all the subjects enumerated. At the Institute of Technology, I find that a student who takes the engineering course has each week of the first year mathematics, chemistry, history of the English language, English composition, French or German, mechanical and free-hand drawing, — six subjects, three of which are not related to each other. During the second year he has each week surveying, mathematics, physics, political economy, German, with several options, — five subjects, three of which are not related. During the third year he has railroad engineering, mathematics, physics, geology, German, with several options, — five subjects, three not related to each other. In the fourth year he pursues engineering, metallurgy of iron, — two subjects which bear upon each other, but which are not connected in intellectual effort. A large part of the severe strain upon students in our technical schools results from the strain put upon the intellectual machine

in changing the points of application of mental force too often. While seeking information upon this subject, I asked a professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point how many subjects were pursued there during the week, and he replied, "Three, — mathematics, mathematics, mathematics." No one who has met a graduate of West Point can deny that he has a grip on the subject of the calculus which few college men obtain.

The instructors in science in American colleges would certainly agree to the proposition that it is useless to attempt to obtain original scientific work from undergraduates. I do not mean by the word "original" anything more than respectable research in a limited field of scientific inquiry, in which valuable results might be secured even by a Senior. This inability to achieve logical intellectual effort is due not so much to immaturity in the student as to the multiplicity of studies which most students carry on at the same time. The mind cannot rest sufficiently long upon one subject to become creative in it. The work that is done by students of science in laboratories is accomplished by college graduates, or by men who have concentrated their minds for a considerable period upon one subject. This concentration has not in general been taught them by the course of education laid down by their instructors, but is the result of an intellectual discovery made by the students themselves. The discovery is quickly made in the subject of athletics. A college oarsman, in preparing for a race, does not spend an hour at tennis, an hour in putting the shot, or an hour in swimming. The base-ball player, before an important match, concentrates his attention upon those exercises which will perfect him in base ball. Thus the student, when brought face to face with the practical problem of winning a victory, pursues an opposite course to that which characterizes his intellectual ca-

reer. Can there be two true solutions to the dynamical problem of running the human engine so as to produce the most telling effect?

If the college year is blocked out into periods of three months, during which a student pursues only one subject, the odium of specializing too early in education is escaped. During these terms or periods of three months, I would have the student become thoroughly imbued with his subject. If it be German, he should get his news through a daily German newspaper; he should attend a German *seminar*, where German subjects are discussed in German; he should read German novels, play German games, puzzle out jokes in the *Fliegende Blätter*; in short, should surround himself with as perfect a German atmosphere as is possible. If he is studying physics, he should give his days to the laboratory, his nights to the theory of the subject; he should look up a physical subject in a library; he should attend a physical seminar, where physical subjects are discussed.

During the past thirty years a remarkable group of young mathematicians have grown up in the English universities. This group of men, who in English parlance have a grip upon the subject of mathematics and mathematical physics, have obtained this grip by assiduously devoting themselves to doing riders or problems. This work admits of no rival occupation. The questions set require the exertion of the entire intellectual man for a long period; and it was largely by this prolonged and specialized exertion that the English mathematician won such mastery. A most interesting account of this feature of intellectual development can be found in the *Life of James Clerk Maxwell*. The world has known periods of intense de-

votion to one idea, and the outcome has always been remarkable. Perugino and Raphael could paint pictures that seemed inspired because they were permeated with the atmosphere of the time. There was but one subject before them, and that was devotional art. The Puritan founded a state and built a city whose rise and intellectual and commercial influence upon the United States have been as remarkable as that of Venice, and left a fibre which is felt even now in the far West. The strength of the Puritan came not from his narrowness, but from the quality of his training. The truth that it is not so much what we do as how we do it dawns upon us all very slowly. We are all spendthrifts of physical and intellectual exertion.

The subject can be considered also from the point of view of strengthening the memory. It is difficult to separate the faculty of memory from that of adaptation for any special work, for the mental and tactual memory are closely combined. Merely gathering up the reins brings back the art of driving a four-in-hand. The faculty of memory can only be cultivated by dwelling upon one idea at a time. In the art of photography the best pictures are produced by slow plates; that is, by sensitive plates which require a comparatively long exposure to the elaborating action of the rays of light. Quick plates, it is true, catch the fleeting images; but they are apt to produce thin negatives, from which only poor and indistinct prints can be obtained. Something similar can be said of the action of the brain in regard to storing up impressions which constitute memory. With strong images in the brain, and with a method of excitation to which constant and prolonged use has accustomed us, we are not far from the plane of genius.

John Trowbridge.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

XXII.

WHILE hardly a tuft of the broomsedge stirred on the red clay slopes of the hill, the fitful gusts were rioting in the valley, and Teck Jepson, standing in the midst of the tawny growth, absently watched the cloud of dust approaching in the air, and the dead leaves all set a-whirling in devious routes along the brown ground. He heard in the voice of the wind the first bated threatenings of the storm, and though but a murmur, full of latent strength, and with a steadily increasing volume that bespoke the prescient elation of the liberated element, free to come and go as it listed. There were occasionally black boughs — dead, doubtless, brittle, and easily wrenched from the tree, for the wind had not yet stretched its muscle — to be seen thrashing along clumsily for a little way, then falling to the earth, harried up again presently by the boisterous blast, and set a-going anew in their simulated flight.

Suddenly the broomsedge bowed down to the ground; he heard the forest quake; the clouds were closing in, and, with an abrupt realization that the storm was upon them, he caught the small Bob up on his shoulder and ran for home. It was a swift, short dash over the broken ground against the buffeting wind, so uncertain of mood, now rollicking, now fierce. The little mountaineer's gay laughter and shrieks of exhilaration from his lofty perch mingled with its sounds, as he clutched tight Jepson's collar and looked back at the wild rout behind them: the clouds seeming to roll on the ground, and tossed by the turbulent wind; the erratic flight of leaves and sticks; the disheveled woods, all their boughs turning from the blast as if holding out deprecating, quivering

arms in plea for mercy. Even after they had reached the haven of the porch, they heard once and again a wild aerial hilarity echoing along the deep chasm, in which the river was locked as in the isolation of a lake, and anon a low, menacing roar. But the storm was definitely angry when it fairly burst, and they were housed none too soon. The thunder's peal was augmented into even alien ferocity by the reverberations in the rocky abysses, above the deeply sunken channel of the river; the lightning flashed, tracing sinister characters across the black clouds, fading out before one might read this terrible script; the slopes below and the crags above had disappeared in the multiplicity of the interposing lines of rain; the garden, sere and faded, save for a forlorn prince's feather here and there clinging to the stalk, was gradually effaced from the world, and presently the mists were in the porch, and beginning to sift in at the open door. Jepson rose from before the fire which he had kindled, and shut them out, to stand shivering there, or to press pallid and white against the door, like some forlorn spectral outcasts, forbidden to haunt the place which that human love, which even death cannot kill, makes them fain to tread once more.

The white flames of the pine knots leaped with a glad alacrity, almost sentient, up the chimney; the shadows in the dark corners shifted continuously with the glancing shafts of light. The little house had many tokens of its previous occupants: a spinning-wheel, where now only the spiders drew out long, shining threads, stood in the corner; sundry gowns, all of rich, gay colors, despite their homely material, garnet, or orange, or dark blue, hung on the wall, as if Jepson's mother had but

just placed them there. Her yarn, in dusty hanks, swung from the rafters, and the quilts she had "pieced," folded somewhat eccentrically, were piled high on the "corner-shelf" which they had burdened of yore. Against the jamb of the chimney, on a slight out-jutting of the clay and sticks, serving as shelf, was even her primitive "catch-all," a great brown gourd, half filled with bright-tinted scraps, and buttons, and the bulbs of plants that would never bloom now, but should lie idle and fall to dust, with all the further possibilities of life unfulfilled. In a splint basket at one side of the fire lay a boy's rough jacket, worn and torn: her needle had rusted in the patch; the coarse waxed thread would never be drawn through and her last stitch completed.

It was for these vagaries, the preservation of the tokens of old home-life, that Mrs. Bowles esteemed Teck Jepson somewhat "teched in the head." Could she have had the privilege of remarking the dust which plentifully covered them all, the sentiment which she condemned would have impressed her as but a distraught trifle in comparison to the rank madness which she would have deemed his system of housekeeping. Bob, however, gazed about with undisturbed serenity, as he stood sturdily on his fat legs in the middle of the floor. Only when he turned about in search of a seat did his countenance fall.

"This air the bes' ez I kin do fur ye, bubby," Jepson remarked, tendering him a full-grown chair. "I hev got no leetle cheers hyar."

But when Bob's plump bulk had scaled the heights of the chair, the soles of his feet reaching but little beyond its verge, and his aspect presenting a singular study of foreshortening as he sat and gazed at the fire, content descended upon him as before, and occasionally he glanced at Jepson with a lively little grin, all his snagged teeth on parade,

confident of sympathy in his satisfaction and unaffrighted freedom. But Jepson could not unreservedly share this placidity. As he sat opposite, smoking his pipe, his reflective face lighted by the fire, he observed: "Ye're cornsider'ble of a puzzle, Bob. I dunno what I oughter do with ye. I reckon, ef the truth war knowed, I oughter take ye up the mounting ter yer mam. Likely ez not they air sarchin' fur ye now."

"No-o," returned Bob, with a resolute rising inflection. "I be a-goin' ter live in de Cove! Right hyar!" And he looked about him with a pleased, adoptive gaze. He had heard Mrs. Bowles bemoan her sad fate in being wrested away from the Cove, but the naturally high opinion of the locality which this fostered was hardly adequate to the reality, in his estimation, as for the first time in his memory he was within its charmed limits, resting in the security of Jepson's coveted companionship.

The big man would not argue so unpleasing a subject with the little man; he still meditatively smoked, heedless of the discursive, juvenile babble, and answering only at random when a direct appeal was made to him. Presently these queries grew fewer; intervals of absolute silence ensued; a drowsy mutter, and Bob succumbed finally to the influences of warmth and quiet, and the fatigue of his long jaunt down the mountain before he had met Jepson in the road. He sat, or rather lay, in the arm-chair, his flushed round face with its happiness still upon it, as if the sweetness of security, of kindness, of the sense of being held of value, had pervaded his dreams. It would have been long, long, before the faces of Sim and A'minty could have learned those serene curves. But Bob's adaptability had stood him in good stead hitherto, and one need hardly have wished him more retentively sensitive that his little life might have been still more dismal than it was.

The rain fell with a dull, monotonous iteration; only at long intervals a sudden acceleration betokened a down-pour in sheets, and the increased volume of the torrents washed with a heavy splashing from the eaves. The sound was melancholy, full of intimations of the waning year, of the killing frosts to come. Even the thunder, ceasing to roll, left an unwelcome void, having been as an incident to the dreary sameness of sounds and suggestion. The lightnings were quenched. The world was given over to the sobbing wind and the sad-voiced rain. Jepson had no cheerful thoughts to beguile the idle hour. His heart was heavy, and the further perspectives of the days gloomed full of shadows. He did not upbraid himself; he was spared that keenest edge of regret, so complete was his proud sense of rectitude, his unswerving faith in himself and his own motives. Nor did he resent Marcella's anger. He admitted with a deep sigh its justification. He accepted it as a retribution, in some sort, not for his own sins, but for his unintentional contributive share, as he construed it, in the untoward circumstances that had resulted in Eli Strobe's injuries. He rebelled against his fate, this shipwreck of his love, more, indeed, than he was definitely conscious of doing, for he often boasted to himself, in the illusions of his piety, that he meekly submitted to the Lord's will, according to the example of the saints; then he would walk the floor all night in mental anguish, or wander forth in the dark, autumnal woods till dawn, in all the throes of despair. Of late, there had often come into his mind a bitterness with the thought of her which it had seldom before known. The image of the young stranger at the forge was continually associated with hers. His jealous eyes had been quick to note the changing expressions on her face, full of fear for Rathburn's sake, when his strange absence had been mentioned. Oddly

enough, Jepson was sensible of the glow of anger that the man she loved, if indeed she loved him, should fail in aught of homage; he took no satisfaction in the thought that it was a possibility — nay, a probability — that Rathburn did not love her. He deprecated the pangs she might feel, and still he sighed for his own.

So absorbed was he in these sombre meditations, as he sat, his elbow on the arm of the chair, his chin in his hand, his full, contemplative eyes upon the fire, that he took no heed of a step on the porch without, although he might have heard it, even through the long-drawn sighing of the wind and the fresh outburst of the tumultuous rain, for no caution restrained its demonstrations. The heavy stamping was obviously designed to free first one boot and then the other from the persistent clinging of the red clay mire. Only when the door was unceremoniously flung open from without did Jepson rouse himself with a start, and lift his head, seeing at first merely the white mist with the lines of rain all aslant across it, and imposed upon it the figure of a man at the threshold, the wind tossing the loose ends of his garments, and the water streaming from his bent old hat. For a moment his face was invisible, for the dull gray light of the beclouded landscape was behind him; but the draught from the opening door rekindled the coals of the dying fire, and sent the ashes scattering about the hearth, and as the flames flared up they revealed the familiar features of Jake Baintree. Jepson, rising slowly from his chair, experienced the odd doubting sensation that sometimes besets one in a dream, when the nocturnal vagaries so transcend the probabilities as to rouse a skeptical application of verisimilitude to these airy fantasies. The next moment a definite appreciation of the reality of his visitor asserted itself. Jake Baintree had evidently been drinking heavily. But for that,

what he said in response to Jepson's query might have seemed stranger than it did.

"What did ye kem hyar fur?" sternly demanded the master of the house.

His manner evidently affected Baintree, who did not bear himself with the swaggering freedom with which he had flung open the door. He had looked threatening. He was cowed in an instant, — cowed, but very crafty.

"A-beggin'," he said, with a sudden light in his eyes. "I want a hunk o' bread."

Jepson stood uncertain, reluctant, a frown knitting his brow, fairly coerced for once in his life. It was the only plea that could have restrained him from taking the intruder by the shoulders and turning him out of the door, — the only plea, and Baintree knew it. He could not accord his hospitality as ungraciously, perhaps, as he might have desired, and thus he was forced into more of a suave insincerity than had ever before been able to adjust itself to his face and manner. He turned toward a pine table, pushed aside in one corner, and indicated certain dishes beneath an inverted wooden bowl.

"Thar's all in the house. He'p yerself, he'p yerself." For his life he could not have hindered the heartiness of the intonation, or the unreserve of the invitation. The habits of a lifetime, the traditions of kith and kin and all the country-side, constrained him. He did not credit for an instant the sincerity of Baintree's demand, but none could ask bread or shelter of him in vain. It was the first time that the unruly and absolute temper had been thus helplessly in the control of circumstances, and he was irked by a sense of feigning, as he turned about and threw a pile of pine knots on the fire, — for had he care for his guest's cheer or warmth?

Baintree had possessed himself of a corn-dodger, and as he sat down before the fire, the rain still trickling from his

garments, Jepson read in his thin, clear-cut face the elation because of the success of his clever ruse. He had not come with the intention to ask for bread, — his manner at first had betokened a far more formidable errand; and as he sat there munching, with a mimetic show of hunger, Jepson was moved to marvel anew what had brought him into the house of a man whom he held his enemy, and who certainly was no friend.

"The fodder gins out wunst in a while up on the mounting," Baintree observed presently, the whiskey that he had drunk imparting to him, despite his reticent habit, its characteristic loquacious glow. He cast a glance of thinly veiled antagonism upon his entertainer. Then he said, with a low chuckle of derision, in which he would hardly have ventured to indulge at a calmer moment, "I s'pose things never git ter sech a pass as that in this house. Ye mus' hev a bar'l o' meal constant ez never gits empty, no matter how high ye feed, an' a can o' coal-ile ez hain't got no bottom ez ye kin reach. Surely the Lord favors a man ez views sech visions o' yourn ez much ez he done. 'Lijah." He hesitated for a moment, staring with blood-shot eyes into the fire, then snapped his fingers. "'T warn't 'Lijah!" he exclaimed, with an air of discovery, — "'t warn't 'Lijah! 'T war the widder woman ez hed that mighty desirable brand o' meal an' ile. Now, Teck," with mock persuasiveness, "ye ain't goin' ter tell me that, survigrouz ez ye be, plumb captain o' all Brumsaidge Cove, ye hev let that thar widder woman git ahead o' ye? Whar's yer everlastin' meal an' yer eternal coal-ile?"

He turned about, and affected to anxiously survey the culinary stores, scanty enough, arrayed on a hanging shelf suspended from the rafters, and, thus isolated, protected from the rats and the mice.

He enjoyed the immunity from retort

or retaliation which men accord to the drunken, and which is incomprehensible to the more intolerant temperament of women. Jepson steadfastly regarded him in silence, and as Baintree turned again to the fire he seemed, in shifting his position, to have forgotten his jeer and the prospective joy with which he had thought to pursue it. A realization of the situation came upon him anew, and he made haste to gnaw at his corn-dodger with an affectation of great hunger.

"I'm mighty glad ter git it," he mumbled.

Jepson had resumed his seat, and, with the white glow of the blazing pine knots irradiating his serious face, he demanded, "Whar's the man ez war b'idin' with ye? That corn-dodger ez ye air eatin' ain't goin' ter help him."

"He'll make out. He ain't one o' the lackin' kind," Baintree responded cavalierly.

The heat of the fire perhaps aided the heady effect of his potations, for he was presently more definitely intoxicated than before. Few people had ever seen him thus affected; for though he drank deeply at times, the quantity that would set another man reeling hardly disturbed his equilibrium. The fiery courage distilled from the corn was in his veins now, and showed with a sturdy bravado.

"I'm leavin' the kentry, Teck," he exclaimed suddenly. "I'm leavin' this hyar twisted an' turmoiled eend o' the world ye call the mountings. I hope never ter see a mound o' groun' agin higher 'n this hat. I fund out what pore shakes the mountings air jes' through goin' ter — ter" — his voice faltered; his eyes were fixed intently on the empty space before them, as if he beheld something there invisible to others; he made a detour around the word "jail," and went on with an air of triumphant inspiration in this obvious device — "through *visitin'* a sure-enough

town. An' I never want ter see a mound o' groun' more 'n two inches high agin — 'thout it air yer grave."

He paused abruptly, turning his blood-shot eyes instantly upon Jepson to observe the effect of his words.

The acrid tone, the bitter hatred in his face, made a strong impression upon the man who had inspired them, now that he was constrained to be still and observe the demonstrations, which, for sheer humanity's sake, he could not resent. He looked down meditatively into the fire. It was odd to him to think of his grave, — some scant measure of earth surely waiting for him somewhere, on which the weeds had grown apace this summer, and even now the autumn rains beat unrelenting, as the herbage would thrive and the torrents fall when he should lie unheeding below, — strange to think of these things, with the robust pulses a-throb in his blood, the light so clear in his eyes.

"When ye see it," he said, with the steady courage and calm strength which seemed to him, half consciously measuring their power, an expression of piety and spiritual grace and Christian resignation, "ef ever ye do, remember the man it kivers war mighty willin' ter lie down thar whenst summoned."

Baintree winced. Even when intoxicated he had not the faith in himself to vie with this hardihood. He resorted to recrimination, for still the whiskey made him bold.

"Ye ain't goin' ter be so powerful comfortable thar. Ye ain't goin' ter rest so easy in yer grave. The devil ain't goin' ter let ye alone. Ye'll hev ter answer in the nex' worl' fur all ye hev done ter me in this. Ye'll answer, — ye mark my words."

Tears of maudlin grief stood in his eyes. Despite their source, Jepson melted to them in some sort.

"I'm willin'. I hain't shirked none in this worl'. I reckon I ain't goin' ter ketch the complaint of shirkin' in the

nex'. I'll answer. What ye want me ter answer fur?"

"Fur my soul," said Baintree solemnly. "I'd hev saved my soul alive ef — ef ye hed n't kem a-interferin' 'twixt me an' pa'son, an' kep' me from washin' my sins away."

Jepson seemed to take meditative account of the charge.

"I done accordin' ter my conscience, ez the voice o' the Lord 'peared ter lead. Ye hed no right in the fold, an' arter I fund Sam'l Keale's hat an' coat I could not hold my peace. Jestice hed overlooked ye, but I spoke the word; not in malice, ef I know myse'f, — not in malice. But ef I hev done wrong," he went on, knitting his brows and gazing into the fire, his arms folded across his breast, "I pray the Lord will visit it on me. I pray he'll do sech unto me, an' mo'."

Baintree was stricken mute for a moment, vaguely impressed by his companion's look and manner. Then his attention was concentrated anew upon his own grievance.

"That ain't goin' ter do *me* no good" — he began.

"An' no harm," said Jepson. "Nuthin' kin hurt ye 'ceptin' what ye do yerse'f."

Baintree looked with dark suspicion over his shoulder.

"What ails ye ter say that?" he demanded surlily.

Jepson did not reply directly.

"Ef a man air persecuted, an' air innercent o' crime, his persecutors air jes' harryin' tharselves ter hell. An' that's the long an' the short o' it. Ef ye hev done no crime, sech steps ez I tuk agin ye hev hurt me, not you-uns, an' I'll hev ter take 'em back'ards in hell."

There was no arguing with a faith so very complete, so strongly grounded, as this.

Baintree said nothing for a time. Then he suddenly broke out as if the

words were wrenched from him by some physical anguish which he could not resist: —

"I never hed no han' in Keale's takin'-off, but I mought ez well, — oh, my Lord, I mought ez well!"

He clasped his hands and wrung them hard, the poor subterfuge of the corn-dodger falling unheeded on the floor.

The shrill tones did not rouse the plump Bob, still asleep in the chair at one side of the fire, but he was vaguely conscious of them, and stirred uneasily, and again relapsed into motionless slumber.

"Look hyar!" exclaimed Jepson, agitated and excited. "Don't kem hyar an' tell me yer crimes over my own h'a'thstone an' a-eatin' of my bread, fur I'll use 'em agin ye. I'll turn the sword on ye. I ain't yer frien', man. I never war."

"Ye war the t'other night at the forge." Baintree had hastily recovered himself. He spoke in his natural voice, a trifle more unctuous, perhaps, with its coaxing intonation. He even stooped down and picked up the bit of bread, carefully dusting the ashes from it as he turned it from side to side. "Ye war the t'other night, whenst — whenst my partner seen ye at the forge. Ye kep' them men off'n us."

"An' ye 'low I done sech ez that fur you-uns, or him either, ye fool?" Jepson had risen. He had thrust his hand into his belt, and was looking down upon Baintree with scornful irritation. "I done it fur right an' jestice! I see no harm in yer sarchin' fur silver; an' though 't warn't right ter work on the sly in the forge, it air a leetle matter, not wuth harmin' a man for. 'T war kase I fund no harm — no harm 'cordin' ter my light — in them actions. These Brum-saidge critters" — he broke off abruptly, addressing himself instead of Baintree, and speaking of Broomsedge as if he had a wide experience of men and life

elsewhere, when he knew scarcely any creature beyond its limits — “these Brumsaidge critters can’t sense right an’ jestic, nor nuthin’ done fur jestic’s sake. That’s jes’ what them men at the barn ’lowed, — frien’s ter the two, the stranger an’ Baintree! But I tell ye,” — he turned suddenly upon the man sitting by the hearth, — “I ain’t yer frien’, nor,” he added, with stronger emphasis, “*his* frien’, nuther.”

Baintree’s face had lightened; his eyes glittered. It was a forlorn thing that a man should have cause to rejoice at his enemy’s misfortune in being suspected of becoming his friend.

Jepson had not resumed his chair. He still stood on the hearth, one hand in his leather belt, which supported his hunting-knife, of which he had not yet divested himself, the other on the high mantelpiece. He looked down with scowling impatience at Baintree, evidently eager to be rid of him, and presently he addressed himself to accomplish this end without too flagrant a breach of the hospitality which he held dear.

He had offered him something else to eat, and when this had been declined he demanded suddenly, “What ailed ye, ter kem hyar this evenin’? Ye know ye warn’t in no wise hongry.”

“I war drunk. That air the only reason I know,” said Baintree gloomily. He was becoming in some sort sober now, and was strangely quiet, with a deep despondency of manner.

“Air ye leavin’ the kentry fur true?” queried Jepson.

Baintree looked up craftily.

“Naw!” he exclaimed contemptuously, as if the suggestion had been broached by another than himself. “Whar would I go — an’ who would I go to — an’ what would I do thar? Naw! I’m goin’ ter stay hyar ter be treated like a dog, ez I always war. I hed a man ter kem nigh ter chokin’ me, not long ago” — he bared his throat to show

his bruises — “look-a-hyar, — an’ he’d hev ’lowed ez I war crazy ef I hed lifted a hand agin *him*.”

Jepson was silent, still meditating the feasibility of ridding himself of his unwelcome guest without violence to the canons of hospitality.

He had hardly noticed when the rain ceased its tumultuous beat on the roof; a fresh relay of winds was speeding down and down the valley; he heard, but absently, the snorting and champing of these aerial chargers as they swept by at a tremendous pace; the clouds were fain to race with them, for presently he saw upon the wet floor of the room, where the rain had splashed in under the door, the reflection of the yellow glare of the unveiled sky throwing its light upon the brown walls, and, albeit faintly, even to the dusky rafters. Jepson strode to the door and flung it open. As he stood with his back toward Baintree, he had one of those sudden premonitions, so conclusive, yet so illogical, that fall upon us sometimes with the cogent force of truth and an unaccountable extension of merely human mental vision. He turned abruptly and looked back, seeing its confirmation in the lowering look of hatred that Baintree had bent upon him. As if in some sort conscious of self-betrayal, Baintree rose with a casual air and an incidental, empty glance, and followed to the door, where he lounged upon the porch, his hands in his pockets, looking aimlessly about the landscape. Yet Jepson knew now, as well as if Baintree had confessed it, that he had come there, with the courage of the “corn-juice” inflaming his blood, with some wild drunken scheme of violence and vengeance, which the presence or the words of his intended victim had somehow cowed and crushed. They were silent as they contemplated the great flaring west, all a splendid burnished golden glow, above the darkly purple mountain opposite, its summit imposed with a definite detail,

in which every tufted, plummy pine top was distinct upon the vivid yellow blaze. About its slopes white mists were slowly creeping, and down in the chasm the waters of the river, with all the graces of reflection, ran in molten golden currents. Clouds were yet in the sky, but now and again the colors of the iris flashed out, with a swift elasticity as of a bow that is bent, and hovered above the valleys. The drops still fell slowly from the eaves of the house, and the flooring of the porch was sodden and sleek with the rain; in the hollow of a warped plank the water stood still as in a bowl, reflecting the clapboards above, and an empty nest in a niche between the roof and the post of the porch. All the colors of wood and hill were clarified and heightened; the sere grasses, beaten down though they were, wore their brown and straw and amber tints more jauntily; the boles of the trees were black, and somehow the distances seemed clear and brought near. Jepson had not thought he could have seen so definitely, so far away, the figure of a man slowly strolling along the red clay road,—of a richer and deeper color it was, sodden with the rain. The presence of the figure intimated that the storm had subsided less recently than he had thought; the weight of the down-pour had beaten the ground hard, and had added but little to the mud here and there in deep, tough masses in the centre of the road.

He made no move to turn back into the house, yet Baintree lingered, as if his mission were but half accomplished. It is difficult to conceive of a more indelible expression of gloom than had fixed upon his face. It indicated a misery and hopelessness past all human help, past all human endurance. Jepson spoke suddenly, upon an impulse which he hardly understood.

"Enny time ye feel ez ef the devil war arter ye, Jake, ef ye'll kem hyar ter me, I'll holp stave him off," he said.

He hesitated for a moment, for Baintree's bright, rat-like, furtive eye was glancing up at him, informed by a spirit so alien to that which animated his words that it almost silenced them. "I hev been agin ye," he went on presently; "ye know I hev. I always b'lieved mos' faithful ez ye killed Sam'l Keale. But the jury say ye did n't, an' the kentry hev abided by the verdic'. An' ef ye order yer walk aright an' do no mo' harm, I'll stan' by ye an' won't see ye persecuted,—though I ain't yer frien', an' I never will be."

Baintree's expression had shifted more than once during this speech: it had softened, become wistful, pathetic, and it hardened suddenly, as the last words fell on the air.

"An' who air ter be the jedge o' what's harm, an' what ain't?" he asked, with a sneer.

"I am," said Jepson, with his unswerving faith in his own methods. "I dunno no way ter jedge o' right an' wrong 'cept by the light ez kems from within."

"An' ye air the only one it's shed on, eh?" demanded Baintree, still bitterly sneering.

"Ye hev got good reason ter think so. The light lately shed on other folks, 'bout'n you-uns an' yer pardner, would be a mighty scorechin' light, sartain," Jepson retorted significantly.

Baintree understood him to allude to the wrangling differences with the vigilantes in the barn. A prudential afterthought roused his suavity.

"Waal," he observed, after a pause, "I never 'lowed ye war my frien'. I'll say one thing fur ye,—thar ain't no room fur mistakes ez ter whar ye stand. But I be toler'ble glad ez ye hev a mind ter keep them painters an' wild wolves off'n my track. Will ye gimme yer han' on it?"

He held out his own, bent on confirming the promise, as far as he might.

Once more a pang of pity stirred

Jepson's heart, albeit he looked down with a certain repulsion upon the long, trembling fingers awaiting his own. " 'Cordin' ter the conditions, — ef ye do no mo' harm in my jedgmint." And his strong, warm clasp closed upon Baintree's cold, nerveless hand for an instant, in sanction of the promise.

The touch of that cold, nerveless hand remained strangely within Jepson's palm after the two had separated, for Baintree's perverse reluctance to be off had evaporated, somehow, in the open air, and he had slouched out of the inclosure, taking his way, strangely enough, Jepson thought, down to the banks of the river, instead of up the mountain to his lair there, which he could hardly hope to reach, as it was, before the night should enfold him. Jepson stood aimlessly watching him, feeling the touch of his hand still cold and clammy within his own. Even after the rock and the laurel of the steep mountain slope had interposed, and he saw him no more, he still motionlessly gazed at the spot where he had disappeared, a sense of discontent with himself to which he was a stranger, an irritated, angry regret for he hardly knew what in the interview, pervading all his consciousness.

"I lack the sperit," he said suddenly. "I need ter be made strong. I gits sorry fur that wuthless trash, ez be held tergether ter look like a man, a-purpose, I reckon, for the devil ter beguile me. I gits ter feelin' sorry an' pitiful ter him. Now, David would n't hev done that, — jes' think o' David shakin' han's with his enemies! He hed thar heads cut off, — though it always pestered me some ez he tuk 'em up so all-fired sharp; but that's kase I'm human yit, I reckon. An' I knowed that man would hev stabbed me ef he could 'thout harmin' hisse'f, — I knowed it whenst I turned my back, — an' stiddier speakin' out what war revealed ter me, an' taxin' him with the crime he would hev done, I gin him bread, an' promised

ter purtee' him, an' shuk han's on it, ef he would walk right afore the law hyarafter. What ails *me* ter keer? I need strengthenin', — strengthenin' from above."

Despite his absorption he was moved to note, presently, with a pervasive sense of pleasure, how fresh, how soft, the air was. As he looked about, he noticed again the man whom he had observed some time ago walking along the red clay road. A slow pedestrian, certainly; it was almost inconceivable that he had been walking at all, since his progress had carried him but so short a distance. Jepson gazed at him with curiosity. He might have recognized him, the light was so clear, had not the man at that moment drawn his broad hat far down over his brow, and then he turned about and began to retrace his way.

Before he was out of sight the incident had passed from Jepson's mind. The freshness of the air was alluring, revivifying. He hesitated as he glanced over his shoulder at the recumbent Bob, asleep in the chair before the smouldering fire; then, without his hat, he strolled down the path, leaving the door open behind him.

He paused in the midst of the weed-tangled garden, and looked casually about at the bent and beaten growths, forlorn for the desertion of the summer, and the sport of the ruder season. Then he went slowly down to the fence, and, standing with his elbow on the topmost rail, looked meditatively at the golden glammers of the rock-bound river. He had not intended to go further, but as he turned he came to a sudden halt, and gazed with keen, narrowing eyes up the slope of the hill.

The man whom he had seen walking along the red clay road was long ago gone, — a tall man and slight, as he remembered the figure, all unlike the one which he now saw threading his way slowly among the boulders on the

steep incline above the cabin. As the pedestrian emerged presently upon a comparatively open space, Jepson noted a certain burly dignity in his carriage, which even at the distance served to identify him.

Jepson started forward; then paused. He had not spoken to Eli Strobe since the day of the election, when they had conferred together in the interests of the constable's candidacy, and his heart had beat with an intense partisan anxiety for Marcella's sake. He began to appreciate definitely how much he had felt since then of love, and hope, and despair; how hard they had all gone with him. He was ill-suited to relinquishment. His domineering, intolerant spirit had been scantily acquainted with denial. "I'm goin' ter die powerful hard," he said in gloomy forecast. It seemed to him that he had felt already prescient pangs. As his eyes followed Strobe's progress, he protested inwardly against a sort of humiliation to realize that he scarcely cared to accost him, and hear from him the reproaches so bitter on his daughter's lips. Jepson had not a keen self-discernment, but he knew that imperious entity too well to believe himself capable of receiving them from others with a like patience and acquiescence. That the injury to Eli Strobe was an accident, through no fault of his, was instantly worded in his consciousness with the vividness of a retort, as his imagination forecast the constable's upbraidings. Still, as he gazed, he hesitated. Suddenly, with his swift, long stride, he started up the slope to meet him. He had hardly credited hitherto the report of Eli Strobe's insanity, and he knew nothing of the character of his delusion. It was, perhaps, some fantastic vagary, however, he thought, that was luring him on amidst the bowlders, and the crags, and the mists of the dusk. Jepson had it in his mind to do a service. He suspected that Strobe had escaped from the careful guards of the fireside circle. As

he approached, climbing among the crags, he wondered that he had not yet been observed, yet he forbore to hail his old friend. With the knowledge of the failure of his mental faculties was the vague, unreasoning impression of the impairment of the senses. He felt as if Eli Strobe might not hear his ringing halloo.

Thus it was that, as the earth grew darker and yet more shadowy, though still that sky flared above, albeit dulling from its burning golden hue to a deep copper tint with horizontal bars of red, while the river ran blood, Eli Strobe, turning a curve in the road about the base of a cliff, came abruptly upon Jepson standing in an open space, motionless, expectant, silent, bareheaded. The lurid flare of the skies flung its unnatural light upon Jepson's face. He winced as he had never thought to do, for the doughty constable turned suddenly half round, and held up a quivering arm before his eyes, as if to shut out the sight or to ward off a blow.

Jepson spoke instantly, hurt and angry: —

"Ye hev got no call ter treat me that-a-way, Eli. Ye hev never hed no call ter be afeard o' me."

The constable had forgotten his threat of serving papers on "a harnt." He trembled violently. He could hardly stand. He tottered to a bowlder near by, and sat down. As he hesitatingly looked up at Jepson and cast his eyes down once more, there was visible in his expression a surprise that his old friend should still be standing there.

"I hev always wished ye well," Jepson declared, with a swelling heart.

"Thanky, sir, thanky kindly," said Eli Strobe, with a faltering tongue and uncharacteristic humility.

Jepson apprehended a tone which he did not understand. He cast a sharp glance at his interlocutor as he demanded, "Don't ye know me?" fearing that Strobe's mental derangement included a

failure of recognition of familiar things and faces.

"Oh, mighty well, mighty well indeed," the constable hastened to assure him.

There was a momentary silence. Jepson hardly comprehended the restraint which irked him. Whatever of pain he had anticipated in the interview, he had never expected aught like this. He divined the thought in Strobe's mind, as he cast his eyes down the long winding curves of the red clay road, stretching so far under the metallic lustre of that darkly yellow sky. The constable was too heavy a man to attempt flight, too far spent by the agitation that rent his breath and heaved in his broad chest. His judgment was still very excellent, and he adjusted himself anew on the boulder.

"Ef I ain't wanted," said Jepson, with a flare of his wonted arrogant spirit, "say the word, an' I'll jes' make myse'f sca'ce. I jes' 'lowed, though, ez mebbe ye mought hev a mind fur a few frien'ly words, bein' ez ye an' me war always frien'ly tergether. But I ain't one ter want ter bide whar I hev no place."

Eli Strobe's face could hardly have expressed more definitely than it did his relief at this intimation that the termination of the interview was subject to his wishes. He was, however, bent on insuring this if civility might suffice. In all his political experience he had never shown more suavity than now, when he said, with tremulous haste, —

"I'm obligated by yer comp'ny, sir." Then he added, in a more natural tone, "I hev been wonderin' a heap 'bout'n ye lately, — I hev been studyin' 'bout'n ye mighty nigh all the time."

"Nobody hev tole me that," said Jepson, wondering to find him so friendly, and still struggling with that vague, undiscriminated restraint that hampered the conversation.

"I reckon nobody else hev viewed

ye," Eli Strobe said quickly, not without a certain anxiety. Ambition was an elastic passion in his breast. He was already piquing himself upon his unique opportunity, forgetting Rathburn's experience.

Jepson keenly felt the fact that Marcella never mentioned him at home. But it was only another pang, and he said doggedly to himself that he knew so many pangs, another might hardly matter. He did not answer directly. He said presently, —

"What war ye a-wonderin' 'bout?"

"Ef — ef" — said Eli Strobe, a keen curiosity glancing out from under the brim of his hat, contending with a fear of giving offense — "ef ye ever 'sociate now with them folks ye useter be so tuk up with, G'liath, an' David, an' Sol'mon, an' them."

Jepson hesitated.

"I would n't call it 'sociatin'" — he paused — "not edzac'ly."

"They be sorter stuck up, eh?" said Eli Strobe, with a grin of relish. "I never did b'lieve ez worldly pride dies out 'fore ye git ter the nex' worl'. It's the main part o' some folks. It's all the soul they hev got, thar pride, — the rest is body."

Jepson, dazed somewhat by the queer turn the conversation had taken, stood silent, till he was suddenly interrogated anew.

"Do ye set ez much store on Sol'mon ez ye useter?"

"I hev hed no call ter change my mind," Jepson replied wonderingly, for the eagerness of Strobe's interest in gossiping of these antique worthies was very fresh and immediate.

"Smart man?" Strobe nodded his own head as he asked the question, willing to be convinced.

"That ain't the word fur it," said Jepson, the fascination of the subject reasserting itself even in this stress of anxiety. "I hev been studyin' a heap lately 'bout the house he built" —

"Thar, now, what did I tell ye 'bout pride?" Eli Strobe broke in. "I'll be bound Sol'mon kerried the mem'ry o' that thar house o' his'n plumb ter the house not built with hands; an' he ain't the fust ez clings ter worldly deeds, an' I'll be bound he won't be the las'." He paused, with a sudden look of consciousness on his face. The parallel was too patent to escape the notice of so clever a man, ignorant though he was. He was realizing that the important pride incident to the office of constable of Broomsedge Cove was hardly meet equipment to bear to the golden shores. But he was sturdily hopeful. "I'll cure myself o' that 'fore I land on the further side o' Jordan," he muttered to himself with a chuckle, for the humorous suggestions of the prospect did not altogether escape him. "I ain't goin' ter cut no comical figger 'mongst the saints through pride o' bein' constable o' Brumsaidge. Naw, sir! Pa'son an' me hev got ter winnow me o' that, sure."

The parson might have esteemed it a more difficult task, but Eli Strobe, with a cheerfulness predicated on the possibility of securing a spiritual mind in good season for spiritual needs, began to expand into more personal curiosity; for Goliath and Solomon were, after all, far-away subjects to his contemplation. Politics, perhaps, had rendered him suspicious, and he had become inured to doubting on principle a man's claims for himself. He cast his old distrustful sidelong glance at Jepson, freighted with a wish to say more than he dared, — to elicit protestations by insinuating that he had not been in case to know whether Solomon was as "smart" as he had been proclaimed to be, or to associate in any sense with the best of the Biblical worthies.

"Do ye like yer new abidin' place ez well ez yer old?" Strobe demanded.

"A hunderd times better," declared Jepson. "I 'lowed at fust I could n't

bide thar" — Strobe pricked up his gossip-loving ears — "through so many old thoughts o' old times. But I be useter 'em agin now, an' they don't hinder me none."

There was a momentary silence. A star was shining in the yellow west beside a flake of purple cloud. Mists shimmered about the crags. High amongst them a screech-owl shrilled, and was silent.

"I wisht ye'd kem an' spen' the night" — Jepson began; he paused abruptly, for Eli Strobe had sprung to his feet, with a white face, in which fear and resolution were oddly blended. He was wrestling with a frightful old superstition of the lures of a ghost to lead to hell; if he should follow the spectre for a step, he fancied himself lost — "or," added Jepson, "bide ter supper."

"Naw, naw!" Eli Strobe declined promptly. Then remembering his sedulous civility, he continued: "They'll be waitin' fur me at home, — an' mam an' Marcellly air powerful partic'lar. I'll meet up with ye agin somewhar; I reckon. Good-night."

Jepson stood watching him in puzzled doubt, as the constable took his way with athletic swiftness down the homeward path. More than once Strobe looked backward, to see the motionless figure standing bareheaded amongst the crags and the shifting mists, and turned instantly and walked on more swiftly than before.

He was out of breath, and pale and chilly, when he reached home. Marcella and Isabel were awaiting him in the passage between the two rooms, and while the younger daughter ran in to announce his return to Mrs. Strobe, Marcella came down the steps to meet him.

"Whar hev ye been, dad, so late?" she asked.

"Marcellly," he said in a mysterious, low tone, as they stood together on the porch, beneath the skeleton vines that

flapped drearily in the wind, "I dunno what got inter me this evenin'. I tuk ter misdoubtin' ef — ef Teck Jepson ever war kilt" — her heart gave a great joyous bound — "ef he ever war dead. An' I started out ter go ter that leetle graveyard o' his folks whar ye tole me he war buried," — she convulsively clutched his arm, — "ter see fur myse'f ef thar war enny new grave thar."

"An' — an' — what did ye find?" she cried, elated.

He stared down at her in the closing dusk, bewildered by her voice and manner. His tones were more huskily mysterious still. "I never got thar — fur I met his harnt" — She gave a sharp exclamation, and then caught one hand to her lips, as if to restrain the scream that might otherwise escape.

"Tell on," she said.

"Waal, I hed some words with the harnt; an' 't war comical how much 't war like Teck, a-settin' up ter 'sociate with Sol'mon an' them, whenst from some words he let drap I know he war in the t'other place. I know Teck. He could hev been mighty interestin' this evenin', ef he would. He tried ter git me ter foller him, but I war too smart fur him, — tellin' me how proud Sol'mon air o' the house he built."

"Dad," the girl gasped, mindful of the impending inquisition of lunacy, "I ain't axed ye fur nuthin' fur a good while. Promise me one thing."

"Waal, Marcellly," he replied expectantly, but cautious.

"Promise me ye won't tell nobody 'bout yer seein' the harnt."

His countenance fell. It was a sensation to retail, to make him the joyful cynosure of all the gossips, when he should be once more able to join his cronies at the forge or the store. But her pleading eyes were on his face; his paternal heart stirred, and his affection could compass even such self-denial.

"Waal, Marcellly, I promise — though" —

She would not wait for argument. "An', dad, ef ennybody axes ye how ye know Teck Jepson air dead, say yer darter Marcellly tole ye whar he war buried."

"Yes," he interrupted, with his burly bass chuckle, "an' I'll say I 'lowed they would n't hev buried him 'thout he war dead."

The white light of the newly kindled tallow dip within the room streamed out amongst the dusky brown shadows, and he went cheerfully in to his supper.

XXIII.

The roistering blades who had been wont to congregate at the forge had latterly resumed that cheerful habit, for the more recent excitements touching the discovery of the identity of the mysterious smith, who busied himself about the anvil in the dead hour of the night, had quite crowded out all recollection of the previous sensation of the parson's visions. Few, perhaps none but he himself, thought of the apparition that, accoutred with hoofs and equipped with wings "bat-wise," had sat upon the anvil, while the ghastly simulacrum of one of the jolly group had held the shutter ajar to look in upon his unconscious rollicking mortal self; although often enough the sound of the uncouth hilarity, the scraping of the old fiddle, or the wild, barbaric choruses rang out in the solemn silence of the stricken wintry woods, and acquainted the Settlement with the fact that the "boys were caperin' like all possessed down thar at the forge." The parson sighed, for all the ascetic convictions of his nature were wounded by the unthinking jocosity and revelry, the very laughter of which he, in his portentous gravity of creed, esteemed a sin. But even parsons can learn, and the good old man beheld no more visions thenceforward to the day of his death.

Allegory and metaphor had departed, with all their attendant graces of rhetoric, from his discourse, and thereafter he urged upon his congregation the necessity of truth and the insidiousness of lying, until the subject seemed to grow personal, and each member ransacked the possibilities for the means whereby the pastor could have become acquainted with sundry individual feats of athletically drawing the long-bow.

The fluctuating shafts of red light, now flung across the landscape without, now suddenly withdrawn, as the breath of the bellows rose and fell, imparted a genial element to the gaunt and sere autumnal scene this afternoon, as Bassett approached the little low building under the beetling crags. The dusk had already fallen, the metallic lustre had tarnished in the sky, and only here and there a dimly burnished gleam gave evidences of how the sunset but now had flared. Those traces of the rain which its brilliancy had served to obliterate were reasserted under the drear influences of the closing night. Drops were ever and anon fitfully falling in the woods from their lodgment in the sere curled leaves still clinging to the trees, as the wind stirred them. Far away the shrill tones of an owl jarred the silence, and were still again. The mountains, dark and sinister, closed about the Cove, its spaces all narrowing in the hovering obscurity, only indicated, indeed, by the pallid stretches of crab-grass in the place of the harvested crops, and the tawny growth of the broomsedge, the curse of the abandoned land; for the last glimmers of the day revealed these lighter tones in the dull neutrality of the blending darkness. The dank breath of their sodden fibres came to him as he walked; the river called aloud in a tumult of elation, as it dashed bold and wild over the rocks, reinforced by its tributaries from the ranges; exhalations were rising from the ground, loitering in low places, and as

the light flared out all red from the forge now and again, it cleft them in twain. The echoes waked still, despite the somnolent, night-shrouded aspect of mountain and valley, and were full of mirth, with snatches of lilting song, to repeat and con anew, till languorously, and syllable by syllable, they dropped to silence, or were overpowered by fresh outbursts of boisterous fun. It might have seemed even to these accurate mimics all as it was in the old days when the familiar group gathered here, before Rathburn had ever come to the Great Smoky to search in chasm and gorge and cave for its silver, — before they had been roused in the mystic midnight hour to keep a tally with the strokes of his hammer on the anvil, and murmur with bated breath his low-toned words, — all as it was. It did not seem thus to Bassett, coming nearer still. A preoccupation, a lack of zest in the jocularity, in the rallying sallies, he could detect in the very tones, too distant to be articulate; and yet they were as bluffly loud as ever. Nevertheless, as he came in view of the interior, the figures of the young mountaineers, now distinct in the glow of the forge fire, now dull and almost indistinguishable in the shadow of the dusky brown walls, intimated but small thought save of the mirth of the moment. The violin's tones were facetious under the bowing of so jovial a hand as Jube, the parson's son, made shift to wield. The severe ascetic lines of his father's profile were queerly imposed upon the rich red tint of the instrument, convulsed by a grin of a magnitude justified only by the phenomenal capers of the dancer, and distorted presently in sympathy with some very intricate harmonics, the production of which were somewhat beyond the performer's capacity. The dancer was Andy Longwood, and his lithe conformation and light weight and latent agility were manifested to an extent which one would hardly have suspected from his habitual

slow, slouching gait. He held either hand upon his hips; his chin was up-lifted; he looked not at his feet, surprising as were their deft gyrations to the circle of men who, with their pipes in their mouths, stood about and gazed at him with an expression of slow and lenient amusement, but at the dark and cobwebbed rafters of the high-peaked roof. The white light flared out from the fire for one moment upon his face, with his long fair hair shaken back and tossing with his movements; and as the dull red glow succeeded it, the surrounding spectators fell back laughing, their applause of an intricate double shuffle, with which he had concluded, audible to Bassett as he approached. When he reached the door and stood leaning against it, their comments had not yet shifted from the subject.

"Git yer feet tangled up, Andy, fust thing ye know, so ez ye 'll never git 'em loose no mo'," observed Moses Hull, at whom Bassett glanced in surprise, for it was Hull's ambition to do many things in the nature of feats of agility pre-eminently well, and commendation from him, therefore, usually was slack and scanty. "Shucks!" He made one or two teetering movements forward on the tips of his toes, then desisted with a debonair wave of his hand. "I can't, — gin it up."

"Gin Andy su'thin' ter drink; 'bleeged ter be dry arter all that hoppin' an' commotion," said Dake, in a tone the essence of suavity. "Hey, Clem?" He appealed to the hospitalities of the blacksmith, who sat upon the anvil, all unmindful of the devil, and smoked his pipe, as he overlooked a game of cards which two young fellows were playing upon the head of a barrel.

"Let him gin hisse'f suthin' ter drink," Clem said cavalierly, emitting a blue wreath of smoke from his lips. He had not forgiven the youthful rival his unintentionally misleading statement as to Marcella's preference, and was

nevertheless gruffly and illogically jealous. "I reckon Andy hev got sense enough ter know the outside o' a jug whenst he see it; ef not, let him go dry."

He inserted his pipe once more between his lips, and bent his attention upon the game, solemnly and warily played by the light of the forge fire, the bellows accommodately worked by a youth who fancied he had a bent toward the smith's vocation, and was happy to be allowed to meddle in any capacity with the paraphernalia of the forge.

"I won't die o' thirst, I reckon, yit awhile," panted Andy, who, still out of breath, was walking himself about after the manner in which a horse is exercised after running. He took his way behind the elevated hearth of the forge, for in the dusky retirement of this nook stood a modestly disposed brown jug, with a corn-cob stopper. Its presence here was well known, and the affectation of secrecy sprang, doubtless, from some mere sentiment of appropriateness, since the liquor was illegally distilled, and came few knew whence.

Bassett watched the dumb show, very dim in the corner, of the shadow of a man drinking from the shadow of a jug; he was of an outspoken temperament, of which, however, censoriousness was more an element than candor.

"What ails ye, Gid, ter be a-coddlin' Andy so special?" He did not desist because of a significant glance from Dake, standing in the rear of the anvil. "An' what's Andy a-doin' of over hyar, so fur from home, ennyhows? His folks will 'low he be los', — his mam will be out'n her head," he sneered.

The bibulous shadow paused, with the jug at his lips. The pantomime was very expressive of scornful retort, as Longwood wagged his head silently, but with the fiery fluid in his throat he could not speak for a moment. "I'll knock ye inter Kingdom Come, Joe

Bassett, ef ye fool along o' me. Talkin' ez ef I war about five year old! I ain't axin' you-uns 'bout sech ez I do, nohow." And once more he applied his lips to the jug.

"Old or young, Andy hev been mighty important ter Brumsaidge," said Hull seductively. "Some things we-uns would never hev knowed ef 't warn't fur him."

Bassett started in surprise; then gave a short, scornful laugh. "Waal, I feel powerful sorry fur Brumsaidge ef Andy kin tell 'em ennything!" he flouted.

The young fellow had come from behind the elevated hearth of the forge, wiping his lips on the back of his hand. He had suddenly grown conscious, and looked a trifle crestfallen. "Waal, I dunno ez I oughter hev tole what I done, — I hev been sorry fur it sence. It jes' sorter slipped out'n my mouth 'fore I knowed it. I hed drunk corn-sider'ble apple-jack," — he made this admission with a callow pride in being thus overtaken, — "an' I sca'cely knowed what I said. I war sorry arterward."

"'Bout what?" demanded Bassett, choosing to disregard the telegraphic glances of Hull and Dake.

"Shucks!" said Hull, answering for Longwood, "jes' 'bout tellin' ez Eli Strobe hed gone deranged."

Bassett said nothing, and Longwood, standing with his hands in his pockets, his head bare, — for he had not replaced his hat after dancing, and it now lay among the spokes of a broken wagon-wheel at one side of the shop, — gazed absently down at the game, seeing nothing before his eyes, and raising them whenever the others spoke.

"I dunno why ye air sorry ye tole," said Hull craftily; and it occurred suddenly to Bassett that he was a half-brother of the defeated candidate for constable, and that Longwood was in the process of being cleverly manipulated. "Brumsaidge would hev been

obleeged ter find it out, sooner or later. I s'pose," he added, after a pause, "ye war feared they would try ter take his office 'way from him?"

"Edzac'ly!" said Longwood, lifting his large, wide eyes, "an' I did n't want ter hev no part nor passel in sech."

"Waal, ye won't!" exclaimed Hull reassuringly. He was a dark-browed fellow, of a wooden-like countenance; it seemed specially devoid of expression as he chewed hard upon his quid of tobacco, and he had a casual manner as he continued: "Folks would hev been bound ter hear it n'ised abroad 'fore long, an' then, ef he air crazy, Brumsaidge can't keep him constable. This air a mighty big deestric', an' arter ye wunst gits out'n the Settlemint houses air few fur true, an' fur apart, an' woods air thick. A crazy constable ain't no constable at all."

"Yes, sir!" Dake broke in; "an' folks out thar hev got ter hev some sort'n purtection besides a gyard-dog, — got ter sorter depend on the law, now'days. We-uns ain't got grit enough ter take keer o' ourselves, like we useter do."

But this last sentiment boded a digression. Hull hastily interposed, still incidentally: "'Tain't yer fault, Andy, ef he did lose his office, — ye did n't make him go deranged; an' it stands ter reason ez the law can't be administered by a off'cer teched in the head. Naw, sir! But then he mought not be crazy. What did he say, Andy, ter make ye 'low he hed gone deranged?"

The question was asked, and Hull gazed intently at the young fellow, fearing that at this significant moment some word, some movement, of the others might rob him of what he so zealously sought, — a clue for the guidance of those who were scheming to secure the inquisition of lunacy; for so close had been the race for constable that in the event of the office becoming vacant, and a consequent special election, Joshua

Nevins could hardly fail to have a walk-over, as against any other candidate than the disabled incumbent. Nevertheless, although Hull's face had grown conscious, his manner carefully dissembled his interest, and Longwood's glance discovered naught to inflame his anger or rouse his caution. It was only because of the twinge of his own conscience that he declared irritably, lifting his voice, "I dunno what he said, — leastwise I hev no call ter tell, an' I ain't a-goin' ter." A sudden doubt, even suspicion, stirred within him. "Somebody else war axin' me that question jes' ter-day."

Hull, fresh at politics, lost his self-possession. "'T warn't me!" he protested, as if repudiating an accusation.

"Did I say 't war?" demanded Longwood, with a snarling accent. The whiskey which he had drunk and that goading sense of wrong-doing had blended in angry discomfort, which he was more disposed to wreak on others, if he might with impunity, than to suffer in silence.

"Don't quar'l, boys," eagerly objected Jube. His habit was not that of a peace-maker, but the prospect of a wrangle threatened to despoil the pleasure he experienced in twanging the old violin, for the loud voices overbore the vibrations of the strings as he experimented with some delicate flecking touches of the bow. "Don't quar'l, boys."

"I ain't quar'lin'!" Longwood defended himself with still a louder tone. "Axin' me — an' I won't stan' it — ez ter what Eli Strobe said an' did n't say, ter make me 'low he hed gone deranged!"

His voice lifted to so high a pitch caused Clem Sanders to look up with scowling disfavor from the game of which he had been an absorbed spectator. His frown grew blacker as the final words fell upon the air. "Gone deranged!" he sneered. "Air you-uns a-spreadin' that gossip yit, kase the man hed a fe-

ver, an' war a leetle out'n his head? I do declar', ye make me laff." His face seemed far from laughing, so indignant and flushed it was.

"A man can't stay out'n his head jes' with fever from August — election day air fust Thursday in August — plumb till the middle o' October, an' past. That's when Andy hearn Eli Strobe a-maunderin'," Hull excitedly argued.

"I never said he maundered," Longwood protested vehemently. "I ain't a-goin' ter tell what he said."

Clem Sanders had worn a startled, troubled face as he hearkened to Hull's exposition of these dates. He seemed overpowered, convinced against his will. Then his anxious hope for Marcella's sake making him ingeniously sanguine, he turned fiercely toward Longwood.

"An' what sort'n jedge be you-uns? Gone deranged! Nobody hev gone haf-fen ez fur deranged ez you-uns. Ye ain't got two atoms o' brains ter keep one another comp'ny in that thar great big lonesome head o' yourn."

Longwood winced palpably before this vigorous scorn. The consideration with which he had been treated earlier in the evening had served to foster his self-esteem. The blacksmith was a man of mark in the community and enjoyed great popularity, and Longwood deprecated a "backing down" from this source. He was prone to strut and swagger, and Hull's pretended deference had made him adopt a still more assuming pose.

He forgot his pangs of conscience, Marcella, the consequence to Eli Strobe, — all, — in the tumult of his self-importance and the desire to assert himself.

"Jedge o' goin' deranged! I say a jedge! Even you-uns, I reckon, would hev hed gumption enough ter sense what war the matter ef ye hed hearn him declarin' — like I done — ez he hed killed Teck Jepson, bruk his neck, an' kep' axin' whar Teck war buried, an' who preached the fun'al sermon, an'

ef his harnt hed sot out ter walk ! I reckon ye 'd hev 'lowed he war de-ranked, ef ye hed hearn all that ! ”

He hurled forth these words upon Clem Sanders, who sat as one petrified, a stony dismay on his face, and seeming scarcely to breathe. Hull was excited, laughing a little, half in triumph, half in ridicule of the aggressive adolescence thus foolishly revealing the secret that had been so carefully withheld from the inquiries hardly yet silent upon the air. The inconsequent Longwood, in the flush of his triumph over the blacksmith, did not even dimly appreciate what he had done, till, turning, he saw Hull's face, wooden no longer, and the satirically laughing Dake. He wilted a trifle then ; with an effort to regain his manly port, he demanded in an offended tone, “ What be ye fellers a-laffin' at ? ”

Hull showed some aptitude for the affairs in which he intermeddled merely for reasons of consanguinity. “ So funny,” he replied evasively, — “ so durned funny, the idee o' Teck Jepson bein' dead ! I wish he war ! ”

“ That would n't do we-uns no good,” said Dake. “ We-uns can't find whar Jake Baintree an' his pardner air hidin' in the mountings enny better ef Teck war dead than livin'.”

Jube Donnard ceased to scrape the old violin ; the other men gathered close about ; the game of cards paused midway ; the very name of Baintree and his confederate seemed to supersede all other interests. Only Andy Longwood held apart, realizing with a sinking heart that he had given the clue — the subject of insanity — upon which the investigations would be pushed ; otherwise, so sane was Strobe on every other point, he might have escaped, even though the inquiry were prompted and prosecuted by his political enemies.

He sat down upon the shoeing-stool, leaning his head against the chimney, and tried to reflect on what he had

done and what it might precipitate. Perhaps it was the heat of the fire, perhaps the effects of the whiskey he had drunk : his head drooped more and more, and presently he was asleep, all oblivious of the absorbed group and the topic that so engrossed them.

Even the enthusiast at the bellows had deserted the scene of his ambition, and joined the others. The tone of the conversation intimated that the subject was a recurrent one, and each speaker had the air of producing his remark rather from a long train of previous reflection than upon the impulse of the moment.

“ I dunno what ter think o' Teck Jepson,” pursued Dake. “ Some o' the boys 'lowed ez Baintree an' that man ez purtends ter be a-sarchin' fur silver hed been warned, else Rathburn never would hev kem down ter the forge so early in the night with sech a plain, harmless tale.”

“ Who would go a-hidin' sech ez tryin' ter git holt of a silver mine, ennyhow ? ” demanded Jube logically. “ I'll gin my cornsent ter his findin' all the silver mines in the kentry. So would other folks, an' he be 'bleeged ter know it.”

“ Teck never denied they war warned, whenst faced with the fac'," said one of the card-players, the superseded pack in his hand.

“ An' Teck 'lowed,” said the other, “ ez he knowed who warned 'em. He hed ter 'low that whenst I taxed him with it. He said he would n't lie.”

“ But he would n't tell who done it,” interpolated Jube, the violin lying idle and silent on his knee.

“ Naw, sir ! ” exclaimed Dake. “ I jes' argufied with him fur a good hour an' better, tryin' ter pint out his jewty ter the benighted critter, fairly sodden in the pride o' his religion. I tole him 't war his jewty ter his kentry. An' he jes' 'lowed ez he hed seen the face o' jewty too often not ter know it, an' that

all the legions o' hell an' all the hosts o' heaven could not make him reveal that name ter mortal ears."

The blacksmith, his ponderous arms folded, his head bent as he sat on the anvil and listened, rose suddenly, with a deep sigh, and walked once or twice the length of the little shop. He had refrained from speaking, fearing his lawless tongue might betray his intimate knowledge of the mystery that so baffled them. His silence had not been noted, but his movement brought him to the minds of the others, and one of the card-players demanded:—

"Did you-uns onderstan', Clem, this hyar Rathburn ter say ez him an' Jake war a-campin' on the range ter the west o' Brumsaidge? Whenst we-uns went up on the mounting, las' week, I do declar' I b'lieve we sarched every squar' mile fur ten mile, a-bushwhackin' fur 'em."

"That air what I onderstood him ter say," replied the blacksmith cautiously, coming to a halt in the middle of the floor. "On the mounting ter the west. But I never paid no partic'lar 'tention ter him. I war a-mendin' of his tool, an' Jepson done the talkin'. I 'lowed ye'd be sati'fied with whatever Jepson done."

"But he never done nothin'!" cried Dake angrily. "Swaller a big tale 'bout'n sarchin' fur silver ez easy ez skim milk, an' then let the evil-doer slip through his fingers like pickin' up water!"

"'Thout even findin' out whar ter git him agin ef we-uns wanted him!" exclaimed Jube Donnard.

There was a silence. Each was conscious of a thought that he shared in the minds of the others, but as yet none had put it into words. The dull red glow of the coals slowly smouldering under the sooty hood suffused the dusky place, and but dimly revealed the great slouching figures of the mountaineers, as they lounged about on the few seats

that the shop afforded, or stood with their hands in their pockets and deliberated. Outside of the great widely opened doors the night gloomed. All was indistinguishable in the deep obscurity save that along the western horizon a dull copper hue glowed, and against it were visible the gnarled limbs of the old tree just without the forge, each bough and twig black and distinct as it moved slightly in the wind. Now and again drops fell in quick, convulsive patterings from the growth of evergreen laurel on the slope of the hill, and sometimes the eaves added a few monotonous drippings to the rivulets in the gullies below, running fast and loud in the silence.

"Thar hev been a traitor 'mongst we-uns," said Dake presently.

"Ye say that ez ef it war news," sneered Bassett, still standing in the door.

"I reckon all o' the boys hev sorter sensed who 't war," observed Dake.

"Ye 'member how keen Teck Jepson war fur appealin' ter Jedge Lynch, ez he called it, whenst Baintree war fust let off from the court fur a-killin' o' Sam'l Keale, an' whenst enny fool mought hev knowed the kentry would do nuthin' agin the jury's say-so?" Bassett remarked discursively.

The others stared at him through the red dusk, surprised by this reminiscent turn to the conversation.

"Of course," assented Jube, by way of giving him an impetus.

"That war a blind. He never wanted nuthin' done ter Baintree,—oh, ye need n't tell me!" For there was an incredulous laugh here and there in his audience.

"Shucks, Joe!" exclaimed Jube, turning aside and making as if he would once more lift the violin, then pausing and looking over his shoulder as Bassett resumed.

"An' t'other night, up at Clem's barn, he war dead agin hangin' or ennythin'

'thout them men war diskivered in mo' wrong-doin' sence killin' Sam'l Keale, — ez ef they 'd up an' tell 'bout thar wrong-doin's with the vigilantes in a hunderd yards of 'em, an' they hevin' been warned, an' Teck Jepson knowin' who warned 'em!"

"I'd like ter know who warned 'em. That busybody would be done with warnin's," declared one of the card-players. "I'd strangle that tattle-tale with a mighty good will, ef I hed the chance!"

"Hesh up! I'll lay ye low with that thar sledge o' mine!" cried Clem peremptorily, the image of Marcella in his mind.

"Laws-a-massy, Clem," protested the card-player pacifically, surprised at his vehemence.

"Then," pursued Bassett, all unheeding, a logical end in contemplation, "we-uns hev let Teck Jepson git the upper hand o' us, so ez he felt full bold ter let that Rathburn go, an' stayed argufyin' with we-uns in the barn jes' ter purvent us from goin' arter him an' capturin' him, so ez him an' Baintree would git off scot-free."

"We-uns knowed all that afore," said Hull placidly.

"Waal," drawled Bassett, but his eyes gleamed with excitement and his pulse quickened, "mebbe ye don't know ez I viewed Jepson a-standin' in his door this very evenin', a-shakin' hands with this very Baintree ez he always purtended ter despise so, an' ez we-uns can't find high or low, — shakin' hands, sir, shakin' hands frien'ly an' perlite, ez ef Baintree war the pa'son!"

There were two or three sharp, inarticulate exclamations, and dead silence ensued.

"We-uns hev been powerful deceived in this man ez hev fairly ruled over Brumsaidge Cove!" said one of the mountaineers, smarting with the sense of being overreached.

"His rule air over!" cried Bassett,

"else he hev stamped out every mite o' pluck 'mongst us in his rule, ez ye call it."

"Why, now, look-a-hyar, Joe, how air ye a-countin' fur his bein' frien'ly with Baintree? He ain't a fool like this hyar Rathburn, hankerin' arter silver ez Jake kin find," urged Dake, dazed by the revelation, and seeking some adequate motive that might explain it.

Bassett had come forward into their midst. He stood with his hands in his pockets, his face grave but with suppressed excitement in every line of it, and now and then glancing over his shoulder at the broad open door, where a mist lurked shifting and shimmering, vaguely perceived in the dull red glow.

"Why, what kin it mean, boys," he said, "'ceptin' we-uns hev been fooled from the beginnin'? Teck would n't act so ef Baintree did n't hev a hank over him somehows, — could put him inter mighty heap o' trouble ef he did other-wise. Ez long ez Baintree hev been kep' under our watch Teck hev b'friend-ed him; afore that he 'peared ez much agin him ez ennybody, jes' ez a blind ter keep folks from s'picionin' them."

"But what kin Teck hev done ez Baintree be in an' knows about? Thar ain't no crime been c'mitted in these parts," ruminated Dake, his mind rum-maging the possibilities, "'ceptin' — 'ceptin' —" he drawled on; then he suddenly glanced up, his eyes alight — "'ceptin' the mysterious takin'-off o' Sam'l Keale, five year ago an' better."

He had guessed Bassett's suspicion; he saw this in his crony's eyes, and the strength of his own suggestion was increased by its duplication. The others stirred uneasily, but the crime was a mystery never solved, and what could be more inexplicable than the fact that Jepson was seen shaking hands with the man whom he had denounced and threatened again and again, a contemptible wretch, and the outcast of the mountains?

"Ye 'low," said Dake, "ez Jepson hed some hand in that business what ain't never been brought ter light?"

"Elsewise what ails him ter purtect Baintree an' his comical doctor-man, an' ter swear he won't tell who warned 'em, an' ter be seen, when he thunk he war safe from view, a-shakin' hands mighty frien'ly with the man he hev purtended ter run down?"

Bassett suddenly leaned forward, caught Dake's hand, and went through the dumb show of a friendly parting, while the others looked on through the red glow of the fire. Then he flung himself back against the wall, laughing aloud, — a fleering falsetto laugh, that jarred the solemn silence beneath the bare trees, and echoed far along the road through the Settlement.

XXIV.

It is one of the incongruities of sentiment that the grief of an unworthy subject for a puny cause should have the poignant force and dignity of pain, and demonstrate that universality of human susceptibility to mental suffering with which the species is endowed. Mrs. Bowles might have seemed of altogether too flimsy a moral constitution to experience so adequately the surprise, the anger, the anguish, that consecutively possessed her upon the discovery of the little mountaineer's disappearance. Bob's own mother could hardly have shed more tears. As she forecast the gossip of the Cove, it might have appeared that only the repute heretofore of phenomenal graces of disposition could warrant the quivering shrinking she felt in coming at a disadvantage before the popular censor. All the conscientious rectitude of a martyr was in her throbbing heart, as she realized how completely she was a victim of circumstantial evidence.

"Folks will 'low ez how I hed treated

him mean, — though ef he war my own child an' hed runned away, they'd 'low he war a mean brat, an' would turn out a evil man. But bein' I'm a step-mother, I'll git the blame. An' ter think how I hev slaved fur him, — patched an' let out seams, an' him a-growin' out'n every gyarmint ez ef he'd grow out'n the roof; an' kep' him clean ez soap an' water knowed how! I'll be bound he's tore his petticoats haffen off'n him in tatters, an' got muddy an' scratched with briars, afore he shows hisself — a mis'able mean shoat! — in the Cove, a object o' pity, an' everybody a-tattlin' how M'ria Price, ez married a Bowles, like a fool, treats her step-chil'n, till they runs away from her, an' dares the wild beast an' the mountings ter be shet of her."

And once more she burst into tears. She had her good qualities, which were chiefly housewifely, and she had not pretermitted her labors in washing the dishes and scouring the cooking utensils in order to indulge her grief. Perhaps it was the more effective as she held the plate aside to lean sobbing against the chimney jamb; then she wiped her eyes perfunctorily upon her apron, and went on with her work, while the tears streamed anew.

Her husband stood helplessly looking on, a pale, ashen hue upon his lank, indefinite countenance, a startled anxiety in his mild blue eyes, that seemed distended with abnormal faculties, as if they beheld a frightful possibility not within the actual field of vision. He had searched the immediate vicinity as thoroughly as might be for the infantile fugitive, and his heart sank within him as he reflected upon the measureless mountain wilds encompassing the little home on every hand, the hideous chasms and steepes, the lurking beasts of prey. He could not look upon the trundle-bed, the covering thrown off, and a deep indentation on the further side, where the fat little body had been

cosily intrenched all night, with nobody knows what dreams in his head, or wakefully devising his callow schemes.

With the alert paternal despair, he felt that he would never again see there the rotund little fellow who was almost visible even now, so definitely present Bob was to his imagination. He had not his wife's capacity for self-centred sorrow, and it was impossible for him to regard the incident personally except with keen and subtle spasms of remorse, his ingenuity fertile in devising more reasons for repentance than the bountiful reality afforded.

"M'ria — M'ria," he said tremulously, "I feel obligated ter go down an' roust up all the men in the Cove ter sarch. A b'ar or a painter mought — mought" — He could not go on.

"Shucks!" retorted his wife contemptuously. "Ef he's eat, he's eat, an' the men in the Cove can't hender."

She slapped the dishes down upon the table as she successively wiped each piece, and there was temper very prominently apparent even in her tears.

"They mought hev dragged him ter thar den, — I hev hearn o' sech doin's," the luckless Bowles urged desperately.

"I know what den he's in: he's in the den o' that painter or wolf ye call Teck Jepson, — that's who hev 'ticed him off."

She was sorry she had spoken when she noted how Bowles's face cleared, how he clutched at this hope; for it was one of the prime essentials of her grief that it should be shared, and if sympathy did not prompt her companions to make it their own, she presently gave them ample occasion to sorrow for their own sake. This bloodless elucidation of Bob's disappearance had early occurred to her. He was trying to make his way to his uncle, and by reason of the dense undergrowth it would be difficult for him to do aught but follow the path which would certainly lead him to the Cove, where he would probably

meet and electrify every important personage of Mrs. Bowles's world before encountering the object of his search.

"That's a fac'!" cried Bowles joyfully. "I'll go straight down yander ter Teck's an' see." A cloud overcast his face. "It's a long way, — he'll never git thar. He'll set down an' go ter sleep on the side o' the road — an' su'thin' wild mought ketch him thar. I'll go — I'll go, straight."

"Naw, I'll go myse'f," said Mrs. Bowles, with another gush of tears. "I ain't goin' ter hev ye, an' Teck Jepson, an' Bob — yer great fine Bob! — a-showin' off yer mis'ries down in the Cove, an' a-makin' out ez I be tur'ble enough ter harry ye all out'n house an' home. Naw, sir, I'm goin' myse'f, an' ye'll bide hyar an' take keer o' them t'other two chil'n, an' purvent them from runnin' away."

Sim and A'minty had already been given reason to mourn on their own behalf, Mrs. Bowles fancying that she detected in their sullen little faces a relish of her lachrymose outbursts and protests against this untoward fate that had somehow got the upper hand of her. But despite the channels of tears drying on their cheeks, that spark of triumph still shone in their eyes, and she could not quench it. She saw it anew as they looked up on being mentioned, and she was once more moved to accuse them of complicity in Bob's flight, which had been the pretext of the previous trouncings.

"Ye A'minty, ye better tell me which way Bob went, an' what he 'lowed he war goin' ter do," she said, stopping in her domestic duties, and standing with arms akimbo, gazing down at the tousled red head and tallowy freckled face of the little girl.

A'minty looked old and very cautious as she spoke; she held the yellow cat, with the green eyes, close up under her chin and against her neck, — what a comfort the soft, furry, purring thing was!

"I dunno!" she declared. "Bob don't talk none sca'cely, — 'ceptin' 'bout'n vittles."

"I'll be bound he talks 'bout vittles, — vittles what I cook fur him!" cried Mrs. Bowles, with a new cadence of despair. "Ter think I lef' my good home an' a plenty o' marryin' chances down in the Cove, ter kem up hyar an' weave an' sew an' spin an' cook an' slave from mornin' till night, an' fetch up another 'oman's chil'n, an' *yit* git n'ised about all round the Cove ez bein' mean, an' no-count, an' neglee'ful. I jes' know how dirty Bob will be afore he gits ter the Cove, dirty an' tore up, an' got on the wust dress he hev got ter save his life, — an' folks will be 'lowin' ez I hev repented o' my bargain a-marryin', an' hev made a mighty pore match. The Lord knows I did, but I don't want Peter Bryce a-swaggerin' round, tickled ter death, an' 'lowin' I hed better hev tuk him whenst I could git him."

"Laws-a-massy, M'ria, Peter Bryce knows ye would n't gin him two thoughts ter save his life," said Bowles. "Heaps o' folks's chil'n air fractionous an' gin 'em trouble, whether they air step-chil'n or no." The temporizer's art had become singularly facile and effective in the continuous exercise which had been given it. Mrs. Bowles's countenance cleared for a moment; then — perhaps it was a definite perception of the truth, which was so palpable that she could not permit herself to believe that it would be less apparent to others than to herself — it was clouded anew, and she broke forth angrily: —

"Naw! I jes' know what a name will be gin me by Peter Bryce, an' Teck Jepson, an' them sanctified women folks in the Cove, 'lowin' ez I be cruel, an' cut an' slash the chil'n, I reckon. They'll take no notice o' how fat Bob be! Teck Jepson sot the chil'n all agin me whenst he fust kem hyar ter live. Hain't ye hearn Bob talk a heap

'bout his uncle Teck? — tell me now, Sim."

Sim twisted one bare foot over the other, as if intricacy in the intertwining of these members might attest alacrity of spirit to oblige. He had grown slow in being so doubtful of what might please, or rather least displease. He continued silent, with his look of stupid cogitation, until she observed threateningly, "Now sulk, ef ye air so minded," when he broke forth precipitately: —

"Bob say uncle Teck air big an' high, an' hev kilt a heap o' painters an' b'ars — an' — an'," he faltered, "ef ennybody tuk arter him, uncle Teck war a-goin' ter settle 'em; all he hed ter do war ter let uncle Teck know."

Mrs. Bowles whirled round in triumph.

"Thar, now!" she exclaimed to her husband. "What did I tell ye? I hearn Teck say them very words ter that thar chile the las' night he war hyar. He's gone ter Teck Jepson! Teck Jepson hev enticed him away! Teck Jepson air yer painter an' yer wolf!"

Once more she burst into stormy tears. It is a hard thing to say of her, but the catastrophe that threatened the child lost in the savage wilderness seemed less terrible to her than the mental picture of Bob at large in the Cove, revealing to the gossips the secrets of the domestic administration at the cabin in the notch of the mountain.

She made her preparations somewhat swiftly after that, although she did not neglect to prepare and set aside a goodly amount of wholesome food for the consumption of the family during her absence, animated by the intention of allowing Bob as little time as possible to ventilate, consciously or unconsciously, the family discords. Curiously enough, it was not so much an evil conscience which made her sensitive to remark as the fear that all she had done and all that she had sacrificed, in the sense in

which she chose to construe the word, for another woman's children would not be adequately and justly considered. She wished very heartily, as she mounted the horse which Jepson had lent them, that she was leaving the door never to enter it again; but as she looked about the little cabin, with the solemn purple mountains clustering in the background, and took note of the silence and solitude that possessed the world, save within those paltry inclosures where the pigs and the poultry fed, and the house with the sullen, browbeaten children in the porch, she reflected that she was likely to grow gray here, and she sighed deeply as she took up the reins. There is no sorrow nor sympathy so sincere as that which we feel for ourselves. She could not even be sure of Ben Bowles's grief for her anxieties, indefinite and docile as he was. He stood, to be sure, with a long face and a hand shielding his much-grooved brow and his eyes from the glare rather than the sun, — for it lurked behind the clouds, and only from tenuous areas of vapor it sent forth this occasional tempered white suffusion, — and dutifully watched her out of sight; but one might well fancy that it was a day of more quiet and peace within doors than the cabin had known since the bride came home; and even she, with all her personal arrogations, was aware that he relished it.

The day was gray. The heights wore a deep purple with a vague blue and blurring effect, as if some invisible, impalpable veil of mist had interposed a short distance from the wooded slopes. There was rain in the clouds, but they loitered; no downfall was threatened for some hours yet: nevertheless, mindful of the freshness of a crisp pink calico gown and bonnet, Mrs. Bowles doubted the reliability of her own resources as a weather-prophet. She drew up the horse where the road forked, and hesitated. It was not such weather as she would have chosen for a jaunt into

the Cove, and she winced from the idea of presenting herself, all forlorn and bedraggled by the rain, among her old acquaintances. She needed all her fortitude and all the prestige of fresh and immaculate attire. She wished that she had let Bowles undertake the expedition in her stead, as he had proposed. She was on the point of turning back, when another of those white suffusions through the translucent clouds gave cheer to the landscape, lifted suddenly into definite color and hopeful augury for the rest of the day. "An' I'll take the short cut," she muttered, as she turned the horse aside into the less traveled and weed-grown way. But for the thinning of the leaves on the bushes that grew close on either hand, and the sere, dried, wisplike estate of the grasses and weeds in its midst, it might have appeared more like a grove amongst the foliage than a path; but here and there it emerged in rocky spaces, where it wound with definite curves, and she wondered that it should present this trodden and well-worn aspect. "Cows take along it, I reckon," she hazarded.

There was no moisture on the leaves nor on the withered grasses, and there seemed an incongruity in this, with the lowering, lead-tinted sky full of rain, and the dank smell of moisture in the air, for there had been "falling weather" somewhere in the vicinity. She heard a rain-crow raucously call out in the silence, and then all was still, so still! The summer songs of weed and twig were hushed; the air was void, — no whirl of birds, no whisking gossamer cicada; the stir of the crisp dry grass under her horse's hoofs and the creak of the saddle as it swayed slightly were loud and assertive in default of other sound. Now and again she observed how the mountains changed their aspect, viewed from a different point; but however the contour varied, that sombre purple tint filled the landscape, save when the distance dulled it to gray. A drear day, shut

in by clouds and strangely without moral perspectives as well; all the outlook seemed limited by that gray, silent presence, that had an aspect of perpetuity like a doom, as if it would lift no more. She had been an hour or more in the saddle, and the valley appeared but little nearer than at the outset. She began to doubt if the little mountaineer could have reached the Cove. "It's a good piece, — a good piece," she said meditatively. "But then Bob mus' walk a hunderd mile a day, I reckon, playin' round like he do, an' he be plumb sur-vigrous."

She had neared a depression in the range, through which was visible a section of the Carolina mountains. She turned her eyes mechanically toward them, hardly noting a little cabin that she had known to be deserted for many a year, and that stood on the slope of a great dome which towered far above. The distant ranges were still and gray as those nearer at hand; nowhere in the world was a brighter spot visible than the dull encompassing monotony. No movement, not even the slow shifting of the mountain mist, till suddenly a handsome gray mare trotted out from the rear of the cabin, where she now perceived was a flimsy shanty of a barn. A heap of ashes lay at one side of the yard. Her approach had frightened away a weasel that had been feeding on some broken bits of food by the doorstep, and now, made bold by her motionless silence, ventured to return. The cabin was evidently tenanted.

"Waal, sir!" she soliloquized. "I never knowed ez ennybody hed moved up ter this old house, ez be fairly fallin' ter pieces," she added, her critical eye taking note of the dilapidated doorsteps, the rotten rail fence, broken down to the ground in many places, the strange lack of garden or field, all of which, in the first thrill of startled surprise, had escaped her attention. So lonely was her life on the mountain, so uncongenial

the companionship to which she had doomed herself, that she had at first experienced a glow of gratulation to discover neighbors, even so distant as this; now it was tempered by the fear that inmates so shiftless and uncaring as the external evidences would intimate could hardly prove a valuable acquisition. She had drawn rein, and sat motionless in the saddle, silently contemplating the scene, each new item of neglect or decay that presented itself to her observation adding to the reprobation expressed in the primly disapproving compression of the flexible lips and the quick glances of her bead-like eyes from under the brim of her pink sun-bonnet. Her code of morals, her stringent requisites for the government of other people, were very complete, and her record as a diligent and exacting censor had few instances of relaxation or clemency. She was on the point of turning away, taking a certain satisfaction in the thought that she would make no overtures to people with a doorstep like that, when it suddenly occurred to her that the vagrant Bob might have earlier discovered the dwellers in this secluded nook, and have established himself upon the footing of an occasional visitor. Her face changed. "He mought be in that house this minit," she reflected hopefully. "Likely ez not he hain't gone down to the Cove at all."

There was no sign of the usual guard-dogs about the house, and as she slipped down from the saddle upon the ground her curiosity was all freshly aqiver, since it could be gratified at no cost of personal dignity; for she came not to offer her acquaintance, but upon her own important errand, the search for her step-child. There are few people who can feel so exclusive a joy in trimness and freshness as did Mrs. Bowles, for it was her belief that there had never been so crisp a pink calico since the Great Smoky Mountains were built; and indeed, a stranger who had no previous

acquaintance with Mrs. Bowles and her methods could not have failed to consider the color of her attire singularly clear and fresh in the dark, gray day, and the glimpse of the smooth olive complexion and glancing dark eyes and shadowy dark hair eminently prepossessing. As she stood on the contemned doorstep and tapped lightly upon the door, she smoothed down a fold with a calm pleasure in anticipating the effect of her appearance on the inmates, and the depths of envy into which it would plunge them. Some moments were beguiled with these reflections before she became impatient because of no response. When she knocked again, the ensuing silence was so marked that her attention was diverted from the personal considerations that had absorbed her, and she began to look about with a keener curiosity, hampered, nevertheless, by a thrill of vague fear. She sent a glance that had all the incentive of prying toward the batten shutter, in which she had noted, with disparaging eyes, a long rift: it was not so high from the ground; she might have peered through had she dared. She did not dare; she only

knocked again, and began to doubt whether any one were within. But for the ashes and the broken bits of food — and once more she heard the hoof-beats of the mare trotting back to her stall, satisfied by her sally for investigation — the place would have seemed as lonely, as deserted, as she had always known it hitherto. Perhaps it was the sense of solitude that emboldened her; perhaps the phenomenal opportunity of observing the domestic methods and rummaging the belongings of the absent dwellers that enticed her. The door, not well closed, had moved under her hand, as she knocked upon it; it was evidently unlatched. She pressed it a trifle further ajar. Then she was still for a moment, the dark red color mounting and suffusing her cheek, responsive to an imaginary rebuke to so unmannerly an intruder. But no word broke the silence. The door shifted a trifle, so ill-hung it was, and Mrs. Bowles advanced her foot on the threshold. The next moment she drew back with a sharp cry. A man was stretched at length on the floor, with a pallid, pinched face, — a face like death.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THEOLOGY IN FICTION.

TIME was when a strict religionist regarded fiction as under a ban; perhaps we are entering on a period when the timid novel-reader will ask, as he takes up the latest piece of fiction, You are quite sure this will do me no good? At any rate, it is a little singular that the two novels just now most talked about in England and America have for their *motifs* the effect of theological speculation upon character, and that in each the old theme of the novel, a man and woman in love with each other, is inextricably involved with doctrinal con-

tention. The old dilemmas raised by Miss Yonge and her school, when disbelief in baptismal regeneration and the like was held to forbid the bans, shrink into mere pin-points beside the fierce horns which impale humanity in Mrs. Humphry Ward's and Mrs. Deland's delineations of life. Even the critic, compelled by his vocation to a cool observation of the struggle for life which goes on among the paper dolls of literature, has an uneasy feeling, as he witnesses the mortal agony of Robert Elsmere and John Ward, that he must

regard the books which record these experiences as contributions to theology, and not merely as works of art.

Nevertheless he returns to his senses, and remembers that every work of art must be judged by the laws of art; and if the appeal from his criticism is to another court, the terms of defense must also be changed. *Laocoön* is not first to be considered as a study in superstition, and a modern novel which aims to reflect the action and interaction of human beings in a microcosm cannot be excused for imperfection on the ground that the author was more interested in the effect of her novel upon certain minds than she was in producing a perfect work of art.

Say what we will about the novel as an engine of thought or an instrument of torture, its primary end is as a creation on which its maker may look and say with satisfaction that it is good, even if he begin again immediately to make a better. Permanence is one of the attributes of a work of literary art; and though the test of time is essential to an assurance of this condition, it is quite possible, in reading a novel of the times, to say if it has not the promise of endurance. When an author deliberately uses fiction to accomplish certain results, it is clear that when the occasion passes the use of the book has departed. It may have been a good missile, but abandoned missiles serve only the uses of the collector and historian. Homer's shield is as beautiful to-day as it was when it left the workshop of Hephaistos.

These principles are somewhat elementary, but it is worth while to recur to them now and then when literature is in question, since a forgetfulness of them is apt to lead us into a confusion of thought respecting the claims upon our interest of some new book which has all the form of good literature, yet serves other ends than are served by good literature. It would be mere pedantry to say that

*Robert Elsmere*¹ is not a novel, because the author employs the novel-form to press certain views which she has appropriated; but it would be quite as far from good criticism to praise an author for ingenuity in bringing great and profound subjects to the attention of readers by involving them in the fortunes of imaginary men and women, and dexterously hinting that the men and women are more real than imaginary. Real in the sense of being persons of the author's acquaintance under disguised names and conditions they may be, but real in the sense of being thoroughly conceived in the imagination and brought forth in words they are not. The whole book has a singularly refined air of remoteness from real life. To be sure, it is removed only by one degree, but that degree is fatal. In other words, the characters have all passed through the literary phase before they have reached Mrs. Ward. We do not mean that she has drawn her figures from copies which she has found in books, but that her attitude toward her work is determined by the literary habit, not the habit of observation of life. It is amusing to see what a part books play in this story. All the main characters either have written, are writing, or are likely to write. The hero is always passing through crises, and the crises are brought on by some book or article which he has just read. The character which impresses the reader as closest to life, Catherine, the wife of the hero, does not read at all, and the women in the book generally are not greatly troubled with their educated minds; but the womankind of the novel is mainly within the field of a society which finds its highest life in intellectual stir. In brief, the book is a product of literature, and appeals mainly, if not exclusively, to religious Athenians. It illustrates the scope of the current literary interest

¹ *Robert Elsmere*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

which takes in science and religion, and it illustrates also, though not intentionally, the futility of the patronage of science and religion by literature.

Robert Elsmere appears first in the story as a bright, docile, popular, keen English schoolboy. "Very early in his school career the literary instincts, which had always been present in him, and which his mother had largely helped to develop by her own restless, imaginative ways of approaching life and the world, made themselves felt with considerable force. Some time before his cousin's letter arrived, he had been taken with a craze for English poetry, and but for the corrective influence of a favorite tutor would probably have thrown himself into it with the same exclusive passion as he had shown for subject after subject in his eager, ebullient childhood." Mrs. Ward pleases herself with treating her hero's career in a semi-biographical fashion, and has the air of vitalizing the character by this means. She is more or less successful in persuading her readers as well as herself, but since her power is largely in the analysis of spiritual forces, her most effective hits in these biographic passages are the clever phrases with which she criticises her own creations. Thus she offers the reader a capital catchword with which to keep a hold upon her hero through all his after-turnings, when she says that "he had been taken with a craze." The development of Elsmere's nature is through a succession of crazes.

At the university he comes under the influence of two men, one of whom, Mr. Grey, is by the author's confession a transparently veiled simulacrum of the late T. H. Green, whose writings appear to have supplied Mrs. Ward with the substance of such religious philosophy as constitutes her standing-ground. The other is a very skillfully constructed character, Mr. Langham, who, whether copied or not from some don, is the most

effective and original figure in the book. Indeed, the reader, when he has finished Robert Elsmere, is likely to recur to Langham as carrying the most complete logical conclusion of the author's theory of religion, for her gospel of criticism offers no more perfect example of its central principle than this mental suicide. Under the advice of these two men, Elsmere remains awhile at Oxford after winning a fellowship. "'Stay here for a year or two,' Grey said bluntly; 'you are at the beginning of your best learning time, and you are not one of the natures who can do without books.'"

At the end of three years, the young man, in an hour of depression resulting from overwork, accepts an offer which he had before refused somewhat scornfully, and becomes the rector of a country parish. He had had his vision of work in the jungle of a great city, among the wild beasts of poverty, brutality, ignorance, and despair, and it was with a sense of defeat that he permitted himself to put up with what seemed a less heroic condition of living. Before entering upon his work he takes a six weeks' holiday with relatives in Westmoreland, and there meets the heroine of the tale, Catherine Leyburn, the eldest of three sisters who are living with their widowed mother in the seclusion of a mountain home.

The first book of the tale is occupied with introducing the hero and heroine to each other and to the reader, and many will find in this single section, the first quarter of the whole volume, a complete and satisfying idyl. We think a defect of Mrs. Ward's art is in the elaborateness with which she has performed the simple function of introduction. It was necessary to her purpose to set forth the spiritual relation of her hero to his surroundings, and of the heroine to hers, and of both to each other; but by the time this is done the reader is tolerably satisfied, and he sees in the marriage of Robert and Catherine

ine a graceful conclusion to a spiritual drama. Not so Mrs. Ward, who has only just begun her task. She misreads the canon *ars longa, vita brevis*, as if it were intended to intimate that the object of art was to be as long as possible in detailing the events of a short life. In nothing is the subjection of her artistic to her literary sense more clearly shown than in the necessity she is under to follow the ramifications of character, and to find completeness not in a strong, well-knit web of incident and speech, but in an endless chain of circumstance. She is at the mercy of her characters; she is never quite sure but she has omitted some explanatory passage, and her really critical situations lose their significance by the care not only with which they are approached, but with which they are left behind. She has, moreover, the unfortunate trick of intimating to the reader from time to time that this or that character is now undergoing a crisis, and will look back upon the moment as an epoch in his or her life. She is, in short, so interested in the problems she is working out that she covers her paper with all the processes, and forgets that the result is after all the main thing.

The lack of proportion, which is the great defect of the book, is rendered more apparent by the means which Mrs. Ward has taken to correct the defect. Catherine is presented as possessed with a sense of her sacred responsibility to her mother and sisters, but chiefly to the brilliant and erratic Rose, who rebels against this calm assumption of sisterly government. In drawing the character of Catherine the author has availed herself of the foil offered by Rose, but, having elaborated this second figure, she finds it necessary to give her, throughout the book, a position which is barely secondary. Consequently the reader is bidden concern himself to so great an extent with the fortunes of Rose and her successive lovers that his interest in the

book is dissipated; and when he is called upon to witness the intensity of Robert Elsmere's passion, he finds that his mind has been withdrawn, not with a relief which permits a greater rebound, but with a new interest which has absorbed and fatigued. In vain Mrs. Ward calls on us to sympathize with her hero in his rapid succession of spiritual travailings; she has jaded us with other passions, and exhausted our power of sympathy. It is not enough to assert the intensity of a hero's struggle; there must be a corresponding swiftness of movement in the tale, else the reader will refuse to respond to the situation when the author bids him take note of it.

In the little village where Robert and Catherine Elsmere begin their married life the second act of the drama is enacted. Elsmere might be defined as a liberal Churchman, with his ardor equally divided in the pursuit of a reformation of the world about him on sanitary principles, and a readjustment of theology to the demands of critical scholarship. Catherine is impregnably intrenched in an evangelical faith, inherited from her father, and held with the devotion of a loyal, high-minded woman. The squire of the village is a certain Roger Wendover, known in literature as an uncompromising critic of Christianity; a humanist, it may be, but, above all, a scholar who has rid his mind of all taint of supernaturalism. The intellectual companionship which springs up between the squire and the rector results finally in the undermining of the rector's theological position, though Mrs. Ward wishes us to understand that every movement in Elsmere's development springs primarily from his own thought, and is only accelerated by his connection with other men. We confess frankly to an uncertainty as to how far she means to represent her hero's mind as his own, and how far the sport of stronger minds. It is true that in the end she makes Elsmere

the head and centre of a constructive scheme, but that seems necessary in order to justify her faith in the philosophy which he embodies. If it were not for this close, Elsmere would be, throughout the book, a consistent character, and one painfully typical of a phase of current thought; a character, that is, which in its religious life occupies an old fortified position, but through its very openness and hospitality exposes itself to attack from without and within, until finally it suffers melancholy defeat.

The tragedy of this portion of the story is not, however, in the struggle which goes on within Elsmere's own breast, but in the strain which falls upon the relation of husband to wife. A deep, reverential love subsists between them; but while Elsmere is parting with the beliefs which they both held outwardly in common, though with divergent minds, Catherine holds to the simple lines of her undoubted faith with firmer grasp. Her creed is summed up in love to her God and love to her husband; but the former is translated into loyalty to the forms in which she was bred; it is not the result of any philosophical adjustment, and is not in danger from any assault from without, because there is no treacherous thought within to aid in the breach. She is finely drawn in this regard, and the dignity with which she moves through the story compels the respect of the reader even when he is most ready to think her immovable Puritanism of mind an evidence of intellectual aridity. It was impossible that the relation between the husband and wife, under these conditions, should be other than painful to the last degree; and Mrs. Ward, with her fine sense of the play of spiritual forces, has done her most effective work in portraying the course of their true love in the period of religious estrangement. Her intellectual sympathy is plainly with the husband, but her woman's nature goes out to the

suffering Catherine; and she is far more close to nature and to art in performing this part of her task than when disclosing the growth of Robert Elsmere's mind.

The crisis of parting with the Church is followed, as we have intimated, by the final act of the drama, in which we are invited to witness the materialization of Robert Elsmere's new faith; for a new faith he has, or rather, as his biographer would insist, a return to certain indestructible foundations, from which a crumbling superstructure had been swept away. In this part of her work Mrs. Ward shows her own convictions with a certain eagerness that emphasizes our assertion that she is less an artist than a student of literature and religion, who employs the vehicle of fiction for carrying her views. Such a sentence as this—"At a time when a religion which can no longer be believed clashes with a skepticism full of danger to conduct, every such witness as Grey to the power of a new and coming truth holds a special place in the hearts of men who can neither accept fairy-tales nor reconcile themselves to a world without faith"—provokes the reader to a degree of antagonism which far more radical utterances, dramatically expressed, fail to awaken. The breaking through of Mrs. Ward's personal belief, so far from lending earnestness to the finale of the novel, serves to confuse the issue, and to make one begin to question the logical conclusion to Robert Elsmere's personal struggle of faith.

Nor do the illustrations of Elsmere's latest ministry wholly satisfy the reader who has been induced by Mrs. Ward's earnestness to take a look into the religion of the future. In spite of assertions to the contrary, it is not a renaissance of Christianity which is offered, a new, hopeful, living organism, but the note of criticism prevails. Elsmere has eliminated the supernatural from his creed, and thereby appears to have come

into sympathy with the working class, which had already rejected not merely the supernatural, but the historical. He aims to build a new faith upon an historical basis, but what is to prevent his criticism, when he has passed through his present phase of faith, from undermining also his apparently secure foundations? May not even his faith in God give way? He is seen at the outset of his new career fusing the various elements about him into a new constructive design, and then he is taken away by death. If he had died at any earlier stage in his career, the reader might have felt a similar doubt as to the stability of his position. The nature of the man was essentially a shifting one, and by so creating it Mrs. Ward has unconsciously betrayed the weakness of her whole position as a theological novelist. If any religious moral is to be drawn from the book, it surely is to be found in the endurance of Catherine rather than in the restlessness of Elsmere. The novelist who aims to present the working of the element of religion in human life must remember that both historically and philosophically that element means the connection of human life with the origin of all life, and therefore presupposes changelessness in essence, however the form may vary. If, in depicting human character under the stress and strain of conflict arising from a revolution in religious thought, such a novelist chooses to convey the notion of stability in the person who is not moved from her rock of inherited and practiced faith, and the notion of uncertainty in the person who strays farthest from his original moorings, no fine-spun web of dream stuff, no airy reconstruction of religious forms into an æsthetic scheme, will avail to convince the reader that what is eternal in faith abides so surely in the drifting figure as in the more immovable one. New faiths require martyrs, but when the old shows such a martyr as Catherine one may be

pardoned a little skepticism regarding the ripeness of the age for new faiths. The reader is more likely to see in Robert the victim of a too exclusively intellectual and speculative study of Christianity than to find in Catherine the pitiable sign of a defunct religion.

Mrs. Ward's novel appeals strongly to that large class of modern readers which corresponds in nature with the restless horde of plutocrats that wander over the face of the earth seeking new sensations. There are multitudes of women and men who are gifted with intellectual and religious sensibilities, and are extremely impressionable. They have well-stocked minds, and, having no engrossing pursuits, think they can afford to indulge in the luxury of journeys in new fields of thought. They may not go very far, but they get new impressions, and their intellectual and emotional life is made up of a succession of new impressions. To read Robert Elsmere is for them to travel, by a comfortable conveyance, into a somewhat forbidding region, and as they look out of the window to draw back with a thrill of ecstasy at sight of the deep cañons over which their slim trestle-work permits them to cross in safety. It is to a somewhat simpler-minded public that the story of John Ward, Preacher,¹ appeals. Here the theologic *motif* is not so subtle and complex as in Robert Elsmere; there is no such wealth of thought, no such finesse in the handling of characters; but we are bound to say that the American novelist has obeyed the canons of her art better than her English sister. To be sure, she has not set herself such a tremendous task, but then part of the success of a novelist lies in the fore-measurement of power and materials.

The core of this story is quickly reached. A young preacher, not only

¹ *John Ward, Preacher.* By MARGARET DELAND. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

brought up in the strictest form of Calvinism, but voluntarily and heartily in accord with the creed, marries a girl whose religious training has been at the hands of an easy-going Episcopal rector, her uncle. The husband, strong in his love for his wife, and equally confident in the exclusive truthfulness of his creed, cannot doubt that his logic will prevail against her indifference, and that she will see the truth as he sees it. The test is made on the question of belief in the everlasting punishment of the wicked, — to put it more exactly, perhaps, in the everlasting punishment of those who do not believe in everlasting punishment. The skeptical reader who has not read John Ward will scout at this statement as too grotesque for belief. Let him read the book, and, though the grotesquerie will recur to his mind now and then, he will admit that the novelist has lived into her chief characters so effectively that there is nothing so very unreasonable in the story. Given the earlier history of John Ward and the very make of his mind, and it is easy to see how a single dogma may come to him to be the key-stone of the arch of religion, and that with its dislodgment not only the arch would fall, but in the ruin would be involved the destruction of all that is dear in life. Mrs. Deland aimed at a very difficult feat to make such a character humanly possible, and to make it respected by the reader and loved by the strong woman whom she has depicted in Helen Jeffrey. To be sure, she has had to sacrifice some probabilities in the premises, for it is reasonable to suppose that so severe a dialectician as the Rev. Mr. Ward would have satisfied himself, before he had gone too far, upon the subject of Helen's religious faith, and would not have postponed such fundamental inquiries till after marriage. But granting the blindness of his premarital love, there can be no doubt that he is very true to himself after his eyes are opened,

and that the agony of his experience is very real.

Surely the passion of love in conflict with a sense of duty to a divine Master is no trifling theme, and Mrs. Deland, in taking it for the *motif* of her story, lays siege to an interest which can always be counted on. Here is tragedy indeed, and if the reader, in the comfort of his own reasonable doubt, looks askance at a religious belief which can cause such a mighty tumult in a strong man's heart, let him consider if there be not more things in heaven and earth than he has dreamt of in his philosophy. The character of John Ward as here drawn bears internal evidence of truthfulness, and does not need that the reader should be able to confirm it from the range of his acquaintance. In making it the central figure of her story, Mrs. Deland has achieved what may be regarded as the greatest success a novelist can attain: she has portrayed a type, and yet invested it with all the real properties of a person.

In taking note of her use of a religious *motif*, we must give Mrs. Deland a credit which we withheld from Mrs. Ward: she regards the element of religion solely in its relation to character. The doctrine in question is never attacked *ab extra*. The book is not an argument against a belief in the doctrine, except as this is involved in the very presentation of the characters. Indeed, we surmise that there will be found many who will pronounce it a defense of the doctrine, since its champion becomes a martyr to his faith; and many doubtless will feel regret that the only opposition to John's logical tenet is in Helen's agnosticism. We think these last are mistaken, and that Mrs. Deland had in her thought the opposition made not with intellectual weapons, but with the light of a love which is equally steadfast, equally loyal to truth, and as insuperable as light always is.

In order to relieve the intensity of

the central action of the tale, Mrs. Deland has introduced a subordinate love-trial which is a little languid, and has sketched more effectively a little comedy of spinsters and bachelor tremulously aflame. The dubitation of Mr. Denner is carried perhaps a trifle too far, but the general handling of the minor characters in the book is capital. Indeed, the most successful scene in the book by all odds is the encounter of the rector with Mr. Denner at the death-

bed of the latter. Mrs. Deland shows herself possessed of a real gift for the delineation of Cranford-like characters and scenes, but such a gift is of less consequence than the imagination which is willing to occupy itself with the main plot of this tale. We can only hope that when she tries her hand again at fiction she will not think it necessary to use as the religious element a theme so obnoxious to art as the doctrine of everlasting punishment.

FURNESS'S MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE literature of *The Merchant of Venice*, which is reviewed and summarized in this new volume of Mr. Furness's invaluable edition,¹ is less in amount than has gathered about the former plays of the series; but in some respects the questions which it starts are among the most interesting of Shakespeare study. The ordinary topics — the textual commentary, the date and sources of the play, its stage history, and the literary and philosophical commentary — are treated with the fullness and precision to which the editor has accustomed us, and in a spirit of caution and tolerance; he himself contributes but rarely to the discussion, and there is little need, that he should, for the play is comparatively free from great difficulties. He adopts the Folio text, and agrees with the opinion that places the composition of the drama shortly before 1598, and regards it as founded upon a previous work, now lost, with possible obligations to the Italian novel *Il Pecorone* and to Silvayn's *Orator*. He discusses especially the time-duration of the play with reference to the theory of Shakespeare's double-time,

and seeks by an ingenious comparison with the method of Æschylus in the *Agamemnon* to show that the two great masters of drama used the same means of making time illusory instead of real. There is little else in detail that calls for particular mention.

The interest of this comprehensive survey of one of the most popular and most beautiful of the works of Shakespeare's early manhood lies in its broad features. Its one leading topic is the mediæval race-type. It is a striking Jew; not Shylock in particular, but the quality in the immortality of this play that it has survived a change in the public mind in its attitude toward the Jewish people. To the Elizabethans, and Shakespeare among them, the Jew was hateful. It may well be questioned to what extent Shakespeare himself, with all the tolerance that his understanding of the springs of human nature gave him, felt the pity in the dramatic situation of Shylock that a modern audience must feel. Booth's conception of Shakespeare's creation is too direct and natural not to justify itself to the student,

¹ *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.* Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph. D., LL. D., L. H. D. Vol. VII. *The Merchant*

of Venice. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1888.

—“‘an inhuman wretch, incapable of pity, void and empty from any dram of mercy.’ It has been said that he was an affectionate father and a faithful friend. When, where, and how does he manifest the least claim to such commendation? Tell me that, and unyoke! ’T was the money value of Leah’s ring that he grieved over, not its association with her, else he would have shown some affection for her daughter, which he did not, or she would not have called her home ‘a hell,’ robbed and left him. Shakespeare makes her do these un-Hebrew things to intensify the baseness of Shylock’s nature. If we side with him in his self-defense, ’t is because we have charity, which he had not; if we pity him under the burden of his merited punishment, ’t is because we are human, which he is not, except in shape, and even that, I think, should indicate the crookedness of his nature.” Booth goes on to justify this traditional conception by an easy argument against the notion of “the heroic Hebrew,” the type of the vengeance of a persecuted race, whose wrongs justify its acts. He refers to the “dangerous ‘bit of business’” when Shylock whets his knife. “Would the heroic Hebrew have stooped to such a paltry action? No, never, in the very white-heat of his pursuit of vengeance! But vengeance is foreign to Shylock’s thought; ’t is revenge he seeks, and he gets just what all who seek it get, — ‘sooner or later,’ as the saying is.”

This characterization is not too vigorous, nor does it go too far. We may find it not only in Shylock as Shakespeare drew him, but reflected also from Antonio. It is in Antonio personally that the attitude of the mediæval Christian toward the Jew is found. The unexplained melancholy of Antonio, his fidelity in high-minded friendship, and the dignity of his bearing under the cruelty to which he is exposed have obscured to us the other side of his character as the Rialto merchant. We see more of

Bassanio’s Antonio than of Shylock’s: the man who had interfered with the usurer in every way and personally maltreated him, and was as like to do the same again; the proud, hard-hearted, and insulting magnifico whom Shylock hated for himself. Antonio is every whit as heartless to the Jew in the hour of his triumph as Shylock was to him when the balance leaned the other way. His cruelty is lacking only in the physical element; it is not bloody, but it goes to the bone and marrow of Shylock’s nature none the less. There is no sign that Shakespeare saw any wrong in all this. It was thus that the Christians looked upon the Jews, and they thought such treatment right. Shakespeare differed from others — from Marlowe, for example, in his delineation of the Jew of Malta — in one point only: he was able to take Shylock’s point of view, to understand his motives, to assign the reasons with which revenge justified its own motions; in a word, to represent Shylock’s humanity. The speeches he puts into the Jew’s mouth are intense and eloquent expressions of the rationale of that “lodged hate” in his bosom; they are true to fact and to nature; on our ears they come with overwhelming force, and it is impossible to our thoughts that Shakespeare could have written them without sympathy for the wrongs that they set forth with such fiery heat. But when from this it is argued that Shakespeare, in writing this play, made a deliberate plea for toleration, and carried it as far as the necessities of his plot and the temper of his times permitted, then it is needful to remind ourselves of what Booth calls “the baseness of Shylock’s nature.” Shakespeare did represent him as base, with avarice, cunning, and revenge for the constituent elements of his character; he did not hesitate to let the exhibition of these low qualities approach the farcical, as he would never have done had he thought of the Jew as in any sense heroic. Shylock had suffered

insult and wrong, but there was nothing in him individually to excite commiseration. From beginning to end he shows no noble quality. Modern sympathy with him, apart from the pity that tragedy necessarily stirs, is social sympathy, not personal; it is because he is an outcast and belongs to an outcast race, because every man's hand is against him and against all his people, that the audience of this century perceives an injustice inherent in his position itself, antecedent to, and independent of, any of his acts; and this injustice is ignored in the play. The feeling which Shylock as a person excites, and should excite, is nearer that which Lady Martin describes as her experience: "I have always felt in the acting that my desire to find extenuations for Shylock's race and for himself leaves me, and my heart grows almost as stony as his own. I see his fiendish nature fully revealed. I have seen the knife sharpened to cut quickly through the flesh, the scales brought forward to weigh it; have watched the cruel, eager eyes, all strained and yearning to see the gushing blood welling from the side 'nearest the heart,' and gloating over the fancied agonies and death-pangs of his bitter foe. This man-monster, this pitiless, savage nature, is beyond the pale of humanity; it must be made powerless to hurt. I have felt that with him the wrongs of his race are really as nothing compared with his own remorseless hate. He is no longer the wronged and suffering man; and I longed to pour down on his head the 'justice' he has clamored for, and will exact without pity."

There has been very much discussion of this subject as to the extent to which Shakespeare was in advance of his times in his attitude toward the Jews, and therefore we have given space to it. There can be no better words to close the argument than those of Spedding, which seem to us so conclusive as to admit of no reply. "The best contri-

bution," he says, "which I can offer to this discussion is the expression of an old man's difficulty in accepting these new discoveries of profound moral and political designs underlying Shakespeare's choice and treatment of his subjects. I believe he was a man of business, — that his principal business was to produce plays which would draw. . . . But if, instead of looking about for a story to 'please' the Globe audience, he had been in search of a subject under cover of which he might steal into their minds 'a more tolerant feeling toward the Hebrew race,' I cannot think he would have selected for his hero a rich Jewish merchant plotting the murder of a Christian rival by means of a fraudulent contract, which made death the penalty of non-payment at the day, and insisting on the exaction of it. In a modern Christian audience it seems to be possible for a skillful actor to work on the feelings of an audience so far as to make a man engaged in such a business an object of respectful sympathy. But can anybody believe that in times when this would have been much more difficult, Shakespeare would have *chosen* such a case as a favorable one to suggest toleration to a public prejudiced against Jews?" Incidentally in this discussion it is interesting to observe the various comments made by Jewish critics on the character and treatment of Shylock, which vary from defense to repudiation, through many shades of patriotic and moral feeling.

A second leading topic is that of the law of the case, a subject not without interest to those who would fain believe that Shakespeare had some legal knowledge, perhaps derived, as Malone suggested, from an early apprenticeship in an office. Lord Campbell, as is well known, made an examination of the plays with reference to this very point, and gave his opinion that while there was much to sustain this view, there was nothing against it. It has naturally

been thought, also, that the law presented in the Merchant of Venice had some pertinency to the subject of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. This theory, however, derives little support from this drama. The omnipresent devil's advocate has several times come to Shylock's defense. Those who could find something to urge in extenuation of Judas Iscariot had an easy task in showing that the Jew of Venice was more sinned against than sinning. The decisions of the young doctor who came armed with the recommendation of the learned Bellario have been overruled in every court of appeal. The bond itself is declared invalid, inasmuch as it contained an immoral proviso in the article that sought Antonio's death; the attempt to defeat it, its validity having once been granted, by denying the right to draw blood and requiring the exact amount of a pound of flesh to be cut out, is characterized as a wretched quibble, and set aside on the ground that a right once allowed carries with it the minor rights to make it effectual; the denial of the original debt for the reason that it had been tendered and refused in open court is declared a gross error, such tender having no other result than to destroy any claim for interest subsequently. But to mention all the grave reasons alleged to break down the reputation of the Court of Venice and show the illegality of its judgments would require more space than is at our disposal. It is made clear that on legal grounds the case was very badly managed, and in the event the Jew met with no better fortune than was the lot of his race before an unscrupulous and hostile tribunal everywhere. Nevertheless, the disputants upon the other side, who allege the substantial justice of the decisions rendered, do well to remove the discussion out of the plane of legality. There is much that is weighty in their argument. Shylock must be regarded as standing, after the nature of Juda-

ism, for the law as a thing of the letter; this is the justice which he demands, not real, but literal; and if, by a still more strict interpretation of the letter of the bond than he had thought of, his claim was defeated, the audience will acknowledge the relevancy of the new point that is made, and will enjoy the spectacle of the Biter Bit, in which there is always an element of comic justice. As to the quibble involved, that belongs to the nature of literal interpretation always. Thus the matter is not without defense even in this level. But what really pleases the audience is not the method, but the fact, of the Jew's defeat; and in the fact, however brought about, lies the ethical element, the victory of real over illusory justice, of equity over legality, of the right over the pretense of right. We would not go with the philosophers too far, as we are convinced that Shakespeare was not expressly philosophical; but there is little straining of the facts of the case in the view that in the discomfiture of that "law" which the Jew invoked, in the signal defeat inflicted on the letter of the bond, there is a suggestion of the conflict between Judaism and Christianity, the literal and the spiritual, the law and that justice with its elements of mercy into which the law develops, which is one of the great phases of historical civilization. Whether Shakespeare put it there is immaterial; but that a modern audience finds it there, and that it was at least dimly present to an Elizabethan audience, is hardly to be questioned. The idea is a simple and ancient one; and in it is to be found whatever ethical meaning the play may have. An interesting incident in this discussion is a dramatic fragment by Richard Hengist Horne, in which he embodies what the Jew might have urged against the quibbles of Portia in the form of a passage to be inserted in the scene. It is too long to quote, but Mr. Furness gives it in full, for the first time, as we gather, and it

will take its place with those curiosities of literature, such as *The Death of Marlowe*, in which the genius of Horne was fertile.

A third interesting matter that is here brought to the surface is the attractive subject of Shakespeare's hypothetical travels. The Italian coloring in this play is exquisite, and there are such indications of acquaintance with the locality as readily to suggest that Shakespeare had unusual knowledge of the country. Karl Elze has worked out the topic with as much ingenuity as an entire lack of positive proof permits. He would identify Bellario with the distinguished Paduan doctor, Discalzio; and by many other touches he seeks to make out a possibility for a more direct familiarity with Italy than books could give to Shakespeare. He is at pains to contrast Ben Jonson's coloring in *Volpone* with that of *The Merchant of Venice*, and the parallel is artistically instructive. Ben Jonson's local color is laid on in patches, as if he should say, "I have read it all;" it exhibits the method of one who "had the languages," but it produces no such illusion as does Shakespeare's, in whose art the tones are diffused through all the scenes and characters until the work seems veritably Italian. Elze, however, does not go further than to offer a possibility; and he notices, by the way, one source of knowledge open to Shakespeare which is worth mention. Padua was a university frequented by all nations, and among others many English youth resorted there; between 1591 and 1594 twenty-five of that nation were matriculated in it, and it is not impossible that Shakespeare's seemingly close knowledge of the country between the Brenta and Venice was derived from some such source by word of mouth. The likelihood, however, that the magic of the master, employing a few bits of fact, is more to be credited with the illusion he creates than is any amount of direct

observation by himself remains undisturbed by anything which has yet been brought forward.

The stage history of this play is of quite special interest. We pass over the curious version by Lansdowne, here amply illustrated by extracts, which held the boards for forty years, to the discredit of English taste; but the revival of the original by Macklin, and the impersonation by Kean when he first played to a London audience, and rose from penury to fame in a night, are great incidents in our theatrical history. Fortunately there are complete accounts of both performances, and that which tells us of Kean's contains also such pictures of his condition at the time, such details of the whole eventful evening, until he went home to his wife through the snow, as rarely get into biographies. "He told her of his proud achievement, and, in a burst of exultation, exclaimed, 'Mary, you shall ride in your carriage; and Charley, my boy,' taking the child from the cradle and kissing him, 'you shall go to Eton; and' — A sad remembrance crossed his mind, his joy was overshadowed, and he murmured in broken accents, 'Oh, that Howard had lived to see it! But he is better where he is.'" There are other fine associations besides these with this favorite play, which well deserves the good fortune it has had in gathering them about itself.

There is no necessity to examine in any detail the other matters, abundant and various, which Mr. Furness's new volume recalls to the student of Shakespeare, or informs him of, in connection with this drama, justly regarded as one of the jewels of the English tongue. It is a great pleasure to find that the editor has been able to add this to the list of the greater plays. Commendation of his work is superfluous. We will take space further only to quote what he pleasantly says upon the live topic of the Baconian authorship of the plays,

principally because he says it. The mention of Gobbo's "dish of doves," which has been brought into the Baconian argument in connection with Lady Anne Bacon's sending to her son Anthony "xii pigeons, my last flight, and one ring dove beside," etc., furnishes occasion for his remarks:—

"One is sometimes inclined to say to those who dispute the authorship of these plays, as the Cockney did to the eels, 'Down, wantons, down!' but a little calm reflection reveals to us that this attempt to dethrone Shakespeare, so far from being treason or *lèse majesté*, is, in fact, most devout and respectful homage to him. In our salad days, when first we begin to study Shakespeare, who does not remember his bewildering efforts to attribute to mortal hand these immortal plays? Then follows the fruitless attempt to discern in that Stratford youth the emperor, by the grace of God, of all literature. In our despair of marrying, as Emerson says, the man to the verse, we wed the verse to the greatest

known intellect of that age. Can homage be more profound? But, as I have said, this we do when we are young in judgment. The older we grow in this study, and the more we advance in it, the clearer becomes our vision that if the royal robes do not fit Shakespeare, they certainly do not and cannot fit any one else. Wherefore I conceive we have here a not altogether inaccurate gauge of the depth, or duration, or persistence of Shakespeare's study; and, measuring by a scale of maturity or growth in this study, I have come to look upon all attempts to prove that Bacon wrote these dramas merely as indications of youth, possibly of extreme youth, and that they find their comforting parallels in the transitory ailments incident to childhood, like the chicken-pox or the measles. The attack is pretty sure to come, but we know that it is neither dangerous nor chronic, that time will effect a cure, and that when once well over it there is no likelihood whatever of its recurrence."

DAUDET'S *L'IMMORTEL*.

WHEN Tourguénef signalized M. Daudet's charm as his most distinctive quality, he indicated the true source of a rapid and brilliant success, and laid a caressing touch on the richest quarter of a talent which even in its first freshness had already a handled and cheaper side. It was not alone the sub-title *Mœurs Parisiennes* affixed to each yellow-covered volume, the introduction of known names and catch-words, the notice taken of the latest fashionable fad in the newest society dialect; it was not only the gift of narration, possessed by M. Daudet in a high degree, which gave Parisian and world-wide vogue to his novels: it was above all

their charm, the movement of a vivid and picturesque pen, that graceful, tender delineation which made the existence of an improbable queen in an unsavory Paris read like an idyl, and gave distinction and piquancy to such a hard, vulgar figure as the *petite Chèbe*. Like Doré, who gained and lost a popularity not wholly dissimilar, M. Daudet had, to begin with, the artist's hand, great facility of drawing and characterization, the power of invoking scenes and figures abundantly and saliently, and an irony leaning toward caricature. He had, moreover (his work in its brilliant surface effects constantly suggests comparison with the pictorial arts), an eye for

color and value no less keen than his sense of form. His street scenes, with the rain washing over the pavements, the reflections, the figures passing and repassing, or the bouquets of color, the artificial stir and life of fashionable Paris under a dazzling sky and a veil of spring foliage, are like so many clever aquarelles. But with all this fertility of talent, M. Daudet, like Doré, struck a false note in art from the beginning. He had his perception of beauty and he had his ideals, but they were imagined, not perceived. He had his prepossessions, warm and captivating, but not always logical: a passion for forced contrasts and exaggerated lights, a sentimentality of tone, which, combined with his caricaturing tendency, brought upon him an immediate charge of having imitated Dickens. Although that charge was silenced in rounds of applause, forgotten in the fascination of his gifts and his personality, there is today, in French criticism, a certain depreciatory tone regarding his work which was not there yesterday, — a tendency to speak of his methods as no longer new, or to go back affectionately to the Daudet of *Tartarin* and the *Lettres de mon Moulin*, to the purely fantastic and idyllic Daudet, and to regard the *Mœurs Parisiennes* with less ardor of admiration; and this, though the sale of his books still counts by tens of thousands.

Readers of M. Daudet's new book¹ will search its pages in vain for the charm they have been wont to find in his work. It is not to be found in the characters, with a possible half exception in favor of the sculptor Védrine, a slight, vaguely picturesque personage, who, carelessly and defiantly erect amid a crumbling world, may be taken as a suggestion of the vitality of art in that capital whose novelists are always so fondly revealing its decay in all other respects. It is certainly not in the

situations, which are, to put it mildly, not less than usually revolting, nor in the existence depicted, for the description of which the word "feverish," so often encountered here and in similar books, is altogether too healthful and hopeful an adjective. It can hardly be discerned in the style, which, clever as heretofore, and graced with the normal accretion of new words and phrases, native or imported (the latest bit of English is "struggle-for-lifeur," shortened, for convenience, to "strugfor-lifeur"), is suggestive of a kind of talking between the teeth, pushing the words out, and firing or hissing the epigrams. M. Daudet has retrenched in the matter of sentiment; the waters have abated in a marked degree since *Jack*; but his exaggerations and his love of contrast are as inveterate as ever. His progress is not only in accord, but identical, with that of the age; it demands and supplies more implements and accessories rather than more thought or skill. There is something more — or less, according to the point of view — than the spirit of the time reproduced in his pages: the inventions are let in bodily, so to speak; the electric light has been introduced, and his shadows are projected by its improved and unnatural glare, strong and uncompromising, slices from the very heart of darkness.

A novel is the comment of art upon life as well as a work of art *per se*. Of the life exhibited in *L'Immortel* perhaps the less said the better. If the interpretations of the author have no cleansing effect upon it, the milder labors of a reviewer will go for naught, and the reader entering its Augean precincts will do so at his own risk and peril. Moreover, it is the picture of a society from which the primal and human element is so thoroughly eliminated that there is little left to stimulate literary interest and discussion. The grouping of the book is excellent, the construction

¹ *L'Immortel: Mœurs Parisiennes*. By A. DAUDET. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1888.

passably clever, the types so familiar even to our American eyes that we feel sure we must have encountered them in the daily papers. There is the Academy with its forty members, checked off into three orders, *ducs*, *Petdeloup*, *cabotins*. The first includes the aristocracy, the second the professorial class, the third the larger and more heterogeneous tribe of lawyers, theatrical men, journalists, and novelists. Around the Academy, as about a church door, are grouped the women who "run" the institution, entertaining its members and aspirants, and lobbying on behalf of their husbands, lovers, relatives, and friends; and lastly there is the *remorque* of haggard candidates, who follow in the wake of the great association, haunting it as Stevenson's band of Londoners haunted the suicide club, and watching the sick-list of its members with an interest which rises to frenzy at the prospect of a fatal termination in any quarter. Coming to individuals, we find a society nomenclature in which real names are shuffled in with names that are more than probable, and notabilities not only cross the scene in their habit as they lived, but lend of their traits or vestments to the leading characters; tempting us to say with the deaf old Academy *doyen*, Jean Réhu, winding up his anecdote of a bygone day, "J'ai vu ça, moi." The Immortal who bestows his title on the book, Astier-Réhu, is adroitly introduced by an article on him from the "Dictionnaire des Célébrités Contemporaines, édition de 1880;" if the extract had been omitted, we should almost have been beguiled into looking for it in some such publication. "Astier, dit Astier-Réhu (Pierre-Alexandre Léonard) de l'Académie Française, né en 1816," endowed, according to the dictionary, with a rare aptitude for history, and cited by Mommsen in a note as *ineptissimus*, has gathered all the traditional dust and mould of the schools about his head. Long-eared, short-sighted, dogged, nar-

row, and important, he is a figure for a burlesque. He devotes himself to the accumulation of autographs, and to the publication of historical memoirs based upon these rather brief, not to say doubtful, materials. He has a son who despises him, and directs his energy with full nineteenth-century concentration to the getting of money. He has a wife, granddaughter of Jean Réhu, who has got him into the Academy, and relegates him on sweeping and reception days to the garret; who steals his most valued autographs, and sells them to raise money for the son, and is thus the cause of the discovery that the entire collection is a forgery, — a discovery which creates a panic in the Academy where they had been indorsed, and which, combined with domestic unpleasantnesses, drives the Immortal to take refuge in the Seine, from which his mortal remains are dragged out before the veteran who intimates by the cock of his venerable head that he has "*vu ça, moi*."

Among the unofficial — they cannot be called tender or romantic — incidents of the book is an episode of rivalry between a living lover and a dead husband, the details of which are brutal enough, but the situation is one in which a cynical point of view has the advantage of a sentimental one in wholesomeness. Of sentiment, indeed, the book is thoroughly denuded. The alternate shower and sunshine of the afternoon passed by Paul Astier and Colette de Rosen in visiting her husband's tomb at Père-Lachaise is an out-door effect in M. Daudet's happier manner, but it lends no factitious grace to the absurdity and unpleasantness of the scene. A great deal of clever by-play is furnished by some of the lesser Academicians: by Lavaux, the journalist, friend of princes and duchesses, *au fait* of the latest scandal, who serves unquotable anecdotes and *mots* for Danjou to volley back; Danjou, the handsome dramatist, at work on a new play called

Les Apparences, sulking at the duchess's table because his wife is not asked, and in his element without her when the invitation has been extended to both. The conversation is full of allusions, newspaper horrors, *on dits*, of shrugs and glances, indicating in every paragraph that the author is one who knows his Paris.

It is a knowledge which those who read *L'Immortel* will be glad, and those who do not may well rest content, to leave him. The seal of the Academy could add nothing to the dreariness or the monotony of the book. If it is a trifle more homogeneous than some of its author's former productions, the point is gained by a more uniform and intensified tone of bitterness, and by the fact that the high lights are fewer, not that they are in any way softened or blended. M. Daudet has always had a fancy for sorting his characters beforehand, dividing the sheep from the goats — let us say rather the lambs from the wolves — behind the curtain, and driving them before the public already branded and ticketed. That the whiter band should become less numerous in each successive volume is a phenomenon in accordance with the Darwinian or any other theory of the universe; in fact, the survival of such of its number as remain extant can be satisfactorily accounted for only by supposing a motive of economy or a singular absence of mind on the part of the prevailing species. M. Daudet has given us a gallery of figures which are attractive and sympathetic in spite of their heightened innocence and too evident destination to the purposes of sacrifice, — the little grandmother in *Le Nabob*, *Elysée*, *Frédérique*. Among the “strugforlifeurs” who fight the Darwinian battle under the dome of the Academy in the present volume, there is one unmistakable lamb, endowed with the qualities and defects of his kind, — *Abel de Freydet*, a provincial poet with a “*jolie note à la Brizeux*,” who rests

his claims to a seat among the Forty upon a poem entitled *Dieu dans la Nature*, and is deterred from publishing a second book, *Pensées d'un Rustique*, by the representations of *Lavaux* that it would be much better for his chances to let it be supposed that he has given up writing altogether. “*Moins on a d'œuvres, plus on a de titres*.” His innocence is astounding, or would be if it were not accompanied by other traits equally associated with mutton. That notwithstanding this blamelessness and his abstinence from production he does not obtain the desired honor is of course a foregone conclusion. For the portrayal of lupine characteristics M. Daudet has a sharper pencil, and his sketches show no lack of individuality. But it is life from the standpoint of the *Petit Journal Pour Rire*, a series of satirical paragraphs in which the disgust of a genuine feeling, talent, and force descends to the weapons and methods of a petty spite. It may be the picture of a society from within; it is a view of life from the outside.

How far this satire is animated by personal motives, how far the French Academy and the Parisian world are deserving in detail of the scorn heaped upon them by the Provençal romancer, are matters on which it would be presumptuous for a critic on this side of the ocean to venture an opinion. But without being informed as to the origin of a quarrel, we may examine into the nature of such missiles as chance to fall at our feet. And *L'Immortel* is a weapon of pretty questionable taste, though there can be no doubt as to its “telling” quality. There are some keen remarks on the lack of observation in fashionable people absorbed in their several rôles and toilets, — their blindness not only to the whole spectacle of Nature and the entire mass of their fellow-beings, but to innumerable points within their own narrow range of interest. There is the following portrait

— for the identification of which one is almost tempted to turn to the Dictionnaire des Célébrités — of the Prince d'Athis, Samy for short and to be in the English fashion, a diplomatic figure-head, "qui méprisait comme personne. Il méprisait de l'œil, ce fameux œil dont Bismarck n'avait pu soutenir l'éclat; il méprisait de son grand nez chevalin, de sa bouche aux coins tombants, il méprisait sans savoir pourquoi, sans parler, sans écouter, sans rien lire ni comprendre, et sa fortune diplomatique, ses succès féminins et mondains, étaient faits de ce mépris répandu."

But the keenness of the paragraphist is not the insight required for the creation of a work of art, nor are *on dits* the best sort of material for a novelist. Contempt, effective as it may be found socially in the hands of a Prince d'Athis, is not an all-potent factor in literature, and M. Daudet relies upon it a little too strongly. His book has a tone which reminds us of the Notes sur Paris, of M. Graindorge scornfully watching his ant-hill; the assumption that ants are necessarily objects of contempt being M. Graindorge's own. The fact is that there is a larger current of conventionality in French literature than can be bounded by the walls of the Academy. Apart from the learned and classical

and social conventions, there is the monstrous convention of the French novel, cast and worshiped by novelists, to which the greatest and strongest talents have in some measure succumbed, — the convention of looking through the eyes of other novelists into a world created by the fraternity. M. Daudet, with all his alertness of mind and defiant attitude towards classical traditions, has subscribed to the convention, and written from the note-book instead of from the heart. Gifted with an impressionist talent, artistic in its aptitudes, but drawn by its very success in depicting the evanescent and the actual into hasty and mannered conclusions; with a charming fancy and a something in tone and spirit that was un-Parisian, happy, and captivating, he gave up his ideal tendencies, which required only to be strengthened by an alliance with the real, and adopted in their stead a ready-made realism. It has not made him a great writer, and he has ceased, for the moment at least, to be an agreeable one. It will be a fortunate day for art, and for the novel in particular, when the French shall have finished their exhaustive labors in the sewer, and reached the level of the pavements. Their present industry and mining activity encourage us to hope that the day will come.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Warning Note. AMERICA, next to Italy, is now acknowledged to possess the most favorable atmosphere for the production of good voices, and American singers are beginning to take precedence of all others in the great musical centres of the world. As yet, most of these successful songsters receive their training in Europe; but it will not be long before every facility for the ac-

quirement of the art of singing will be attainable at home. Even now there are scores of well-established Conservatories within our borders, and hundreds of vocal teachers are scattered over the length and breadth of our great country. Most of these teachers either have been educated abroad, or have studied with the pupils of celebrated foreign masters, so that the merits and faults of European

vocal culture may be considered as fairly represented in the systems pursued in schools and private lessons in America.

It is not too much to say that these systems are for the most part false and hurtful. Jenny Lind was accustomed to declare, "There are no singers, nowadays:" and this sweeping criticism was not inspired by professional jealousy; it was the condensed expression of her sorrowful conviction that the art of singing has become almost a lost art. Adelina Patti and a few other examples of the old school of training still remain, and there is now and then a teacher, not necessarily well appreciated or widely known, who is faithful to the traditions of the Old Italian method, which was, and is, and ever must be the only good method for the cultivation of the voice; but the vast majority of the persons who dare to attempt the development of the very delicate vocal organ are incompetent for the task, and the result of their instruction is not merely negative failure, but positive disaster.

Almost every teacher of singing professes to use the Italian method, though some are honest enough to admit that the old system is in their case qualified by or supplemented with the supposed improvements of the Franco-German school; the truth being that very few teachers understand the main principles of the Old Italian method, and break its most important rules at every step of their progress. The trouble is that the earliest masters of the perfected art did not write down and publish their manner of teaching, which was therefore only handed down by tradition, and exemplified in the glorious career of exceptionally gifted pupils. With the progress of time, the successors of these great teachers have become fewer and fewer, while the majority of the famous singers of each generation have yielded to surrounding influences, and departed more or less from the good old way.

The Wagner school of music has proved itself the arch enemy of the human voice, and of all rational modes for its development. The unnatural demands made upon the vocal organs through Wagner's total ignorance of the art of singing, and the abnormal development of the orchestra through the impatient yearnings of his unquiet soul, have banished for the time all chance of melody in music; and as Wagner's utterances are the outcome of an age of noise and hurry, of ruined faiths and tragedies of passion, his genius must have its day, and work its full measure of harm upon the voices chosen for the inhuman task of personating his superhuman creations.

But the time will come when the present mad havoc with the lungs and throats of singers shall cease. Just as men begin to see that war must be abolished, because the weapons of war have reached too high a power of destructiveness, so the thunders of drum and trumpet in the modern orchestra must subside, if that sweetest music, the tones of the human voice, is to be preserved to the race. The reaction must come. When the orchestration is made so magnificent and so suggestive that the voice is an unwelcome interruption, and when the instruments are so noisy that nothing of the voice can be heard beyond a screech or a howl, it is time for the two departments of expression to be separated; the orchestra should be left to itself, and recitatives should be delivered over to the spoken drama. There is no denying the genius of Wagner. His power of converting musical instruments into echoes of human passion has never been equaled, and will probably never be surpassed; *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Der Fliegende Holländer* will live forever in poetry and in song; but all the same, Wagner is to be feared and shunned by singers as the Great Destroyer of the human voice.

There is no better proof that his de-

mands upon the vocal organs are unnatural and injurious than the fact that with his music has arisen a special school of teaching, supposed to be able to create the volume of tone and strength of chest required for the execution of his operas. It is needless to say that all the faults and vices of the modern methods are intensified and exaggerated in this forcing school of screaming and shouting. No more soft sounding of the tones until the whole voice is equalized; no more slow practice of the scale until the tones are separately rounded; no more patient study of single notes and grouped notes until the voice can run up and down, and hither and yon, at will; no more careful use of *crescendo* and *diminuendo* until the voice can hold a tone strong and pure and steady to the full limit of the breath; no more uniform poising of the voice, so that in its whole compass there is no change of register, and, consequently, no change of quality in the tone. Nothing of this; but instead of it the hurried acquirement of loud tones, by means of pressing the voice to the utmost through its whole compass, and especially in the lower tones.

Here we touch the great secret of past success and of present failure, the principal point of separation between the ancient and the modern school, the chief ground of dissension between the few existing teachers of the Old Italian method and the many rising teachers of the recent mixed methods.

The Old Italian method treats the voice as though it consisted of only one register; that is, it does not allow of any change in the position of the throat, nor of any difference in the quality of the tone, from the highest note to the lowest. Instead of allowing the voice to sink into guttural tones in the middle range, and to press down more and more the farther it descends, it requires that the voice be held higher and higher the deeper the tones go

down, so that less force and less breath will be expended upon the notes below the staff than upon those above it, while at the same time those lightly uttered, softly breathed deep tones will possess resonance and firmness, and "*carry*" farther than a forced guttural will ever do. A voice trained in this way has no break in the registers, to be bridged over with more or less skill, and consequently there is no danger of the voice cracking, as is invariably the case with singers taught after the new method. One of the greatest charms of Jenny Lind's singing was the perfect evenness of her tones. An intelligent lover of music, though not a musically educated man, recently said of her, "What pleased me most was that her voice was the same voice all through. No one tone seemed better than another, but all seemed perfect."

When Mierzwinski awakens his crowded audiences to wild enthusiasm, musical critics are wont to say, "It is astonishing to hear him take his highest tones with the chest voice!" Such a criticism is a lamentable proof of the ignorance which prevails to-day concerning the human voice and what is required for its proper training. Mierzwinski never uses what is called the chest voice. His tones all come from his chest, as indeed they must do, and he lightens his voice when he goes down, and pours it out in full measure when he goes up, and softens it for the extremely high notes just as he does for extremely low notes, and thus preserves unbroken unity in the quality of his whole range.

It is the easiest thing in the world to sing in the right way when one knows how, and Mierzwinski is a bright and shining example of the pleasure which a true artist can experience himself, as well as bestow upon his hearers, through the exercise of his delightful gift. In listening to him, one feels that even his greatest effects are achieved without

painful exertion, — the work seems like play: and this is not because the singer is a large, strong man; it is simply because he holds his voice in the right way. Adelina Patti is the greatest living example of the true method as applied to a soprano voice, and as long as she can sing at all she will continue to sing in the same full, sweet tones which have so long entranced the world.

The objections to the modern way of holding the voice are many and rational. In the first place, it is an unnatural way, and therefore it must be wrong. Only a perverted taste can really admire the sudden change of register which grates upon the ear so often nowadays. People cry out, "How grand! how magnificent! how splendidly she *goes down!*" when the tones are really so horrible that the audience ought to hiss the misguided performer off the stage. The pernicious habit of chan-

ging the register in the lower tones is said to have been introduced by Malibran; and certain it is that the oldest and best books of instruction upon the cultivation of the voice contain very strict warnings against allowing any such tendency to develop into use. Malibran possessed an exceptionally deep and powerful voice, and it is possible that her manner of producing heavy tones was not so flagrant a violation of the principles of the Old Italian school as a vain attempt to imitate her has induced in her less gifted followers.

But this false taste is only a transient fashion. It must pass; indeed, the signs of a wholesome reaction are already multiplying, in spite of the increasing popularity of Wagner's music, perhaps in consequence of a wider perception of the mischief which that music is sure to work.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Criticism. Ignorant Essays, by Richard Dowling. (Appleton.) Eight lively essays by a writer who feigns ignorance and professes general carelessness. None the less, work has gone into his book; else it would not be so good as it is. There is little more than the idle chat of a good-natured loungers, but the assumption indicated in the title is sufficient to carry the book along without inviting very severe criticism. — Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art, by Robert Burn, LL. D. (Macmillan & Co.), is a collection of essays showing that Roman art and literature sprang from the same national tendencies. — Thomas Carlyle's Counsels to a Literary Aspirant, a hitherto unpublished letter of 1842, and what came of them [the counsels, we suppose, in this Scotch-English], with a brief estimate of the man, by James Hutchinson Stirling. (James Thin, Edinburgh.) Dr. Stirling is now a man of note in philosophical circles; it is not unlikely that this admirable, restless letter did something to make him such. His own comments on

Carlyle's character are very interesting, because they are based on a wide knowledge of Scottish social life. — The Early Life of Samuel Rogers, by P. W. Clayden. (Roberts.) Interesting not so much for its account of Rogers, who was unimportant by himself, as for its lively representation of the world in which Rogers moved. This volume ends with the first years of this century, and is to be followed by one which ought to be even more entertaining. — Macmillan & Co. have issued a new edition of Walter Pater's *The Renaissance, Studies in Art and Poetry*, originally published in 1873. Mr. Pater has revised and somewhat enlarged the work. The fact that this book has been fifteen years in reaching a third edition is not flattering to English taste. The Letters of Charles Lamb, newly arranged, with additions. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Alfred Ainger. In two volumes. (Armstrong.) The disorderly materials in Talfourd and other writers are here brought into excellent arrangement. The notes are brief and scholarly, and serve their purpose ad-

mirably. The text itself is simply delightful. Lamb grows mellow with age. — Messrs. Roberts Brothers have added to their neat edition of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* a volume containing *The Pentameron*, *Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare*, *Minor Prose Pieces*, and *Criticisms*. The first two divisions are in effect an extension of *Imaginary Conversations*. Landor's criticism is always interesting, but rather from its vagaries than from its obedience to any well-considered canon. — *Romances, Lyrics, and Sonnets from the Poetic Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. (Houghton.) The smallness of this volume forbids the introduction of all of those longer romances which showed Mrs. Browning in her most sustained flights; but the book is a selection, not a collection, and whatever may be missed, we are quite sure that here is nothing superfluous.

Books for Young People. A Guide to the Conduct of Meetings, being models of parliamentary practice for young and old, by George T. Fish. (Harpers.) A sort of dramatized Cushing's Manual. Like books of conversation in foreign languages, one cannot be quite sure that all emergencies are provided for, or that the thorough mastery of a few general rules would not be a better introduction to practice than such a multiplicity of examples. — *Kelp*, a story of the Isles of Shoals, by Willis Boyd Allen. (Lothrop.) A story of camping-out life enjoyed by some boys and girls and their elders. Mr. Allen throws a good deal of naturalism into his story, but it is the easy-going naturalism of familiar phrases, not the artistic naturalism which is the result of fine choice of phrase and manner. — *Little Helpers*, by Margaret Vandegrift. (Ticknor.) A bright story, with its moral interwoven in a kindly spirit. The author makes her children behave with a good deal of naturalness without finding it necessary to make them either slangy or babyish. — *The Recollections of a Drummer Boy*, by Harry M. Kiefer. (Ticknor.) A new edition of a book which has already taken its place as a graphic picture of war scenes. — *Christmas with Grandma Elsie*, by Martha Finley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) One of a series. It is an odd mixture of adventure, primness, religion, naturalness, and conventionality. The spice makes it palatable. — *Abraham Lincoln*, a biography for young people, by Noah Brooks. (Putnams.) Mr. Brooks has two qualifications for his task: he was at one time Lincoln's private secretary, we believe, and he writes an agreeable, unpretentious style. The book will set the great President in a familiar light, and help, not to humanize him, for that he does not need, but to show his native strength. We cannot forgive

publishers or author for allowing the misleading print from St. Gaudens's noble statue to disfigure the book. — *Queer People with Paws and Claws*, and *their Kweer Kapers*, by Palmer Cox. (Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia.) The pictures have more drollery than the doggerel rhymes, but even the pictures have a good deal of the kind of wit which lies in such distortions as "Kweer Kapers." — *Raymond Kershaw*, by Maria McIntosh Cox. (Roberts.) A pleasant little book of self-help among orphans. There is a gravity about these young people who set up milk-routes and sell embroideries, which is due, perhaps, to the seriousness with which writers of such stories are apt to be impressed by their work. — *The Dead Doll and Other Verses*, by Margaret Vandegrift. (Ticknor.) Bright, playful poems, for the most part, a little stiff in the joints occasionally, and with the fun sometimes rather forced, but with a breezy good nature about them which would atone for worse faults.

Folk-Lore and Fun. Popular Tales from the Norse, by Sir George Webbe Dasent (Putnams), is a third edition of a book which is deservedly popular, both from the original charm of the tales and from the delightful English dress which they wear. Dasent writes as a lover of this folk-lore, and not as a mere archæologist, but he is none the less a most careful student. — *Nonsense Books*, by Edmund Lear, with all the original illustrations. (Roberts.) If this age is forbidden to produce any new folk-lore, it is giving us a substitute for it. Nothing is more genuinely modern than Lear's nonsense books, but they are already classical, and when the next century takes account of stock of this, we greatly mistake if Lear will not show precedence of many a poet and artist who outrank him now. — *A Sea Change, or Love's Stowaway*, a lyricated farce, by W. D. Howells. (Ticknor.) A delicious bit of nonsense. If Mr. Howells had emphasized more the very clever hits at the obedience of parents to daughters, he might have raised his little play into a genuine satire. Of course the piece is a libretto and needs the musical complement, but as pure fun it is more delicate and delightfully humorous than the librettos of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, with which one naturally compares it. The farce as it stands is adapted to a small audience and a vast stage.

Fine Arts and Holiday Books. Longfellow's *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (Houghton) appears in a generous quarto, with large type, free engravings in the text, and very pleasing photogravures for full-page illustrations. The book is treated with special respect, for it has an introduction giving a history of the poem, and illustrated notes which furnish the reader

with an opportunity of tracing the historical foundation of the verses. The work becomes thus something more than a gift-book; it is a handsome edition of an American classic. — The Rainbow Calendar for 1889, compiled by Kate Sanborn. (Ticknor.) Miss Sanborn in her lively preface can find no better reason for making this calendar from a variety of sources than that a great many persons have liked A Year of Sunshiae, which she had previously published, and we do not see what better reason there could be, unless she used up her best material in her first compilation. — The Musical Year-Book of the United States, published and compiled by G. H. Wilson (152 Tremont St., Boston), is a compact record of the public concerts for the season 1887-1888, arranged alphabetically by places. It is in its fifth year. — International Copyright in Works of Art, a Letter to the American People, by Thomas Humphry Ward. Mr. Ward, an Englishman, calls attention to one phase of the copyright question which has been little regarded, the injustice done to artists by the reproduction of their works through the means of cheap processes. The case is not quite the same as it is with books; for while many English books would be sold here if protected by copyright, it is by no means certain that the high-cost engravings would ever find a market where heliotypes and process engravings prevail. We are not arguing for the present sorry state of things. We believe that the artist should be as carefully guarded by us whether he works in London or in New York.

History and Biography. The seventh volume of the Narrative and Critical History of America, edited by Justin Winsor (Houghton), is occupied with the second part of the United States history. The period embraced is that between 1775 and 1850, excluding the war for independence, which was treated in the previous volume. The contributors, besides the editor, are E. J. Lowell, John Jay, George E. Ellis, George Ticknor Curtis, Alexander Johnston, James Russell Soley, James B. Angell, and Edward Channing, all writers of distinct ability, and more than one an authority in his department. The topical method followed permits each author to make his chapter a comprehensive study, and the full apparatus of bibliography and notes affords an opportunity for the student to work at the details of the subjects presented. The maps, as before,

are an important feature, but the reproductions of portraits are rarely very satisfactory. — Two new volumes have been added to the series The Story of the Nations (Putnams): Turkey, by Stanley Lane Poole, aided by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman, and Media, Babylon, and Persia, by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. The former has special claims upon respect as the work of accomplished scholars, and great skill has been shown in subordinating minor details so as to give the reader a quick grasp of the whole subject. Madame Ragozin is a brilliant writer, and her book shows evident signs of familiarity with her subject; but one may be pardoned for questioning if she has not had it in mind first and last to write an interesting book, whatever befalls her facts. — History of Tennessee, the Making of a State, by James Phelan. (Houghton.) The early part of this history is exceptionally well done, and the whole book indicates great industry and historical ardor on the part of the author, but we think the concluding chapters, with their lack of perspective, emphasize the difficulty of writing the history of one of our States after its life has become thoroughly merged in the general life of the republic. For Tennesseans, we do not doubt, all the crowd of names and the details of political contests will have a charm, but for the general reader the struggle of the State to obtain a birth will have the greater interest. — The Federalist, reprinted from the original text of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and James Madison, edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. (Putnams.) A reissue, apparently, of the same volume in Lodge's edition of Hamilton. It is a convenient hand-book, and contains a careful inquiry into the authorship of the disputed numbers. — A Sketch of the Germanic Constitution from Early Times to the Dissolution of the Empire, by Samuel Epes Turner. (Putnams.) A monograph of a dry, critical order, of little use to the general student, but of service to the scholar. It has the air of having been a thesis for a degree. — A new series under the title International Statesmen series has been started, under the editorship of Lloyd C. Sanders. (Lippincotts.) Two volumes have thus far appeared: one on Palmerston by the editor, and one on Beaconsfield by T. E. Kebbel. They are brief, to the point, and reasonably impartial, but the authors so far content themselves with sketching their subjects, and do not attempt much in the way of analysis or generalization.